Jan. 13, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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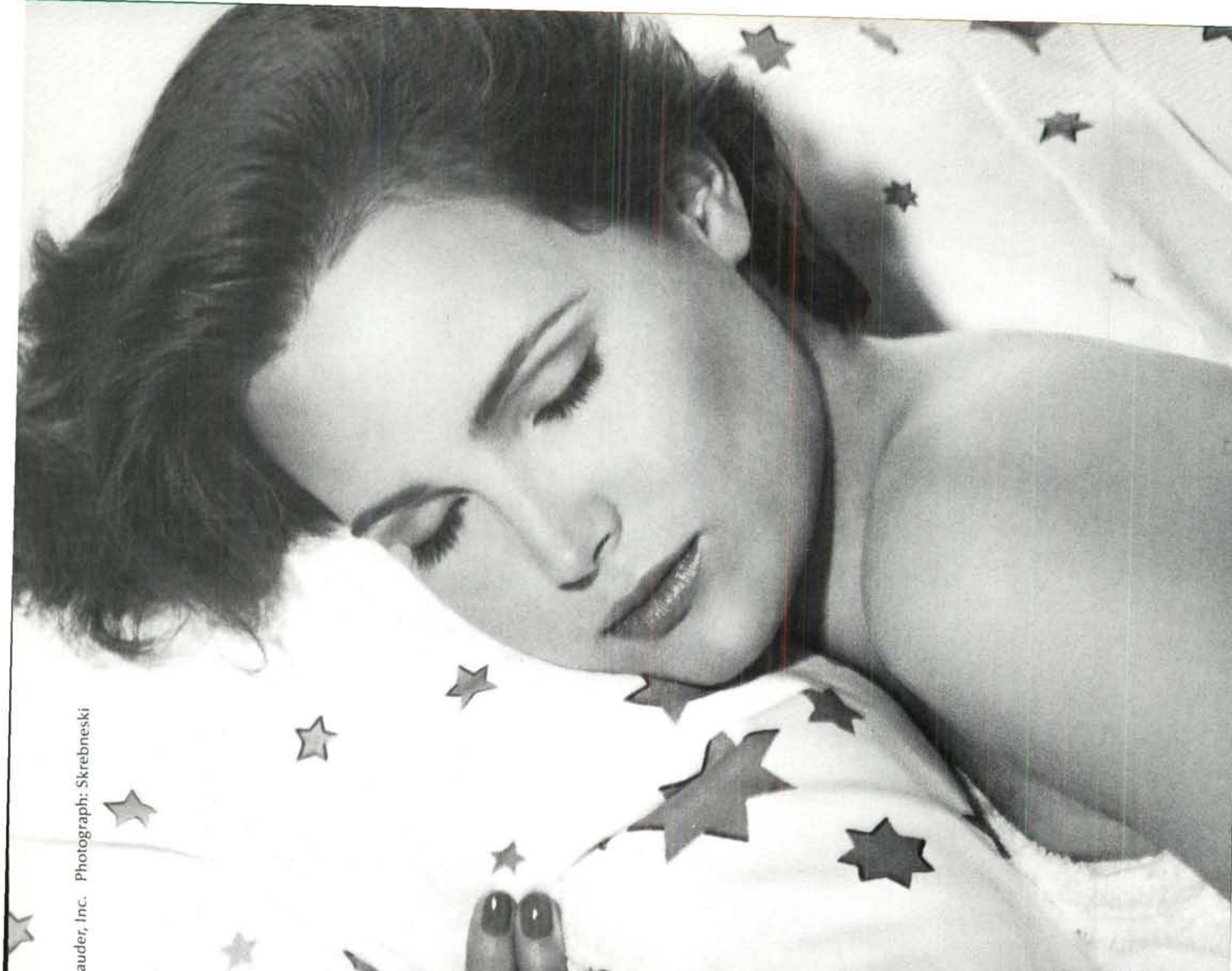

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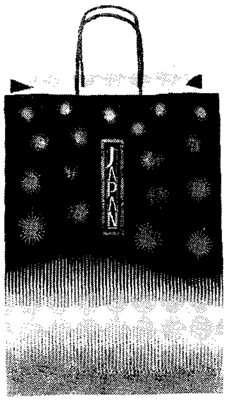
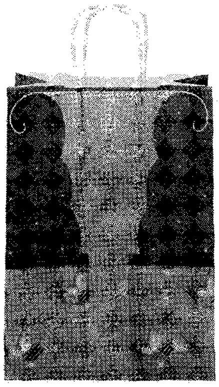
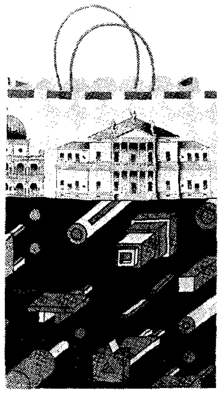


1984 Fall
Japan Shopping Bag
Graphis Annual 1985/86
Artist: Kazumasa Nagai, Tokyo



1983 Summer
Shopping Bag
Published in Casa Vogue
Artist: Michael Graves

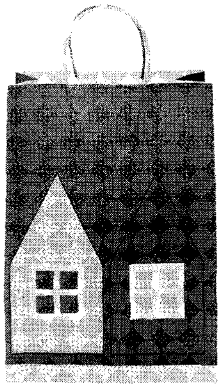


1985 Fall
Ecco L'Italia
Shopping Bag
Sottsass Associati, Milan

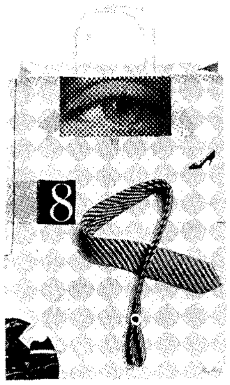
1970 Fashion Shopping Bag
Permanent Collection
Cooper Hewitt Museum, New York
Artist: Michaele Vollbracht

1981 New Year
Shopping Bag
MOMA-Permanent Collection
Artist: Laurie Rosenwald, New York

1984 Summer Shopping Bag
"The Best Design in America,"
I.D. Magazine of International Design
Artist: Susan Curtis, New York



1985 Spring
Style Scandinavia Shopping Bag,
Victoria Albert Museum, London, England
Artist: Per Arnoldi, Denmark



1984 New Year
Shopping Bag
Pompidou Museum, Paris, France
Artist: Gene Greif, New York

1984 Christmas Shopping Bag
Print Magazine Annual Design Awards,
New York 1985
Artist: Jeanne Fisher, New York

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn, acted to perfection by Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Linda Bassett, Lynsey Baxter, and the author himself. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Be Happy for Me—A comedy by Jerry Sterner, with Philip Bosco, Priscilla Lopez, and David Groh. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Knot—Zakes Mokae and Athol Fugard in what is sure to be considered the classic presentation of Fugard's classic work. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Nancy Donohue's romatic comedy **THE BEACH HOUSE**, which is sometimes amusing, sometimes just silly, seems to belong more to the late thirties than to the present. Its flaws are more than redeemed by the beguiling performance of Swoosie Kurtz as Her, by the splendid performance of George Grizzard as Him, and by the touching performance of Robert Leonard as his fifteen-year-old son. Melvin Bernhardt was the deft director. (12/30/85) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Corpse!—A London import by Gerald Moon, with Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea. Directed by John Tillinger. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1979 musical **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG** (book by Neil Simon, music by Marvin Hamlisch, and lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager) will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Jan. 9, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 2. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Gertrude Stein and a Companion—A play by Win Wells, about Miss Stein and Alice B. Toklas, with Jan Miner and Marian Seldes. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 9, at 6:45. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hay Fever—Noël Coward's comedy, written at the beginning of his career, seems light enough for the mildest summer breeze to blow it away, but in the hands of a good cast it proves to be as strong as steel. The cast of the present production, headed by Rosemary Harris, isn't merely good—it is perfect. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I Have a Dream—A new production of the Josh Greenfeld play adapted from the writings of Martin Luther King, Jr. With music. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

In the Boom Boom Room—A newly rewritten version of David Rabe's 1973 play, with Liz McDonald. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—Not a play, not a musical, but a recital of Jerry Herman's songs which might better have been entitled "With Love to

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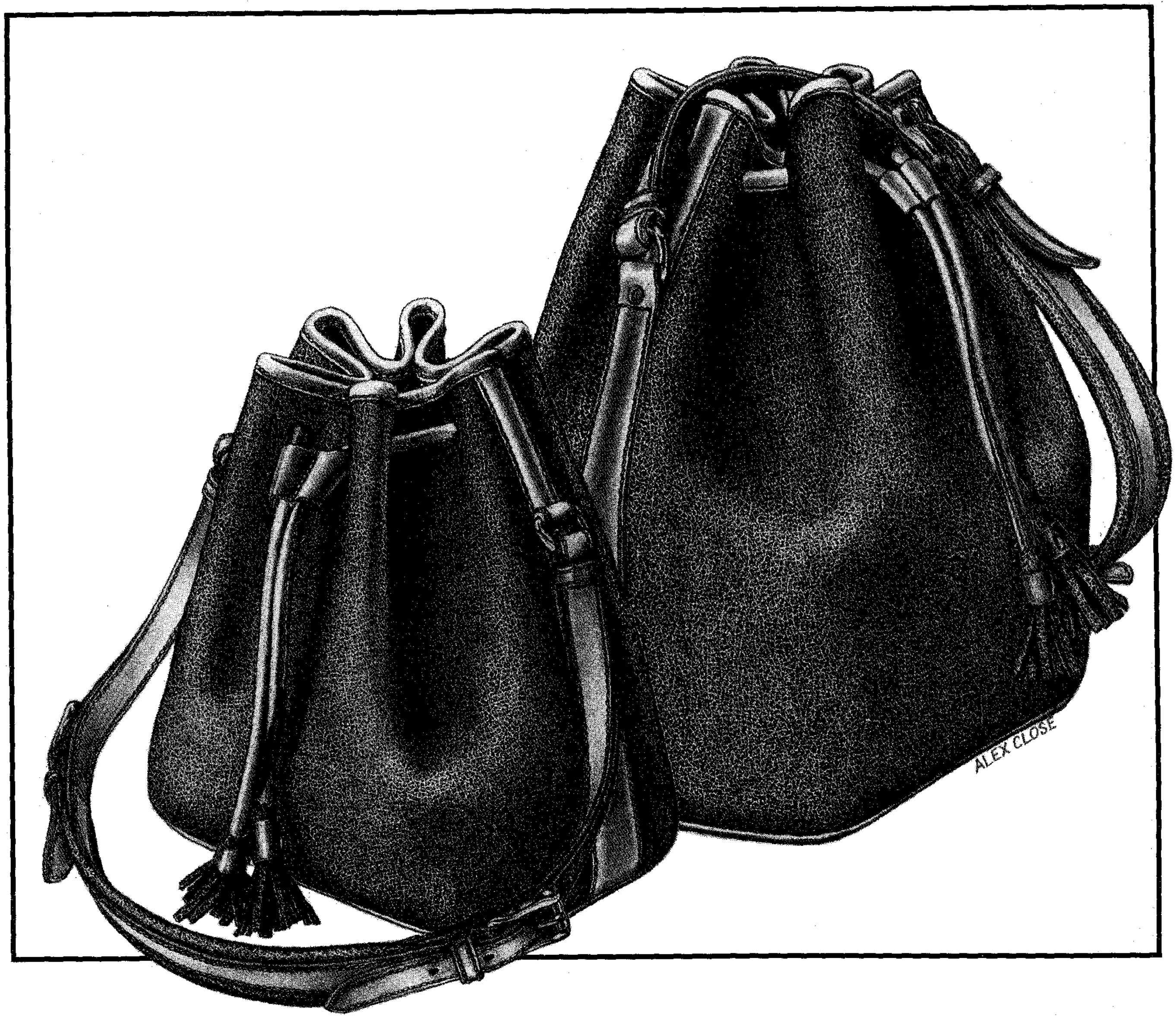

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Jerry from Jerry.” The all-woman cast stars Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jonin'—The characters here are members of a fraternity at a black college, who ceaselessly subject one another to merciless pranks and verbal mayhem, beginning to end. The play is abrasive and tough to watch, but there is life in it, all the same. Gerard Brown makes his début as dramatist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Lemon Sky—A fine revival of Lanford Wilson's play about a man's recollections of the summer he spent, at the age of seventeen, with his father's family in California. Jeff Daniels and Jill Eikenberry (as stepmother) do very well in the leading roles. (12/23/85) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer, Geraldine Page, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 12: Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 17: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Saturdays at 3:30 and 8; Sundays at 3:30; and Friday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Lillian—A play by William Luce, based on Lillian Hellman's autobiographical works. Zoe Caldwell stars and Robert Whitehead is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 16, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first two in a series of three revivals performed in alternating repertory. Mason Adams and Tovah Feldshuh in William Saroyan's **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.** . . . ¶ Maxim Gorky's **CHILDREN OF THE SUN,** with Michael Moriarty and Elizabeth Franz. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Uta Hagen gives a stunning performance, in Shaw's brilliant play, as a woman of lowly origins who has made a fortune from a string of brothels. There is distinguished acting, as well, by Pamela Reed, as her daughter, and Harris Yulin, as her business partner. (12/30/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) Reopens Wednesday, Jan. 15. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Prairie du Chien and **The Shawl**—Two brief, eerie plays by David Mamet. “The Shawl,” a wonder, is about a clairvoyant who may be a charlatan (but perhaps not), his sly apprentice-lover, and a wary woman client. “Prairie du Chien,” also good, is set aboard a train on which a man tells a horror story while a gin game erupts into violence. Both plays are performed to perfection under Gregory Mosher's direction, with Mike Nussbaum, Lindsay Crouse, and W. H. Macy, among other fine actors. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are in vain—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweet Will—Extracts from poems and plays by Shakespeare, set to music composed by Lance Mulcahy. A sequel to Mr. Mulcahy's 1980 production “Shakespeare's Cabaret.” (Jo-Ann's Silver Lining Cabaret, 349 W. 46th St. 315-1049. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's “Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.” Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,696 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Final performances of the annual Christmas show. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 8-9, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: “Donizetti Variations,” “Davidsbündlertänze,” and “Symphony in Three Movements.” . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: “Ballo della Regina,” “In the Night,” and “Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.” . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: “Divertimento No. 15,” “The Cage,” "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Apollo," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Cage," "Eight More," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7: "Apollo," "In the Night," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Antique Epigraphs," "Glass Pieces," and "In Memory of . . ." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "In the Night," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Antique Epigraphs," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Fancy Free." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Susan Marshall & Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of modern dance which will run through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3.)

Joyce Theatre Dance Festival—A two-week series of appearances by eight contemporary dance companies—**KENNETH RINKER DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8. . . . **JAZZDANCE: THE DANNY BURACZESKI DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2. . . . **DIANNE MC INTYRE'S SOUNDS IN MOTION:** Friday, Jan. 10, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . **HANNAH KAHN DANCE COMPANY:** Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:30. . . . **BILL CRATTY DANCE THEATRE:** Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2. . . . **CLIVE THOMPSON DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Jan. 15, and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8. . . . **OHAD NAHARIN & DANCERS:** Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2. . . . **PEGGY LYMAN DANCE COMPANY:** Friday, Jan. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 8, the Greg Severence quartet; Thursday, Jan. 9, the Ira Jackson quartet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and his trio; Sunday, Jan. 12, Sarah Deal; Monday, Jan. 13, James Yonda; Tuesday, Jan. 14, Laurha Frankfort; Wednesday, Jan. 15, Tom Varner; Thursday, Jan. 16, Pat Laing; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, pianist **DANNY MIXON'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. Singer **CARMEN MC RAE** is here through Sunday, Jan. 12; Monday, Jan. 13, will belong to pianist **CEDAR WALTON'S** band; and on Tuesday, Jan. 14, the one, the only, **SARAH VAUGHAN** will arrive. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session Sundays through Thursdays after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Thursday, Jan. 9, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen to his mom) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, Jan. 10, Cousin Brucie and **AL KOOPER;** Saturday, Jan. 11, **DOC WATSON,** the stunning guitarist and singer from North Carolina, and Jimmy Arnold; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, Louis Blanche & Constant Creation, which, judging by the musical participants—**ERIC GALE, DR. JOHN, DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** and **BERNARD PURDIE,** to name four—will be two sublime evenings of R. & B. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate piano-bass duos. One of them, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ,** performs here through Saturday, Jan. 11; on Monday, Jan. 13, **HILTON RUIZ** will settle in at the keyboard. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. **GEORGE SHEARING,** a stylized, breathy vocalist and a generously melodic pianist, can be found in it with bassist **DON THOMPSON** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A music back room way out West—West 14th Street, that is—with authentically exurban pitchers of beer on the tables and plaid flannel shirts on the customers. The music includes Rude Girls on Saturday, Jan. 11, and banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE** on Saturday, Jan. 18. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Guitarist **RALPH TOWNER** guides a trio through Sunday, Jan. 12, and on Tuesday, Jan. 14, trumpeter, vocalist, and Cool School-veteran **CHET BAKER** will come in with a quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Jan. 8, the Last Roundup, Trigger & the Thrill Kings, and the Tall Lonesome Pines; Thursday, Jan. 9, Lili Anel; Friday, Jan. 10, **MOSE ALLISON;** Saturday, Jan. 11, Frank Christian; Tuesday, Jan. 14, Angst; Wednesday, Jan. 15, the Dead Milkmen, the Reducers, and the Brood; and Friday, Jan. 17, Nanci Griffith and Tom Intondi. Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Singer **JANE HARVEY** is here with an admirable backing crew—bassist **JAY LEONHART,** pianist **MICHAEL RENZI,** and drummer **GRADY TATE.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with Mike Moran and John Arbo through Saturday, Jan. 11; on Wednesday, Jan. 15, Alicia Sherman, Peter Madsen, and Phil Bowler will take charge; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer and pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS;** and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant where pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but at all times a powerhouse of a pianist, plays Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-

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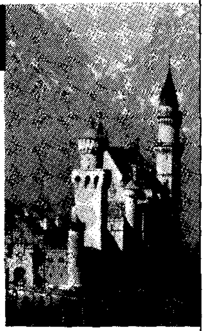

INDIA

17 or 29 days.
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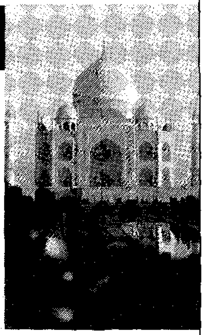
Hyderabad,
Calcutta, Delhi,
Varanasi,
Nepal, Taj Mahal,
Mt. Everest
flightseeing.



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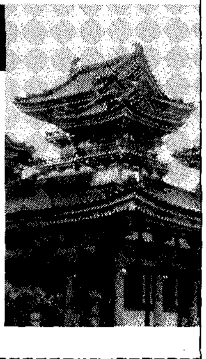

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1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, Jan. 8, drummer and singer **LEVON HELM**, one of the most uplifting and energizing musicians around; Thursday, Jan. 9, the Mosquitos and the Smithereens; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, Fat City Band and Bud Moffett's band; Sunday, Jan. 12, blues stylists **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON** and **JOHNNY COPELAND**; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK**, who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano, is on the podium at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: Wednesday, Jan. 8, De Cocoa & Hot Chocolate; Thursday, Jan. 9, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, **JUMP STREET**, an adept R. & B. and jazz outfit; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** sextet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Jan. 9, the Golden Palominos; Saturday, Jan. 11, Roomful of Blues; and Thursday, Jan. 16, the Residents. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 8, Dave Stryker; Thursday, Jan. 9, Vladimir Horunzhy; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 10-12, **BOB MINTZER'S** big band; and every Monday pianist **DAVID LAHM**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday, Jan. 8, Bushrock; Thursday, Jan. 9, singer **LEON THOMAS**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, **MIKATA**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. And so is the bandstand, with **MC COY TYNER'S** big band on it every night but Mondays, and the **GIL EVANS** orchestra occupying it on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple, basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 8, the Feetwarmers; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; and Sunday, Jan. 12, Lew Willis & the Snapdragons. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate on Saturdays, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND** and others perform swing and jitterbug music at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** play duets through Sunday, Jan. 12, and pianist **JOHN O'NEAL** will move in on Tuesday, Jan. 14. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present with a trio on Tuesdays. Music after nine-thirty every night but Monday.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** heads up his sextet through Sunday, Jan. 12, and on Tuesday, Jan. 14, altoist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A fixture for years on upper Broadway where Columbia University students go to ponder the meaning of bebop. Guitarist **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE** leads a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 12, and on Wednesday, Jan. 15, saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will bring in his quartet. Tuesdays are the property of Valery Ponomarev & the Universal Language. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and sometimes guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** perform piano-bass numbers nightly, except Sundays. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** (see page 70, this issue) continue their longtime collaboration, which produces their own brand of lively chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DICK HYMAN AND THE NEW YORK SAXOPHONE QUARTET—In a program part classical and part jazz. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

BARRY HARRIS TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

VINTAGE JAZZ AT THE VINEYARD—Sunday, Jan. 12, at 6: Phil Bodner and Derek Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, at 9: Classic Jazz Quartet. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Marty Napoleon, Arvell Shaw, Panama Francis, the Classic Jazz Quartet, and others in a salute to Louis Armstrong. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

JAKI BYARD AND THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 10 and midnight.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Jan. 10: Sonic Youth, with the Necros, and Das Damen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18: Megadeth and Overkill. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 10.)

JAZZ ON TELEVISION—A series of programs featuring jazz performers on TV during the past thirty years is being given at the Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St., through Thursday, Jan. 30. (For information about scheduling, call 752-4690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PAUL FRAZIER—Abstract sculptures; in the larger works the artist has piled variously shaped blocks of wood one on top of another. Through Jan. 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—Paintings and drawings from the early part of the artist's career. Through Feb. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

BARRY LEDOUX—Sculptures. Through Feb. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Eighteen drawings and a handful of paintings spanning the twenties to the fifties. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

CAROLE ROBB—Oil paintings depicting the myth of Apollo and Daphne in a contemporary setting. Through Jan. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JON SCHUELER—Three very large paintings (cloud studies) of the Isle of Skye as seen from the artist's home. Through Feb. 1. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947)—Drawings made on cardboard scraps by an Alabama naïf. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Ross, 162 W. 56th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

BERNAR VENET—Large pastel drawings of the artist's sculptures. Through Jan. 25. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM WILKINS—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings by a British artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: From Bolivia and Peru, devotional paintings of the Virgin and angels, which initially coincided with the establishment of Christianity in Latin America. The works span three centuries. Through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Drawings by gallery artists, who include de Kooning, Heizer, and Rockburne. Through Feb. 8.

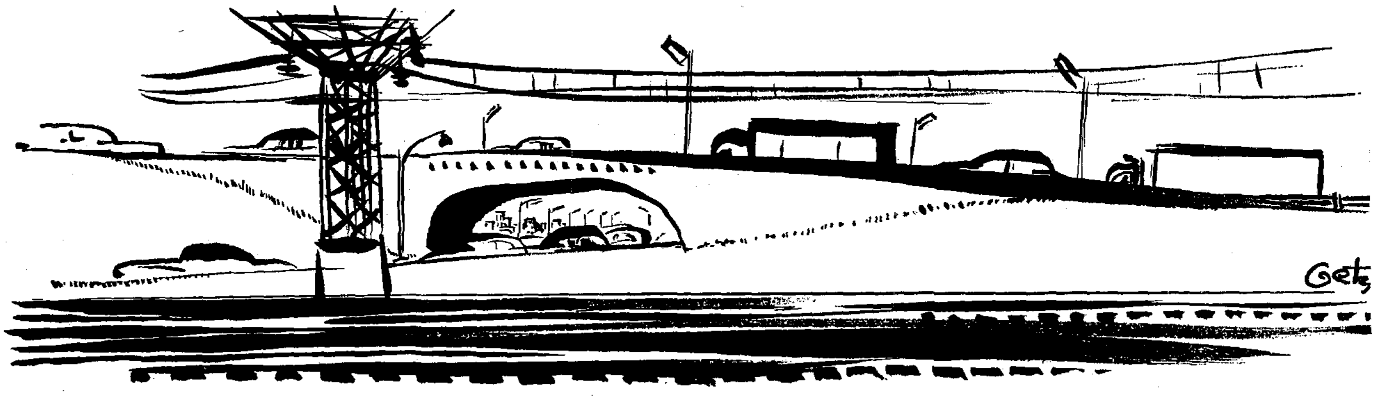
GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

DOUGLAS COOPER—Large-scale charcoal perspective drawings of imaginary interiors. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD CROZIER—Paintings of landscapes common to daily experience—uncultivated roadsides and parking lots, for instance. Through Jan. 25. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAMES DEL GROSSO—Representational landscapes and still-lifes; the single occupant of one canvas is three-quarters of a very still bluefish. Through Jan. 24. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLARD DIXON AND JIM TOUCHTON—Recent paint-



ings by two landscapists—realist Western views by the former, impressionistic renditions of East Hampton watersides by the latter. Through Jan. 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sondra Freckelton—Still-lifes in pastel and watercolor, one of them showing a table jammed with a patchwork quilt, vegetables, a stainless-steel pot, a casserole dish, and a mirror (which gives a second view of the spread). Through Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dieter Hacker—Oils, works on paper, and bronzes. Through Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley William Hayter—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the founder of Atelier 17 in Paris. Through Wednesday, Jan. 15. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Reuben Kadish / Charles Biederman—Bronze and terra-cotta heads commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the Holocaust. / Small abstractions on paper. They were finished about fifty years ago. Through Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephanie Kirschen-Cole—Mixed-medium collages using handmade paper. Through Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Craig Langager—Animal sculptures, mostly, including a life-size red-striped zebra. Through Jan. 25. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Andrew Lord—Primarily black earthenware pitchers and other vessels, arranged in groups, that are a step away from the crockery of the kitchen cupboard. Through Feb. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—New paintings. Starts Thursday, Jan. 9. / Works from the early forties in crayon and ink. Through Feb. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Paintings, drawings, and monotypes. Through Feb. 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Wegman / Arch Connelly—A first show of paintings by the well-known photographer. / Paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St., has mounted vintage black-and-white photographs by Mr. Wegman, which the artist has recently furnished with paint, text, and collage. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the DEUTSCH, 20 W. 57th St.: Collages and constructions taking their cue from Cubism. Among the artists are Archipenko, Dove, and Cornell. Through Jan. 29. . . . FRENCH, 41 W. 57th St.: Still-life is given the broadest possible definition in this show, which has paintings by contemporary artists Komar & Melamid, Richard Piccolo, Jeanne Duval, and others. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . JANIS, 110 W. 57th St.: Early-twentieth-century works—paintings (by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others), sculptures (by Arp, Ernst, and others), and two Mondrian drawings. Through Jan. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . LAMAGNA, 50 W. 57th St.: Called "REM," after that stage of sleep, a show of dream-imagery works in various mediums by contemporary artists Jonathan Borofsky, Michael Lucero, and others. Through Jan. 25.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Linda Bastian—Gardens of tropical flowers and plants, mostly, applied to paper, canvas, and silk. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Bill Beckley—A selection of works (photographs with texts, drawings, paintings) completed between 1970 and the present. Through Jan. 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Grace Hartigan—A series of oils called "Painting the Renaissance." Through Jan. 29. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Mock / Andrew Menard—New abstract paintings. / Sculptures of monochromatic figures (carved in Styrofoam) in unlikely positions, some parallel to the floor. Through Feb. 1. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ Mr. Mock has a second show—paintings dating from 1975 to 1984—at Exit Art, 578 Broadway. (Opens at noon.)

Alison Saar—New works, among them a six-foot-three carved-wood black man in a yellow suit ("Tinto en Tondo y Suta") and an only slightly smaller woman ("Mambo Mambo") with a snake wrapped around her body. Through Jan. 28. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Feb. 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Julie Wachtel—Paintings of flashy cartoon images appropriated from greeting cards are shown side by side with studies of Easter Island and Mayan sculptures, to the latter's advantage. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.: Sculptures and paintings by Amara Geffen, Ursula Kavanagh, Carol Kumata, Kathleen Schneider, and Jean Kondo Weigl. Through Jan. 25. . . . MILLIKEN, 98 Prince St.: Assorted works by gallery artists Steve Hawley, Lois Polansky, and others. Through Jan. 29. . . . PHOENIX, 568 Broadway: Black-and-white works on paper by James Bohary, Jan Henle, Aharon Gluska, Robert Motherwell, and Antoni Tâpies. Through Tuesday, Jan. 14. (Open Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Drawings and collages from 1961 to 1963. Through Jan. 26. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Group Shows—At the FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St.: Works, including paintings and objects, which in one way or another reflect the influence of TV. Kimberly Burleigh and Ted Victoria are two of the five artists. Through Wednesday, Jan. 15. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, at 1 Saturdays.) . . . WYATT, 202 E. 10th St.: The second of two exhibits of works by artists associated with Rutgers University. Leon Golub, David Hatchett, Lucas Samaras, Joan Semmel, and Peter Stroud are featured this time. Through Jan. 19. (Opens Sundays at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mario Algaze—Photographs of Rufino Tamayo, Gato Barbieri, Mario Vargas Llosa, and others. Through Jan. 21. (Intar Latin American Gallery, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays through Fridays.)

Richard Avedon—Photographs from his portrait series of common laborers, which is entitled "In the American West, 1979-1984." Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Evelyn Hofer—Dye transfers of European gardens and villas. Through Jan. 25. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Peter Hujar / Al Hansen—Recent photographs. / A simplified female form constructed with cigarette butts, plus collages. Through Jan. 26. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

André Kertész (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

John Reuter and Stephen John Phillips—Photographs of nudes. Through Feb. 7. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

August Sander (1876-1964) / **Peter Archer**—Photographs, chiefly landscapes and architecture but with a few prints from the "Men of the Twentieth Century" series. / Landscape drawings in charcoal. Through Feb. 1. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the HOFFELD, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Large-scale contemporary portraits by Marina Abramović, Ulay, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of black-and-white prints, called "Variants," brings together works that, to simplify, demonstrate the choices a photographer makes either behind the camera or in the darkroom. For instance, a farmer cropped from Dorothea Lange's 1937 "Five Tenant Farmers Without Farms" was restored by her in a print made in the sixties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein

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between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also accessories, furnishings, and portraits. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by André Kertész. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A selection of prints by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective of paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Twelve abstract painted-wood sculptures by George Sugarman, completed between 1961 and 1966. Through Feb. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to document either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional Indian costumes and jewelry, for example. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as its focal point, the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century. Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, and Sonia Delaunay are among them. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900," an exhibit of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Black American folk art as well as art and artifacts from Africa and the Caribbean. All the works—more than forty paintings and sculptures and nearly two hundred gold weights—are on loan from private collectors. . . . ¶ Paintings by Candida Alvarez and Charles Burwell and a sculptural installation by Maren Hassinger. Both shows through Jan. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Jerri Allyn, Bill Gordh, Joe Lowery, and Debra Wanner (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Video, Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30 (works by Ed Rudolph, Dale Hoyt, and Burt Barr) and 9:30 (selections from the London show "Ugly Actions"). . . . ¶ Wendy Perron Dance Company, Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 9-12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Music performance, Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8 (Zazou-Bikaye); Friday, Jan. 17, at 8 (Minimal Compact and Jayne Bliss & Beautifier); and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8 (Frank Chickens and Zazou-Bikaye).

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—James Grigsby and Carmela Rago (performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 10-12, at 9; Frances Becker (performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 17-19, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Paolo Montarsolo; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Paolo Montarsolo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Edward Sooter, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Morley Meredith; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Linda Zoghby, Carol Vaness, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling.

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—Performances of two one-act French operas: "Robin and Marion," written in the thirteenth century by Adam de la Halle, and "The City of Ladies," written in the fifteenth century by Christine de Pizan. Conducted by Grant Herreid and Thomas Zajac, and staged by Paul C. Echols. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Jan. 10, and Saturdays, Jan. 11 and 18, at 8; Sundays, Jan. 12 and 19, at 4; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 580-0210, from 10 to 5.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Weber's "Der Freischütz," in English, staged by Stephen Jarrett. With the Bronx Opera Orchestra, conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 8. For tickets call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Yuri Temirkanov conducting a Prokofieff-Sibelius program, with Nikolai Petrov, piano, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Weber-Hindemith-Bruckner program on Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30.

Cracow Philharmonic—Krzysztof Penderecki conducting a program that will include two of his own works, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. The first of two concerts by this group, making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Britten-Brahms-Beethoven program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At Kaufmann Concert Hall—Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: Vittorio Negri conducting a program of baroque music, with Thomas Nyfenger, flute, and Syoko Aki, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3: Raymond Leppard conducting a Saint-Saëns–Shostakovich–Haydn program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Neil Balm, trumpet.

American Symphony Orchestra—Benjamin Zander conducting a performance of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth

Ave. at 12th St. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 675-9127.)

oston Early Music Festival Orchestra—Gustav Leonhardt conducting, with Daniel Stepner, violin, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

ew York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the second in a series of five concerts, this one a program of Spanish music, with Carlos Montoya, flamenco and classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

armonic Choir—David Hykes directing, with the Gyume Tantric Monks of Tibet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 7:30. For tickets, call 947-5850.)

regg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the third in a series of four programs, this one a joint concert with the Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

usical Elements—With Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano, and Robert Dick, composer/flutist. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

orth/South Consonance—A program of new music. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 4. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Max Lifchitz conducting an ensemble, with Cameron Grant, piano, and John Wion, flute. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

ichael Lewin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

oston Camerata—A program of medieval French music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

hamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Horacio Gutiérrez, piano; Lynn Chang, violin; Robert Routch, horn; Richard Fitz, xylophone; Joseph Passaro, glockenspiel; Irene Worth, narrator; and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5.)

laude Frank—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

aul Sperry—Tenor, in a one-hour all-Schubert program. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

ary William Friedman—Mr. Friedman conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of his own music, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Charles Pailthorpe, baritone; Brooks Tillotson, horn; Marc Goldberg, bassoon; and Robert King, clarinet. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Saturdays, Jan. 11 and 18, at 8. There will be post-concert receptions following each performance, at which audience members may meet the composer.)

ontinuum—A program of music by Israeli composers, with Emilie Berendsen, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

laria Chamber Ensemble—A program that will include the première of a work by Ursula Mamlok. With Timothy Ward, bassoon. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist, with singer Luis Vargas and dancer Manolo de Córdoba. A film of flamenco dance will be shown. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

Nelly Kokinos—Piano, performing the complete Chopin études. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fifth in a series of concerts, this one performed by the New York Consort of Viols. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with assisting artists. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The second in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Yeou-Cheng Ma and Michael Dadap—Violinist and classical guitarist. (Rutgers Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Monday, Jan. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Martti Talvela—Bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30.)

Jeffrey Siegel—A program of Mozart piano works, performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The first of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Joseph Silverstein conducting, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; David Jolley, horn; Jaime Laredo, violin; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 14-15, at 8.)

Elliott Schwartz Fiftieth-Birthday Celebration—Among the performers at a concert of works by the composer will be the Tremont Quartet; William Matthews, flute; Christopher Deane, percussion; and Mr. Schwartz, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Clarion Concerts—A program of string and oboe quartets. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—The first of two concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, with Ida Kavafian, violin; Thomas Hrynkiv, piano; the Manhattan String Quartet; and the Lehigh Valley Chamber Orchestra conducted by Donald Spieth. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

David Burgess—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The second in a series of four programs, this one devoted primarily to the music of the sixteenth-century composer Orlande de Lassus. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Note—The Aulos Ensemble will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 26, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Jan. 13, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Giuseppe Patanè conducting members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Luciano Pavarotti, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Sacramento, Monday, Jan. 13, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Friday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Saturday, Jan. 18. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Jan. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Friday, Jan. 17, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 18.

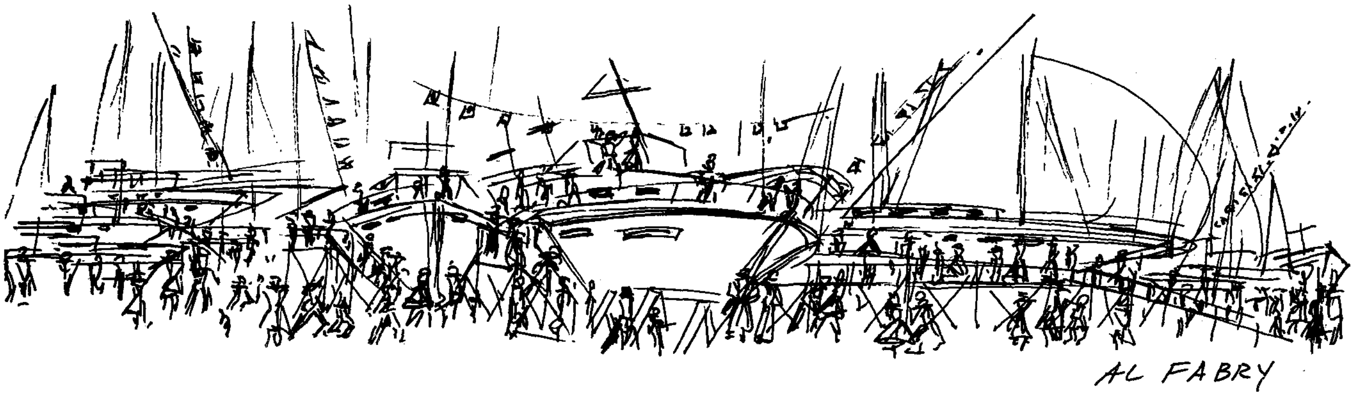
Tennis—Nabisco Masters: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Boris Becker, Jimmy Connors, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 14-16, at 4; Friday, Jan. 17, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 18 [semifinals], at 12:30; and Sunday, Jan. 19 [finals], at 12:30.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Jan. 9, through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Eugene Ionesco reading from his own plays, in French, with English translation. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Czeslaw Milosz, Derek Walcott, John Ashbery, Galway Kinnell, and other international poets reading from their own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Raymond Carver, Harold Brodkey, Jayne Anne Phillips, Bernard Malamud, and others reading from their own fiction. (Casino on the Park, Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 9. No tickets necessary.)

National Boat Show—The seventy-sixth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, paddle boats, cruisers, dinghies, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 11 and 18, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 12 and 19, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 13-17, from noon to 10.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Jan. 16: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.
From Jan. 17: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).
Theatre 3: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 9: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
From Jan. 10: "White Nights" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 16: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
From Jan. 17: "The Journey of Natty Gann" (Jeremy Kagan), with Meredith Salenger and John Cusack.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Jan. 9: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
From Jan. 10: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fool for Love" (Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Plenty" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 16: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A). No performances on Wednesday, Jan. 8. From Jan. 17: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "White Nights" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 16: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold. From Jan. 17: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 9: "Revolution" (†). From Jan. 10: "Brazil" (Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce.
Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 12.

Through Jan. 16: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
From Jan. 17: "Troll" (John Buechler), with Noah Hathway.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 2: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Raoni" (1979; directed by Jean-Pierre Dutilleux; in Portuguese, Kayapo, and English), a documentary. From Jan. 15: "Following the Führer" (Erwin Leiser; in German).
Theatre 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Uforia" (1981; John Binder), with Cindy Williams, Harry Dean Stanton, and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in th late afternoon.)
Jan. 8: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Ac jani.
From Jan. 9: The New York Gay Film Fe tival.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. a 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Color Purple" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Bus ness" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmülle in Italian).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 16: "101 Dalm tians" (†). From Jan. 17: "The Journey Natty Gann" (Jeremy Kagan), with Me edith Salenger and John Cusack.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 16: "Head Offic (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhol From Jan. 17: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jas Gedrick.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 9: "Clue" (Jonath Lynn; ending B). From Jan. 10: To be a nounced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 16: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
From Jan. 17: "The Journey of Natty Gan (Jeremy Kagan), with Meredith Saleng and John Cusack.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"White Nights" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Jan. 16: "Runaway Train" (Andr Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Er Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.
From Jan. 17: "Murphy's Romance" (Mart Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spa ish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (75 2280)
Theatre 1: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; German).
Theatre 2: "When Father Was Away on Bus ness" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 3: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (87 4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I will be show daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II will be show daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (72 6745)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 14: "Jagged Edg (†). From Jan. 15: "Sharma and Beyon (Brian Gilbert).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 9: "101 Dalm tians" (†). From Jan. 10: "The Mystery Alexina" (Rene Feret; in French).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (87 3600)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, ar Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Bar Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Al Cox.
Theatre 3: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 9: "Spies Like U (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Da Aykroyd. From Jan. 10: "Brazil" (Ter Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce.
Theatre 5: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lew Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathle Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 9: "101 Dalmatian (†). Jan. 10-16: (Matinées only) "101 Da

matians" (†); and (evenings only) "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold. From Jan. 17: "The Journey of Natty Gann" (Jeremy Kagan), with Meredith Salenger and John Cusack.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 9: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Jan. 10: "Black Moon Rising" (Harley Cokliss), with Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 9: "Head Office." From Jan. 10: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 16: "Back to the Future" (†). From Jan. 17: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

RITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 9: "Enemy Mine" (directed by Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr. From Jan. 10: "Black Moon Rising" (Harley Cokliss), with Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 9: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain. From Jan. 10: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 5: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 6: "Back to the Future" (†).

MBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 9: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
From Jan. 10: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

MBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A).
Theatre 3: "Clue" (ending B).
Theatre 4: "Clue" (ending C).

OEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

OEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

OVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 9: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From Jan. 10: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

EW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Jan. 9: (Matinées only) "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton; and (evenings only) "Jagged Edge" (†).
From Jan. 10: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Revolution" (†).

.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "The Annihilators."

. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 16: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold. From Jan. 17: "Troll" (John Buechler), with Noah Hathway.
Theatre 2: "The Alchemist."

REVIVAL HOUSES

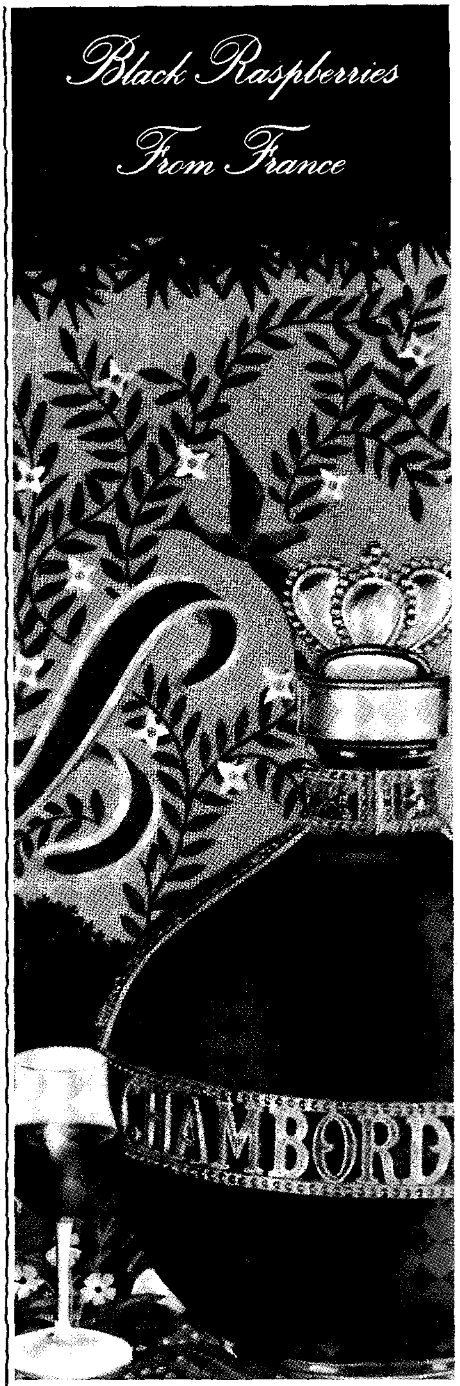
INEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 9: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Jan. 10-11: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Jan. 12: "1900" (†).
Jan. 13-14: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded at Basin Street West in August, 1965; and "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
Jan. 15-16: "Blow-Up" (†); and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Jan. 17-18: "Sophie's Choice" (†); and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 8: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954) and "A Geisha" (1953), both films in Japanese directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
Jan. 9: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 10-11: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Jan. 12-13: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Late Spring" (1949; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).
From Jan. 14: "Chushingura" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 8: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.
Jan. 9-11: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.
Jan. 12-13: "The Razor's Edge" (1946 †); and "The Late George Apley" (1947; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Ronald Colman and Peggy Cummins.
Jan. 14-15: "Star!" (1968; Robert Wise), with Julie Andrews.
Jan. 16-18: "To Have and Have Not" (†); and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 8: "Joe MacBeth" (1956; Ken Hughes), with Paul Douglas and Ruth Roman; and "Strange Illusion" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Jimmy Lydon and Sally Eilers.
Jan. 9: "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.
Jan. 10: "A Day at the Races" (1937) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 11: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Jan. 12: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.
Jan. 13: "All That Heaven Allows" (†); and "Shockproof" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight.
Jan. 14: "The Violent Years" (1958), "Sinister Urge" (1960), and "Jailbait" (1954), all directed by Edward D. Wood, Jr.
Jan. 15: "Tempest" (†); and "The Tempest" (1960).
Jan. 16: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Jan. 17: "Blow-Up" (†); and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
Jan. 18: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 8: "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
Jan. 9: "Dragstrip Girl" (1957), with Fay Spain; and "Teenage Caveman" (1958; Roger Corman), with Robert Vaughn.
Jan. 10-11: "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gal-



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lows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Eva" (1962; Joseph Losey), with Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker.

Jan. 12: "Ivan the Terrible" (1944; Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.

Jan. 13: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Fallen Angel" (†).

Jan. 14: "Suspiria" (1977; Dario Argento), with Jessica Harper; and "God Told Me To" (1977; Larry Cohen), with Tony Lo Bianco, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Levene.

Jan. 15: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Disobediant" (1953).

Jan. 16: "The Bonnie Parker Story" (1958; William Witney), with Dorothy Provine; and "Machine Gun Kelly" (†).

Jan. 17-18: "The Harder They Come" (†); and "Land of Look Behind" (1982; Alan Greenberg), with Gregory Isaacs.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 8: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, and Gene Saks; and "Barefoot in the Park" (1967; Gene Saks), with Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Charles Boyer, and Mildred Natwick.

Jan. 9: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962; John Ford), with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin; and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.

Jan. 10-11: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke) and "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Jan. 12: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 13: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "La Bête Humaine" (†).

Jan. 14: "The Big Heat" (†); and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.

Jan. 15: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "Personal Property" (1937; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jean Harlow, Robert Taylor, and Una O'Connor.

Jan. 16: "The Man Who Never Was" (†) and "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold" (†).

Jan. 17-18: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those *applying for them in person at the museum* after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Keep Your Seats Please" (1936; directed by Monty Banks), with George Formby, Florence Desmond, and Alastair Sim; and "No Limit" (1935; Monty Banks), with George Formby and Florence Desmond. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6 and Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Okay for Sound" (1937; Marcel Varnel), with Flanagan & Allen; and "Gasbags" (1940; Marcel Varnel), with Flanagan & Allen. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 12:30: A program of Elmer Fudd cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2: "Hoots Mon!" (1939; Roy William Neill), with Max Miller. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5: "It's Love Again" (1936; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, and Robert Young. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 12:30: A program of Elmer Fudd cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2: "London Town" (1946; Wesley Ruggles), with Sid Field. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5: "Shipyard Sally" (1939; Monty Banks), with Gracie Fields and Sydney Howard. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "It's Love Again." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: "Hoots Mon!" . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Shipyard Sally." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "London Town." . . . *¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "The Divorce of Lady X"* (1938; Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Binnie Barnes, and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Oh, Mr. Porter!" (1937; Marcel Varnel), with Will Hay. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Champagne Charlie" (1944; Alberto Cavalcanti), with
Tommy Trinder and Stanley Hollowa
. . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "The Divorce of Lad
X." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 12:30: A program
Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 18
2: "Vice Versa" (1948; Peter Ustinov
with Roger Livesey, Kay Walsh, Anthon
Newley, Petula Clark, and James Rober
son Justice. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 5: "Chan
pagne Charlie."

Theatre 2: Jan. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Code Gra
Ethical Dilemmas in Nursing" (1984; B
Achtenberg and Joan Sawyer) and "Abo
tion: Stories from North and South" (198
Gail Singer), both documentaries. .
¶ Jan. 10 at 3: A program of animat
Japanese films by Kihachiro Kawamot
. . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6:30 and Jan. 11 at 2:30:
program of animated Japanese films
Osamu Tezuka. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30 a
Jan. 12 at 2:30: A program of animat
Japanese films by Yoji Kuri. . . . ¶ Jan.
at 5:30: A program of animated Japane
films by Kihachiro Kawamoto. . . . ¶ Ja
13 at 6:30: A program of recent short fil
by Dirk de Bruyn, who will be present. .
¶ Jan. 14 at 12:30, 2, 4:30, and 6:30 a
Jan. 16 at noon: A program of award-wi
ning Japanese television commercials. .
¶ Jan. 16 at 3 and 6:30: "In the Name
the People" (1984; Alex Drehsler a
Frank Christopher), a documentary. .
¶ Jan. 17 at 3: A program of animat
Japanese films by Yoji Kuri. . . . ¶ Jan.
at 6:30: A program of recent animat
Japanese films. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30:
program of animated Japanese films
Kihachiro Kawamoto. . . . ¶ Jan. 18
5:30: A program of recent animated Jap
nese films.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th
(570-0537)—Jan. 8, at noon: "Child of Resi
tance" (1972; Haile Gerima) and "I and
An African Allegory" (1977; Ben Caldwel
and Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Passing Through" (197
Larry Clark). . . . ¶ Jan. 9-14: "Killer
Sheep" (1977; Charles Burnett), showin
Jan. 9-11 at noon, Jan. 12 at 1, and Jan.
at 2; and "Bush Mama" (1976; Haile Ge
ma), showings Jan. 9-11 at 2:30, Jan. 12
3:30, and Jan. 14 at 6. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 1
"Four Women" (1978; Julie Dash), "Wat
Ritual #1: An Urban Rite of Purificatio
(1980; Barbara McCullough), "A Differe
Image" (1982; Alile Sharon Larkin), and "
lusions" (1982; Julie Dash), showings Ja
15-18 at noon. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Heaven Allows (1955)—A trashy love story about the attraction between a natural man (Rock Hudson, as a New England tree surgeon) and a frustrated-by-respectability rich widow (Jane Wyman) who is some fifteen years older than he and has two grown children. Hudson and Wyman are hardly an electric combination, but this Ross Hunter *production is made with so much symbolism* that some people actually see it as allegorical. Its reputation derives from the slurpy, peculiarly glossy intensity of Douglas Sirk's direction—the same sort of pop spirituality that he had brought to Ross Hunter's "Magnificent Obsession," with the same two stars, the year before. Sirk's blend of Germanic kitsch and Hollywood kitsch was a major influence on the young German director Fassbinder, whose work is a further formalization of Sirk's schematic sentimentality. With Agnes Moorehead, Conrad Nagel, Virginia Grey, Gloria Talbott, and Charles Drake. Written by Peg Fenwick. (Thalia; Jan. 13.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/29/85.) (Criterion Theatres. . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 16.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive, and at times Gabin is a lump. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 13.)

The Big Heat (1953)—Sidney Boehm's solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. The movie is all of a piece; it's designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who ignores the orders of his superiors and investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. When one of the gangster's henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress, a high-living tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too, she joins up with Bannion, and the film accumulates corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. From a novel by William P. McGivern; cinematography by Charles Lang, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14.)

Blow-Up (1966)—Michelangelo Antonioni conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in
which people live only for the sensations
the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's neg
tivism, the world he presents looks harmle
and sex without "connecting" doesn't real
seem so bad. With David Hemmings, Vane
sa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Ja
Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Cinematograp
by Carlo Di Palma. (Cinema Village; Jan. 1
16. . . . ¶ Thalia; Jan. 17.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-centu
Japanese epic, told with great beauty and
great length (three and a half hours). Wi
Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inaga
In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; starting Ja
14.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Ali
Walker is about the bonding of Southe
black women in the first half of the centu
The women are generous, hard-working, a
tistically gifted, and understanding; the m
are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably t
book gets by with its rampant fema
chauvinism because the story is put in t
mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old her
ine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadenc
dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing
it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the mov
version, appears to have taken the novel s
riously—inspirational tone, pop-folk relig
osity, triumph of the human spirit, and all-
and been intimidated by it. This family sag
spanning more than thirty years, is the clu
siest, least confident feature he has done. It
not just that he can't give the material t
push of that earthy folk style of Walker's; it
that he filters everything through movies a
sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a Eur
pean director might. The picture is muffled-
it seems to be taking place in a made-u
faraway kingdom. Even the editing looks

be from desperation. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia, whose mighty punch at a white man lands her in jail for twelve years, and Adolph Caesar, Rae Dawn Chong, Akosua Busia, and Dana Ivey. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (Beekman, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

ALLEN ANGEL (1945)—There was a brief period when Otto Preminger made well-paced, engaging melodramas, and this is one of them; it isn't in the class of his "Laura," but it's tolerable, in a tawdry sort of way. Dana Andrews arrives in a small California town with a dollar to his name, gets an itch for a money-loving waitress (Linda Darnell, so it's easy to sympathize with him), and marries the local rich girl (Alice Faye) to get the dough to win the waitress. But his sordid plan misfires: the waitress is murdered, and he becomes the prime suspect. Dana Andrews is saturnine and convincing, and although Alice Faye isn't altogether comfortable playing Brahms on a church organ and poring over Proust, the good cast includes Charles Bickford, Bruce Cabot, Jimmy Conlin, John Carradine, Anne Revere, and Percy Kilbride. Harry Kleiner adapted Marty Holland's novel. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 13.)

HE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 17-18.)

1 DALMATIANS (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Guild; through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Jan. 10-16, matinée performances only. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th St.; starting Jan. 10.)

GGED EDGE—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Quad Cinema, and Festival. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th St.; through Jan. 9, evening performances only. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 14.)

SS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

ACHINE GUN KELLY (1958)—As Kelly the bank robber and kidnapper, Charles Bronson, with his stolid, brooding, Indian-looking face, gives this Roger Corman picture some substance. With Morey Amsterdsam and Connie Gilchrist. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 16.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS (1956)—A reasonably diverting account of how the British, in 1943, deceived the Germans into thinking that their aim was to invade Greece rather than Sicily. To accomplish their purpose, a corpse equipped with all sorts of fake documents was floated onto a Spanish beach. Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng are the principals, and they get very little assistance from Josephine Griffin and Gloria Grahame. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 16.)

1900 (1977)—Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle: the belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants. In form, it's an opera-novel, and it has all of director Bernardo Bertolucci's themes and motifs. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever filmed. With Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Four hours and five minutes. (Cinema Village; Jan. 12.)

OUT OF AFRICA—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep), who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. (An example: When they're on safari together, they don't shoot the two lions they see until the beasts spring at them.) Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. These two are meant to be lovers, but when they address each other they talk into a void, as if the other weren't there. This is "classical" big-star narrative moviemaking, but without the logic, the easy-to-read surface, and the sureness that contribute to the pleasure of that kind of picture. It seems to be about something nebulous. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer (as Baron Blixen-Finecke) or Michael Kitchen (as Berkeley Cole), or Suzanna Hamilton (as Felicity) is on the screen; they're recognizably human. And several of the black performers are great subjects for David Watkin's camera—Malick Bowens (as the majordomo Farah), in particular. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

PLENTY—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. Her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Manhattan.)

PRIZZI'S HONOR—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm

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BLOOMINGDALE'S

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Film Forum, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Ran—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Razor's Edge (1946)—Almost as irresistibly funny and terrible as "The Fountainhead." Tyrone Power plays the Somerset Maugham hero who journeys all the way to India and figures that he has hit upon a mystical bonanza when he hears a bewhiskered yogi murmur, "There is in every one of us a spark of the infinite goodness." Nobody in the film seems to be very agile mentally, from the Chicago débutante (beautiful Gene Tierney) whom the hero leaves behind when he sets out in pursuit of an inscrutable gleam to the girl he almost marries—poor, sad Sophie (Anne Baxter), who has tried to forget the death of her husband and child by surrendering herself to half the male population of the Parisian underworld. There are quantities of Chicago mansions and country clubs, French bistros and Indian lamaseries, and thousands of extras to keep the sets from looking bare. The performers move about in a vague, somnambulistic manner befitting a literary masterpiece, especially Herbert Marshall, who plays Maugham himself. Clifton Webb does a high-camp number as an expatriate snob. Edmund Goulding directed. (Regency; Jan. 12-13.)

Revolution—With Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland, and Nastassja Kinski; directed by Hugh Hudson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Jan. 9.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip (1982)—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. Produced by Ray Stark; directed by Joe Layton; cinematography by Haskell Wexler. (Cinema Village; Jan. 13-14.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic "Shoah" is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Sophie's Choice (1982)—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it, and the film tells us that (1) survivors of the death camps carry deathly guilt within them and (2) William Styron is right up there on Parnassus with Thomas Wolfe, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and Hart Crane. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (Cinema Village; Jan. 17-18.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1965)—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 16.)

Tempest (1982)—Taking off from Shakespeare and the idea of a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry who is having a mid-life crisis, Paul Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical, psychodrama, and dream play. The film has a flick-
ering wit and there are charming bits by S
san Sarandon and the talented young actre
Molly Ringwald, but Mazursky doesn't fi
an original tone that the audience can r
spond to, and he has put John Cassavetes-
one of the most dour and alienating of actc
—at the film's center. And worse, the pictu
has delusions of pain-in-the-soul glamour; s
mostly in Manhattan and on a Greek islan
it's overblown and luxuriantly elegar
You feel you should ooh and ah the vist
(courtesy of the cinematographer, Don McA
pine). It has the polished pictorial e
travagance of stupe classics, such as Albe
Lewin's 1951 "Pandora and the Flyi
Dutchman." (It even has the swank bl
skies that "Pandora" had.) And it's a soph
ticated fantasy in the same mode: the imag
might be used to advertise a new *parfu*
This is an absurd movie, but what an ar
fact! It takes a high degree of civilization
produce something so hollow. With Ra
Julia, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassma
Lucianne Buchanan, Sam Robards, Pa
Stewart, Jackie Gayle, Tony Holland, Jer
Hardin, and Paul and Betsy Mazursky. Frc
a script by Mazursky and Leon Capetan
with a modern score by Stomu Yamash
(Thalia; Jan. 15.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this pictu
Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical he
of them all, found himself in Martiniq
where a beautiful big cat of a girl nam
Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen
the first time and managed to make the que
tion "Anybody got a match?" sound like t
most insolent and insinuating of deman
Howard Hawks directed this slickly prof
sional, thoroughly enjoyable Second Wo
War melodrama, which was taken from wh
Warner Brothers advertised as Erne
Hemingway's novel, with William Faulk
listed as co-author of the screenplay—ma
ing this the only movie on record with t
Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't
misled: it's the Warners mixture as before
sex and politics—but better this time. Hoa
Carmichael provides the music and accom
niment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singi
voice is that of Andy Williams, and it nev
sounded sexier than when coming out of h
With Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Sh
don Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymo
(literally the heavy). (Regency; Jan. 16-18.

The Trip to Bountiful—With Geraldine Pa
and John Heard, directed by Peter Mast
son. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psych
banality presents the basic story of a lo
married middle-aged man (Gene Hackma
as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences
renewal of vitality when he has an affair wi
a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but t
story is now so dressed up in the language
self-help books that the man is a life-affir
ing force—and not only for himself but a
for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Bursty
whom he leaves. The movie could be eve
errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. I
rected by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Co
Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian De
nehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Gemi
and Lincoln Plaza.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Barys
nikov plays a Russian ballet star who defe
ed from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and
on his way to dance in Tokyo when his pla
crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's cent
gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put
the care of a black American tap danc
(Gregory Hines, acting morose and emb
tered) who defected from the U.S. Army du
ing the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is m
erable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells hi
that if he can't convince the ballet star
renounce the U.S. and perform in just a f
days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work
the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot
like a straitjacket that the director, Tay
Hackford, got into voluntarily and ca
wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, b
there's enough footage of Baryshnikov
carry you past the embarrassments of t
tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jer
Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirr
and John Glover. The script is credited
James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/8
(Coronet, and Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ 34th St. Ea
starting Jan. 10.)

Albert Hubbell

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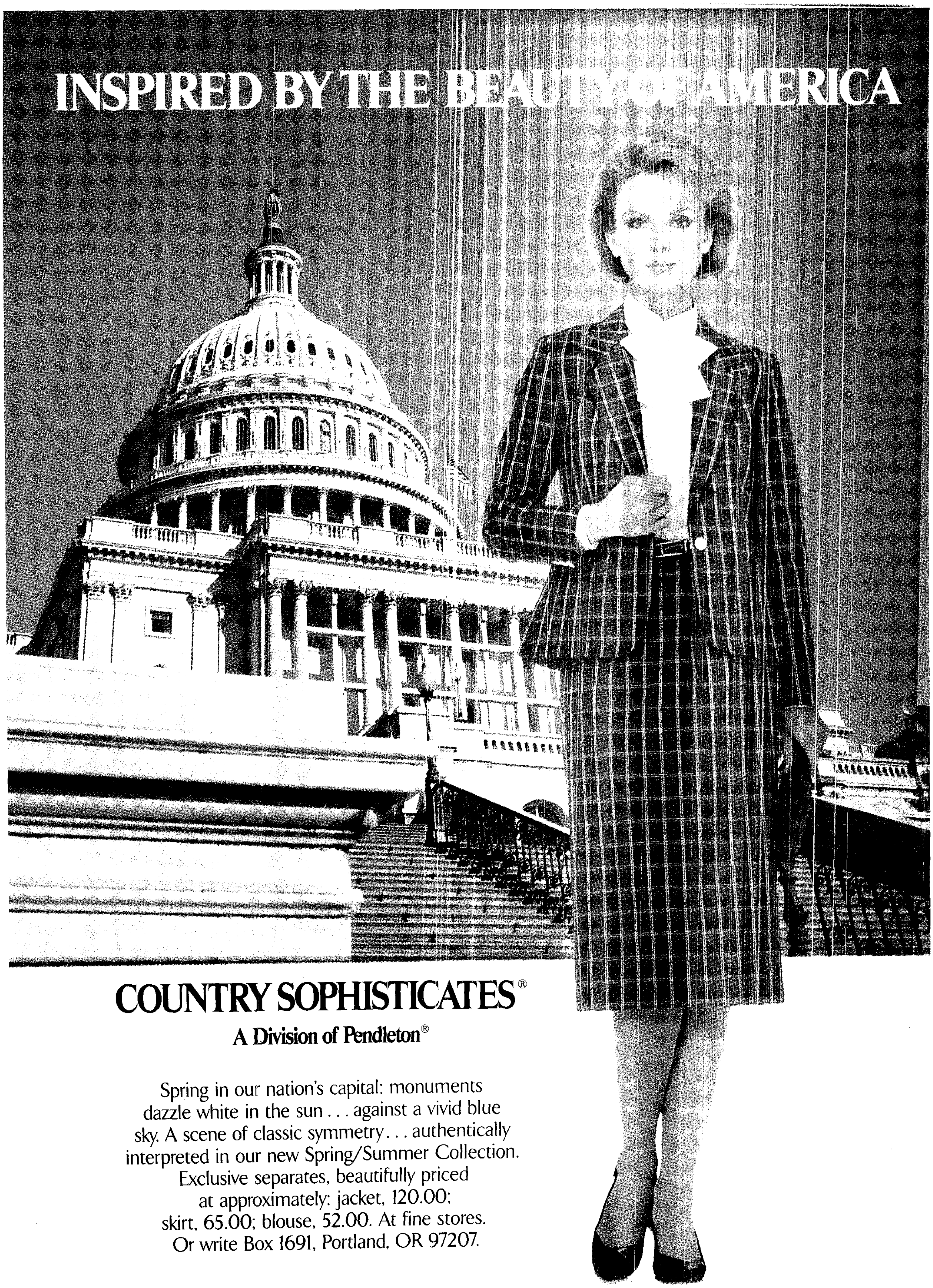
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

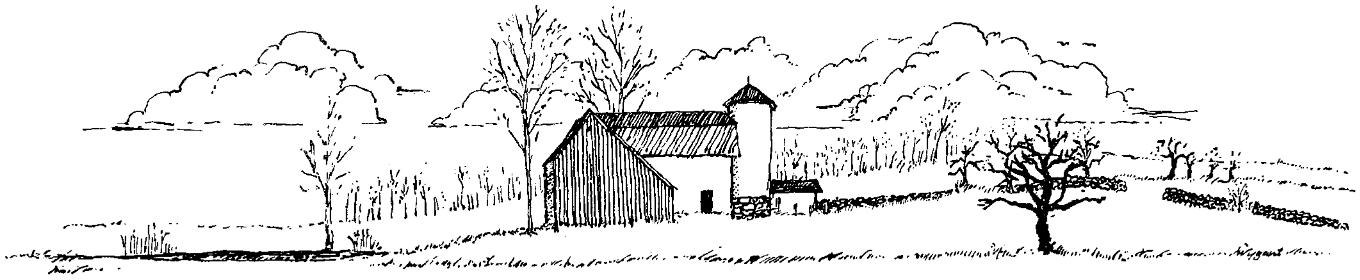
Notes and Comment

SOMETHING over a year ago, a tank at Union Carbide's chemical plant in Bhopal, India, sprang a leak. Methyl isocyanate poured into the air, killing a thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven people within a few days. More than two hundred thousand people went to the hospital. Some people are still dying from the effects of the gas. Sixty thousand Bhopalis cannot do a full day's work, according to a recent article in *Business Week*, and nearly a fourth of the women in the first trimester of pregnancy at the time of the accident have miscarried, given birth prematurely, or borne handicapped children. Immediately after the accident, Union Carbide's chairman, Warren M. Anderson, told reporters he would devote the rest of his career to resolving the problems caused by the accident. The company donated a million dollars to the relief effort, and employees in the United States collected a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more. A year later, however, Mr. Anderson told *Business Week* that he had "overreacted." His company, pursued by lawyers seeking billions of dollars in compensation for the dead and injured (and sizable fees), is facing a critical court decision about whether the case will be tried in India or in America, where damage awards are expected to be higher. If the court says America, Mr. Anderson has vowed to appeal the decision all the way to the Supreme Court. "This could drag on for five or more years. That's our way of life in America," he said, adding—vividly—"I'm not going to roll over and play dead." He developed that particular analogy in a subsequent interview with the *Times*, telling its reporter, "Those first two months were tough, tough, tough. But my health is good. My blood pressure improved."

What does it mean to "overreact" to a tragedy of these proportions? Is there such a thing as "overreaction"? Well, yes. If Mr. Anderson had leaped from a window, he would have been overreacting. And if he had resigned his post he would have been reacting meaninglessly. But saying that he would devote the rest of his career to resolving the problems caused by the accident does not seem to be overreacting. Nor does handing out a million dollars. What Mr. Anderson meant by the phrase, perhaps, is that at first he reacted as a private man but in the intervening months he has remembered—or been reminded, or even overreminded—that he is the head of a corporation. Murray Kempton pointed out in a recent edition of *Newsday* that as Mr. Anderson was talking about the "moral responsibilities" of his company its stock was collapsing; now the company, defiant (and pursued by another corporation, GAF, bent on acquisition), has seen its shares rise to a price more than a third above their level on the day before Bhopal.

It is not money pure and simple that imposes obligations on men like Mr. Anderson. It is their position at the head of public corporations, which gives them power over *other people's money*. If Mr. Anderson owned Union Carbide lock, stock, and oil drum, he might very well have decided to sell off his company's assets, move to Bhopal, and spend his money and his life building a model city. But he was constrained: just admitting that he felt sorry about the accident increased Carbide's liability, thus jeopardizing the money of its stockholders and doubtless angering its insurance company. To understand the perplexities of his situation, consider that even if he passionately believed that Carbide was absolutely not at fault, and thought it a point of honor to fight on till its name was cleared, he might very well not be allowed to. Sooner or later, when the bargain seems best, Carbide will settle.

It is dangerous to draw a large moral from a single fable. But probably some of the pressures that Union Carbide has responded to in this dramatic case exist in the mundane, day-to-day operations of any company. (The last time we rented a car, we noticed that the instructions for what to do in the event of an accident included not telling the police anything, because "you may find out later that the accident was not your fault.") One might say that corporations are inhumane, but that battle has been



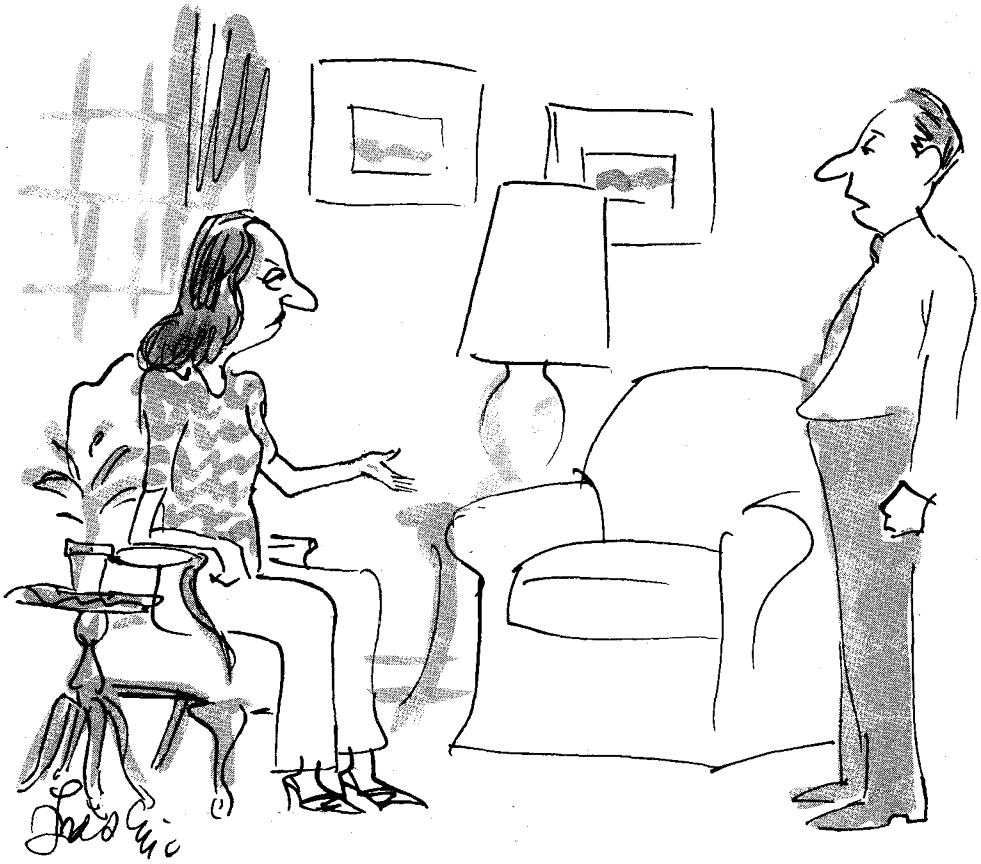
decided in this country, in this age, and probably for good reasons. Corporations need to function the way they function—it is the only way they make sense. Yet there is no point in denying that they feel less responsibility to the people of, say, Bhopal than to the people who hold their stocks and bonds. This is neither good nor bad; it is merely a fact.

Of all the dirty words in the Reagan lexicon—"welfare," "wimpishness," "guilt"—none can be made to sound more disgusting than "regulation." Regulation stifles productivity, regulation restrains innovation, regulation elevates the bureaucrat above the entrepreneur: all these charges are, in some degree, true. But there is a reason that our society adopted restraints on business, and will continue to demand restraints where they are needed. Corporations, by their nature, are not self-limiting. Their eyes are huge, and so are their stomachs. The regulation of business did not begin because of some desire for bureaucracy and paperwork. It began because, to give one example, Upton Sinclair found that Chicago packers were selling tainted meat. Now that is illegal, and so companies sell untainted meat. And they continue to make money. (In fact, many historians have pointed out that regulation can make it easier to prosper, and some have argued that at times businesses have encouraged such oversight. Generally, however, corporate logic dictates that they oppose such plans.) This is not to say that the accident at Bhopal could have been prevented by regulations, though a number of pieces of legislation have been introduced as a result of the accident. But every sensible and wise regulation may mean that fewer businessmen will be forced to act as if they were automatons, not men.

• •

Old Eli

NOT long after the announcement that Benno C. Schmidt, Jr., was going to be the next, and twentieth, president of Yale University, we had a rambling chat with him up at Columbia, where he's been on the faculty of the law school since 1969 and, for the past year and a half, its dean. We found him in a seventh-floor office littered with congratulatory mail and loftily surveyed by a portrait of Charles Evans Hughes. "I had a very warm note from Derek Bok at Harvard," Schmidt told us. "I don't know him as well as I hope to get to, but I plan to go to Cambridge as soon as I can find the time, and learn a bit from him. I wish I could take Justice Hughes along with me to New Haven, but he belongs to Columbia. In my recent research on the Supreme Court and its role in the first third of the twentieth century, I came to admire Hughes hugely—in many ways, even more than Brandeis and Holmes, who were my early heroes. Hughes was, among other things, governor of New York at a time when progressive politics generated a sense of possibility for reform. On the court, he had a capacity for fashioning doctrines with enduring effect, especially in the areas of race relations and freedom of expression. He graduated from Columbia Law, you know, and taught here, too, and took many of his clerks from here. I became acquainted with one of his daughters, the late Elizabeth Hughes Gossett, who was the head of the Supreme Court Historical Society. She liked to recall how her father—he was a very austere man and was sometimes called, out of his earshot, 'the bearded iceberg'—would manage even while Chief Justice and while Secretary of State to go home every day at five to take tea with his family."



"I prefer to stand, thank you."

Professor Schmidt, a youthful-looking forty-three, himself clerked for Chief Justice Earl Warren after he got his Yale J.D., in 1966. He was Yale College '63. His daughter Betsey, though, goes to Wesleyan. She spells her name that way because her paternal grandfather was a longtime business associate and close friend of the late John Hay Whitney, for many years the senior fellow of Yale's governing corporation, and Jock Whitney was married to a two-"e" Betsey. It was Whitney's successor as senior fellow, J. Richardson Dilworth, who, along with Cyrus Vance and some others, met with Schmidt, Jr., this past November to sound him out on the presidency. "I told them that inasmuch as my wife, Helen Whitney—she's distantly related to Jock Whitney—is a feature-film writer and director and our daughter Chrissy has just matriculated at Brearley, we'd have to operate on the assumption that I would want to retain a family base in New York City," Schmidt said. "A friend on the Yale Law School faculty persuaded me that Manhattan could be regarded as part of the Greater New Haven area."

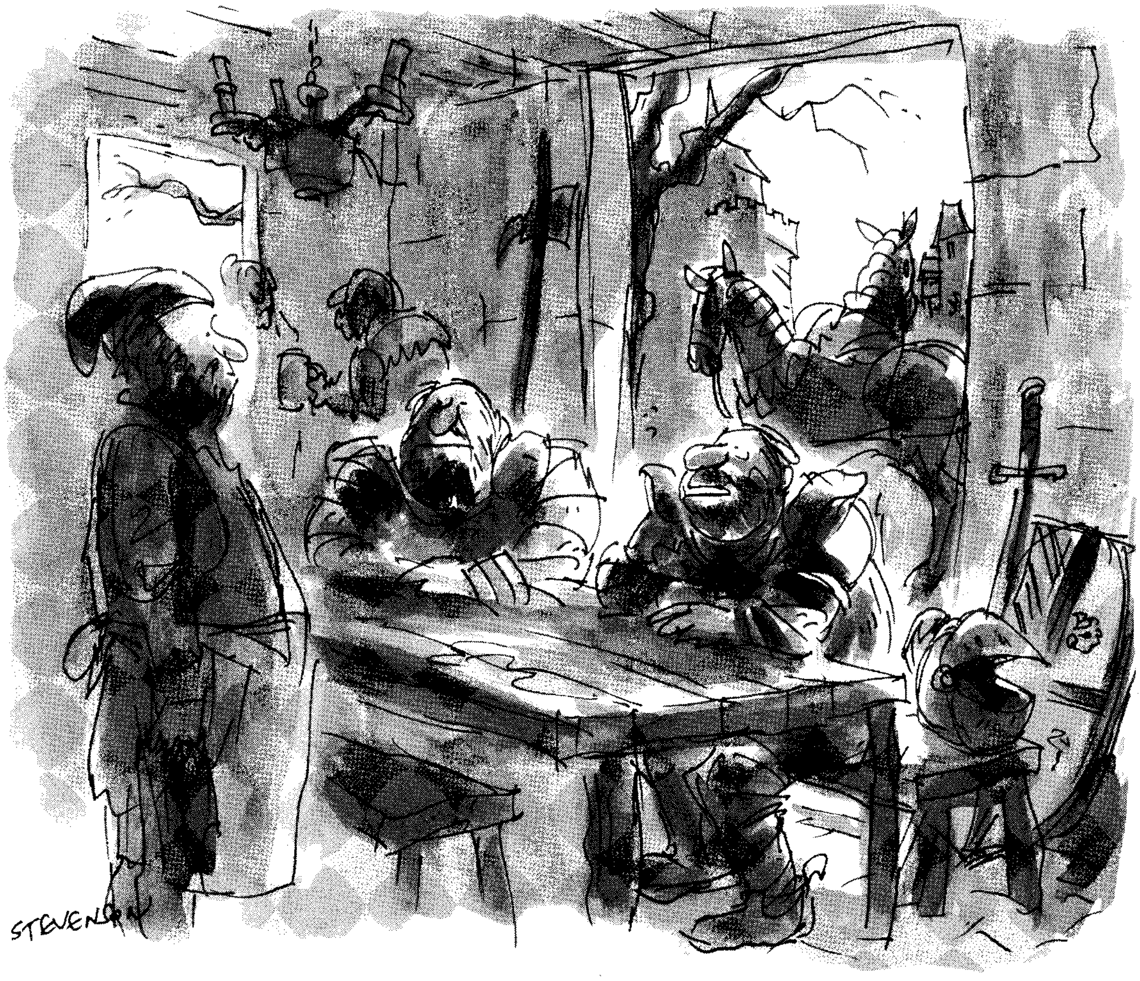
Schmidt, whose forebears emigrated from Germany in the eighteen-forties and settled in Texas, wasn't sure when he'd be formally installed in his new post. "Knowing Yale, I'm sure it'll be an interesting ceremony," he said. "I must remember to find out when it's going to be, so I can put it on my calendar." In any event, he will succeed A. Bartlett Giamatti as president in July and will move to New Haven, after a fashion, then. "I hope the tempo of academic administration will be relaxed enough by then for me to get to know some of the people there and to frequent the law library, doing investigative work I want to keep alive," he said. "I have a book half written on the general topic of the evolution of the First Amendment doctrine and theory concerning the press, and on the unusual relationship of that amendment to British law. I haven't yet really formulated any goals about changing Yale except in such broad terms as to be almost vacuous. I can say, though, in terms of *not* changing it, that one of the elements of the job that proved most appealing was the chance to try to address some of the concerns Emerson talked about—those having to do with the importance of character: honesty, altruism, honor, helpfulness. I think Yale has long been a place that—along with academic excellence—has honored other aspects of life. So I don't think in terms of changing the institution. I want to aim at respect for what I call these Emersonian ideals, to fight against a tendency in contemporary higher education that worries me—for a university to be a single-value kind of place, focussing on grades and scores and competitive standing in academic achievement. I'm also disturbed by a tendency toward careerist perspectives and vocational emphasis. I've fought against that in law schools. But I am certain that I'm going to be spending time studying the administrations not merely of Yale and Harvard but also of Stanford and, obviously, Columbia, among others. President Michael Sovern here has offered to tutor me. When I walked into Mike's office and told him I was leaving for Yale, he said, very flatteringly, 'For you, they've got to send us at least a quarterback and three interior linemen.' One of my most welcome notes of congratulation, incidentally, came from Bob Brooke, Yale's contribution to the New York Rangers. I count myself one of their most rabid fans, and couldn't have been more pleased when the team sent me a hockey puck. They meant for it to be a paperweight, I guess, but I may use it for ice-hockey games that a clutch of us Schmidts play every winter up in Dutchess County."

Always on the prowl for journalistic exclusives, we invited President-designate Schmidt to predict the score of the next Harvard-Yale game.

"Yale six, Harvard one," he replied unhesitatingly.

We must have looked blank.

"Oh, you mean *football*," he said. "I was thinking hockey. I'm not so knowledgeable about football. Like so many Yale-Harvard games in the past, that one will be close—probably not decided till the very end. I'd say Yale by about four points."



"I'll have a mead spritzer."

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The Lower Depths

LORINDA KLEIN and Susan Marsden Kapsis have been digging into the history of Bellevue Hospital, which will celebrate its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary this spring, and not all their digging has been done in places like libraries and historical archives. "This kind of research is as much archeology as history," Mrs. Kapsis told us when we found her and her colleague (both lean, both intense, both stylishly dressed) at work in their office, on the mezzanine of the Bellevue Hospital building, at Twenty-seventh Street and First Avenue.

For an institution that has played a major role in the development of both New York City and modern medicine, Bellevue has attracted surprisingly little attention from historians. Not only does the hospital itself have no archives but the last comprehensive account of the institution was published in 1893. “The history of this place is scattered around the country, and there’s almost nothing from the period before 1795,” Miss Klein said. “Much of it has simply been thrown away.” Among the artifacts that Miss Klein and Mrs. Kapsis have managed to locate are a beaver top hat worn by Valentine Mott, a noted Bellevue surgeon of the middle decades of the nineteenth century; a cedar stethoscope with a rubber rim which was probably used at Bellevue before 1872 (Bellevue physicians were pioneers in the use of stethoscopes); and fragments of hair and bone removed from President Lincoln’s bullet wound by Charles Augustus Leale, who was the first physician to reach the President’s box in Ford’s Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, and who had graduated only two months earlier from Bellevue Hospital Medical College (founded in 1861). From their collection of artifacts, documents, maps, and photographs Miss Klein and Mrs. Kapsis will put together at least four different exhibits: a large travelling exhibit, which will open in the atrium of the Citicorp Building in April; an exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, in the summer; one at the South Street Seaport, in October or November; and one at the Museum of the City of New York, in November.

“AAAAALLLLL RIIIGHT!”

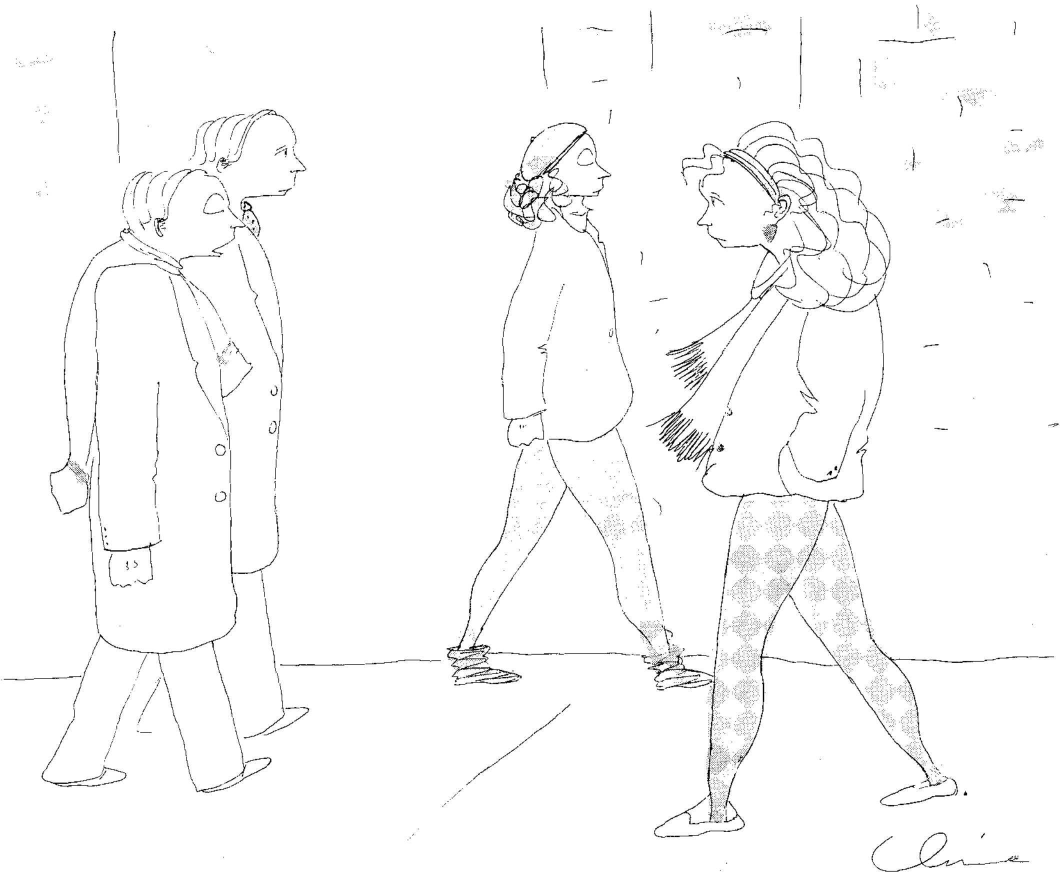
During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Bellevue Hospital was housed in a group of buildings that gradually accreted on a thirty-acre site along the East River between Twenty-sixth and Thirtieth Streets. Many of these buildings were demolished to make room for the present hospital, a twenty-five-story concrete tower, which was completed in 1973. But the cellars, ramps, stairs, and tunnels that underlay the old buildings were left largely undisturbed. Some of the belowground rooms and passageways may date back as far as 1816, when the city erected what its records describe as “the new Almshouse Hospital” on a piece of land known as Belle Vue Farms. The “new Almshouse” was a successor to a facility built in 1736 where City Hall now stands. That original facility (of which today’s Bellevue is a direct lineal descendant) included under one roof “a house of correction, a workhouse, and a poorhouse,” and also an “infirmary” containing six beds. Such infirmaries were primarily for the use of the indigent, and had the reputation, entirely deserved, of being places where one went to die. The rest of the city offered little better in the way of salubrious environment. Open sewers, contaminated water supplies, and overcrowded residential districts led to epidemics of smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, and typhus. Such epidemics periodically ravaged the cities of both the Old World and the New, and once an epidemic struck all that could be done was to separate the sick from the healthy. New York first made use of the Belle Vue site in 1795, when a temporary “pest house” was set up there to quarantine yellow-fever victims. (The city at the time had forty thousand inhabitants; that year’s epidemic, not untypically, killed seven hundred and fifty.) It was not until the second half of the nineteenth century that city officials were persuaded to adopt a strict Sanitary Code (the first of its kind in the world), and the persuaders were a group of concerned citizens led by a Bellevue surgeon, Stephen Smith, who, in 1871, became the first commissioner of the city's new Board of Health.

Miss Klein, who was born and grew up in Manhattan and lives here today, has worked at Bellevue in various capacities, including activity therapist and fund-raiser, for fifteen years. She gets a combative gleam in her eye when she talks about Bellevue's current reputation as a dumping ground for crazies and criminals. "We're the oldest public hospital in America," she told us. "Our mandate as a public hospital is that no one has to pay for treatment here if he or she can't afford it. No one is ever turned away, for *any* reason." Yet how many people are aware, she asked rhetorically, that only three hundred of Bellevue's twelve hundred and ninety-eight beds are reserved for psychiatric care, that Bellevue is a world-renowned teaching hospital, and that "whenever the President of the United States is in town *this* is the hospital he would be taken to if he was sick or injured." To say that Miss Klein is loyal to Bellevue would be an understatement. When she admitted to us that she was born "not at Bellevue but at our uptown rival, New York Hospital," she sounded genuinely chagrined at her parents' indiscretion.

Mrs. Kapsis, who spent her childhood in rural Illinois and now lives in Great Neck, is no less enthusiastic about her connection with Bellevue. As a professional researcher, she takes particular pride in the fact that, as she put it, "we're not simply documenting a piece of the past, we're resurrecting it." She asked, "Have you ever heard of O. G. Mason?" She was not surprised to learn that we hadn't. Mason was the official photographer of Bellevue Hospital from 1856 to 1906—a remarkable span of time, especially considering that photography was not invented until around 1840. "Imagine," Mrs. Kapsis said. "Fifty years of documentation of a great institution, and he's not even mentioned in most histories of photography. When I first came across his name, I called the photography department of the Metropolitan Museum, and *they* had never heard of him." Although Mason must have taken thousands of pictures, only a small portion of his output has turned up—including nine prints that Miss Klein discovered at the Armed Forces Medical Museum, in Washington, while riffling through box after box of photographs of patients with disfiguring diseases.

What prompted Miss Klein and Mrs. Kapsis to begin exploring the older areas beneath the hospital was a rumor that racks full of glass-plate negatives had been sighted somewhere in the basement. On their first venture into this underground warren, they failed to find a trace of O. G. Mason's work, but the experience did not discourage them. "No one person in the whole hospital knows what's down there," Miss Klein informed us, in a conspiratorial whisper, after she and Mrs. Kapsis had agreed to give us a quick tour of the lower depths. "The steamfitters and electricians humor us; they think we're crazy."

We stepped out of the elevator into the brightly illuminated basement of the new building, turned a corner, and found ourself in a different world. Proceeding cautiously along corridors lit only by bare bulbs hanging from the ceiling on fraying cords, we could hear the hiss of escaping steam, the dripping of water, the humming and grinding of invisible machinery. In one enormous storeroom stood an array of dusty wooden wheelchairs and wheeled wooden stretchers; rusting quietly nearby was a large scale that had been used to weigh patients who were trying to put on weight in their battle against tuberculosis. Another room was piled high with rubble that, for some reason, had been carted down from the surface when the older buildings were demolished. In another room, row on row of old but still serviceable porcelain sinks and urinals, perhaps a hundred in all, waited at attention for their next assignment. There was a room filled with infants' cribs made of strips of gleaming metal and sheets of transparent plastic; their sleek Art Deco curves brought to mind the Brave New Future of the 1939 New York World's Fair. There were rooms ankle deep in water, and rooms



"All of a sudden the world can't live without women in black tights."

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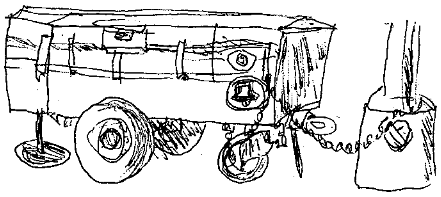
too dark to examine without a flashlight. The temperature varied from room to room: we went from cold and damp to hot and steamy and back again. And when we stood still for a moment we could hear a faint scratching that sounded all too clearly like small, sharp claws on stone.

Miss Klein and Mrs. Kapsis kept saying things like "This looks promising" and "There could be almost *anything* behind there." Despite the dark and the damp and the heat and the cold and the probable rats, they were busy planning their next return to the lower depths, with the proper tools of inquiry—flashlights, waterproof boots, and work gloves.

Grand Prix

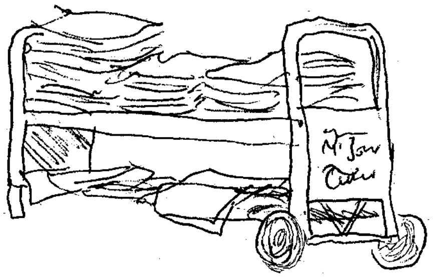
WHEN the flag drops for the start of the 1986 Eighth Avenue Grand Prix (unmanned vehicles only; two-wheel minimum; no power train), some promising new entries will be breaking from the pack, to judge from a recent stroll through the avenue's pit stops.

Among corporate-backed contenders, the white, three-wheeled Bell (*Illus. A*) with blue and yellow racing stripes along its sides looks to be a good bet, and the fact that it was chained to a lamppost (at Forty-sixth Street) is a measure of the high hopes its owners have for this snappy racer.



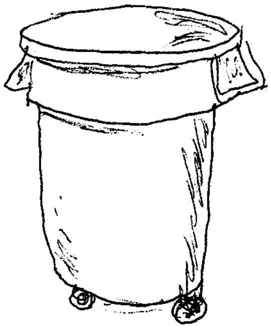
Illus. A

At first glance, the Journalist (*Illus. B*), parked at Optimo Cigars near Fiftieth Street, appears to be under-engineered (could use at least two more wheels), but it may surprise, once all the *Timeses* are removed.



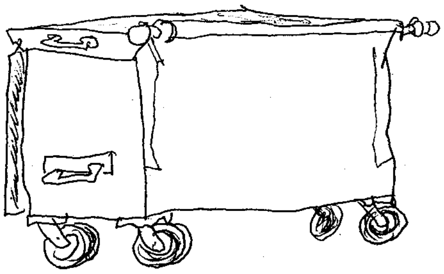
Illus. B

The four-wheeled Trasher (*Illus. C*), at Forty-eighth Street, is nicely streamlined, at least horizontally, but weather may prove to be a factor: filled with wet snow, the Trasher could suffer a significant loss of speed.



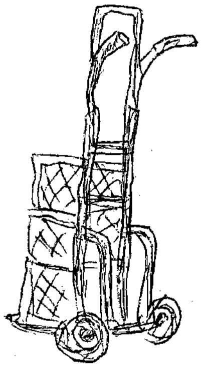
Illus. C

The four-handled, all-steel convertible Sea Food (*Illus. D*), next to the restaurant of that name at Fifty-second Street, is reported to have mediocre handling and poor acceleration (zero to fifty in a disappointing nine minutes), but its hefty appearance may intimidate other entries into veering off course.



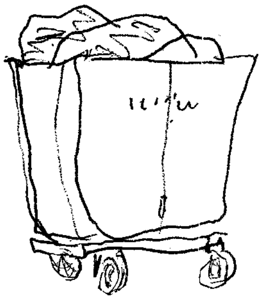
Illus. D

Cold Cut (*Illus. E*), the three-basket flagship of the Brunckhorst line, observed off-loading outside Deli-Mart, may be the Lamborghini of two-wheelers. A real contender.



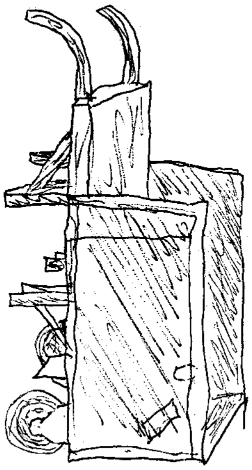
Illus. E

The federally funded, all-canvas No-Starch (*Illus. F*), the United States Postal Service entry, should also do well—depending, of course, on mail volume and wind velocity at race time.



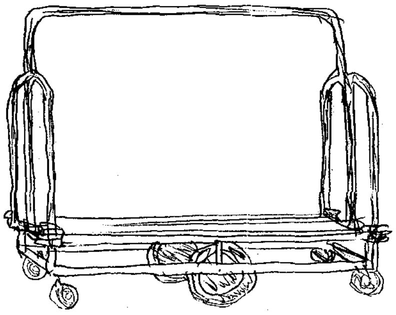
Illus. F

Celebrity Delicatessen's sturdy Minotaur (*Illus. G*), upended at 700 Eighth Avenue, appears to have the advantageous option of racing vertically, horizontally, or on the bias.



Illus. G

Blue Blazer (*Illus. H*), the Milford Plaza Hotel's all-steel, ultralight twenty-four-suiter, is currently the odds-on favorite (barring a barrage of check-ins at post time) and will most likely be the first Eighth Avenue entry to glimpse the checkered flag.



Illus. H

THE 1985 BEAUJOLAIS NOUVEAUX: KA-BOUM!

PARIS—According to a recent survey, 30 percent of all French people over the age of 10 never drink wine. . . . The survey found that France had lost two million wine consumers since 1979 . . . What does the decline mean for wine producers?—*Frank J. Prial's "Wine Talk" in the Times.*

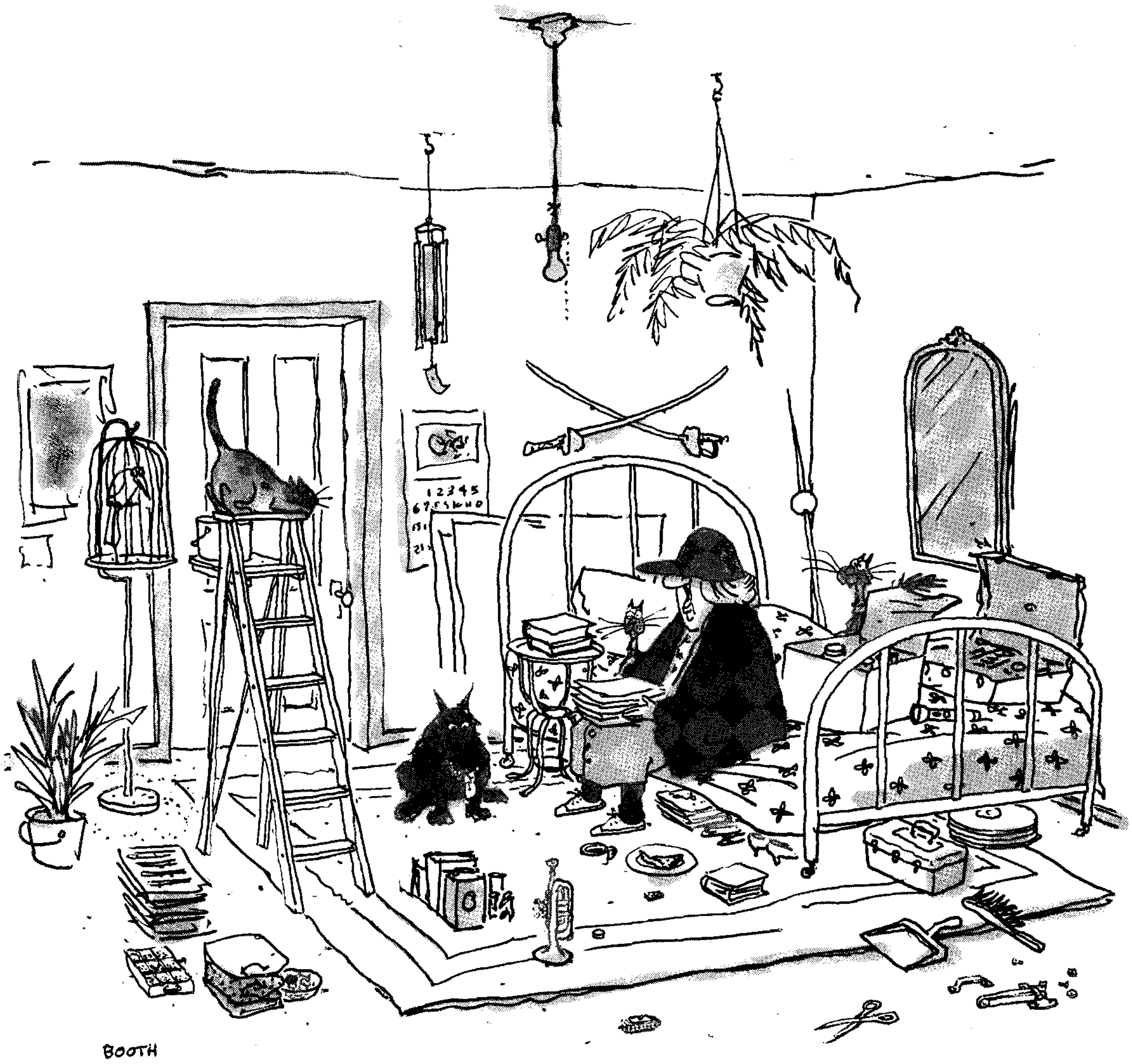
PARIS— . . . the head of the intelligence agency, Adm. Pierre Lacoste, was dismissed for having refused to disclose . . . the details of the sinking of the Rainbow Warrior. *—Frank J. Prial, "Greenpeace and the Paris Press: A Trickle of Words Turns Into a Torrent," in the Times, next day.*

IF it's French and it comes in a bottle, how bad can it be? Such has always been the modest philosophy of this column. But with the 1985 Beaujolais Nouveaux now in, promising a strong vintage, the U.S. consumer is beginning to confront a profusion of new châteaux, varietals, arsenals, and appellations of flash point, none previously familiar here. This is all to the good for the much-needed expansion of the French export market and for Americans seeking top value for their dollar. Nonetheless, it demands that we exercise discretion and even caution. There is already a huge influx of mail to this column from uncertain readers. Today I shall deal with the most often-posed concerns.

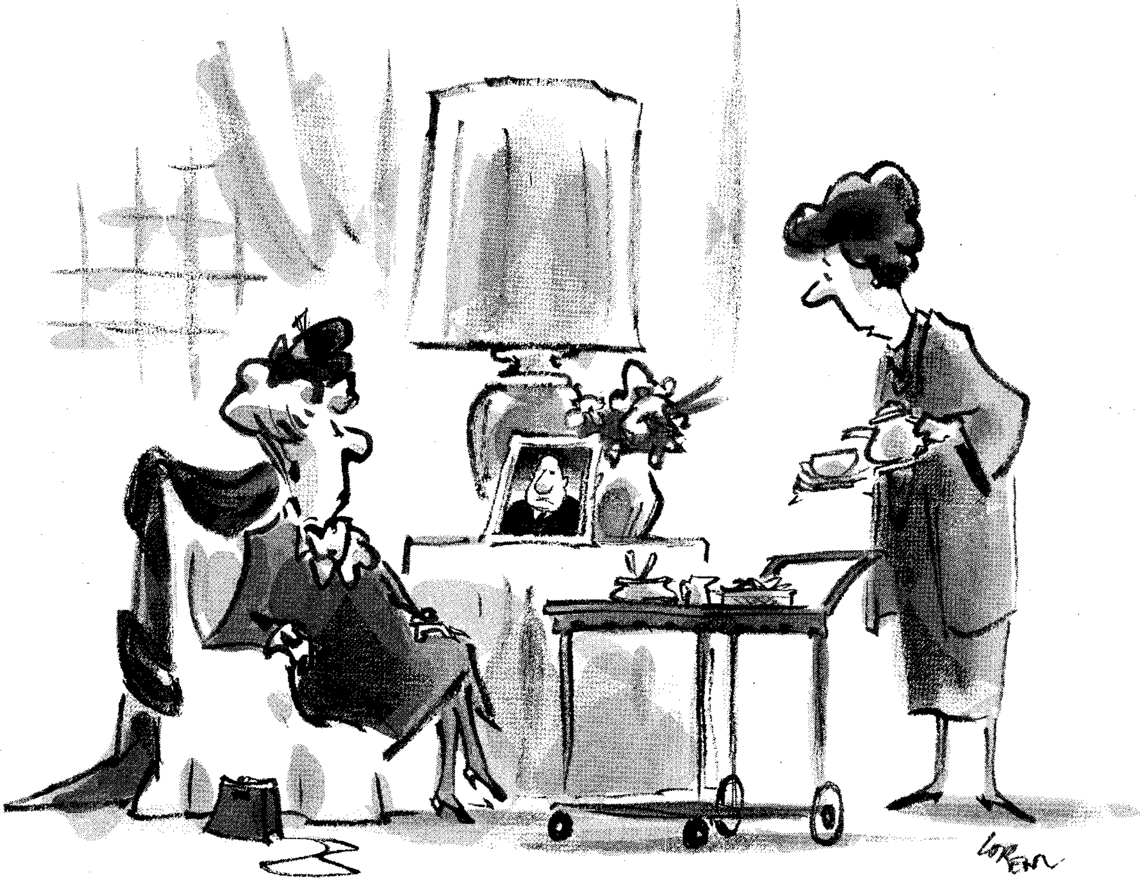
Q—For three dollars I bought a bottle of Nuage de Fumée '85 from a man on the corner of Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue. He assured me that if I was satisfied with it he would meet me by appointment in a Times Square hotel room with a crate full of additional selections. Is this a good idea, and can you tell me more about Nuage de Fumée? On the label it also says "Château de Gélignite," and then under that it says "13.5% nitroglycerine by vol."

A—While not, technically speaking, a Beaujolais, Nuage de Fumée is produced in the Palais de l'Élysée region near the Seine River in north-central France, on acreage adjoining (though not under the direct responsibility of) the renowned Mitterrand estate adjacent to the five-hundred-square-mile terrain closely intervening between it and the finest Beaujolais vineyards. If the label also says "Mise en bouteille au Directorat Général de Sécurité Externe," you have a first-class Nuage, partaking of the typically delightful fruitiness, thirst-quenching *fraîcheur*, and vivacious charm evoked by the Beaujolais bottle, yet boasting complex overtones of the aromatic wood pulp and potassium nitrate used as an inert base or adsorbent to balance the acidity of the nitro. The '85 is already matured and not for laying down, as it tends to go off quickly. Since your dealer is unknown to me, I strongly urge that you check his reliability by asking him to show you exactly how to wire the underwater fuses to the blasting cap.

Q—We want to send a birthday present to one of my husband's business associates in Tampa, and can spend up to twenty-five or thirty dollars. Since people have been raving about the 1985 Plastique Nouveau, I tried purchasing a case, in a magnetic gift hamper, plus an extra bottle for ourselves, from Sandy's Surplus Ordnance out here on eastern Long Island. But when we tried it, it was so disappointing. It simply blew a neat hole about the size of a quarter



"There's lots of things in my life I absolutely needed to put in, and now there's lots of things in my life I absolutely need to get out."



"And then one day he heard the President urging Americans to 'go for it,' and apparently he did."

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through our sideboard. Should I return the entire case for a refund?

A—Yes, and I congratulate you on your discernment! A true Plastique has none of the finesse you describe, and considerably more bite. It should expand with an exuberance verging on impetuousness, to bring out the full depth and roundness of the radial impact. You do not say which bottler is named on the label, but sadly there are an unscrupulous few who are taking advantage of relaxed export quotas to blend Plastique with Pomerol, Saint-Émilion, and other adulterants.

In such an unpredictable situation, one can only rely on the conscience of the retailer. I have spoken to Sandy, who confirms that he will give you a refund or credit. As it happens, to accommodate a new shipment of magnums from Corsica, he is having a sale on some classic vintages. In your price range he can custom-assemble an impressive gift pack from among the following: Domaine Algérie '58, Clos Collaboration-Nazis '41, Mouton Dreyfus '94, and La Terreur Brute 1793—all noted for their ripe bouquet and quintessentially French character. (A nice touch is that the neck of each bottle is wrapped in the sommelier's traditional pure-linen field dressing.) Or you might consider the sampler case of Château Préfecture de Police, Nuit des Barricades, the most acclaimed of the May 1968 Sorbonnes. (Includes 1 Phosphore Blanc, 1 Vapeur de Chlore, 1 Poudre Enfermée, 1 Le Gaz Orthochlorobenzalmalononitrile, and 2 Grenades Lacrymogène.)

Q—What is your opinion on my broker's advice to invest in futures of 1985 Haute Incendiaires? Any risks?

A—Naturally, all such futures carry the risk of high opening-price quotations' not holding until or before the dollar declines against a thirty-six-month delivery date, on the assumption that shortages in the '82s and '83s will incite buying of first-growths ten to fifteen per cent above the previous year's *primeurs*. I suspect, however, that this is not what is troubling you. It is common and understandable for the novice American investor to feel apprehensions of a more primitive nature. An ocean away, in a foreign place called Bordeaux (not even the real Bordeaux), your precious investment is being aged in an underground facility where highly trained oenologists are employed to hand-rotate the lead casks so the bituminous sediment is uniformly distributed through the methane. Is this delicate and volatile process, you wonder, secure from terrorists? Rest assured: the French government considers this industry so vital to its national interest that it has pledged a tactical nuclear force to defend those cellars.

Now let me extend a more personal warranty. Recently, I travelled to one of the sunny French atolls for a blind tasting. The 1985 Haute Incendiaires were already showing majestically, with a "sleeper" bouquet that needs twenty to twenty-five seconds of breathing before it bursts into vigorous glow, heralding a monumentally balanced combustive structure (surprisingly high in the ratio of tannin to carbon monoxide) in which the first bright spicy flash is followed by layer after infinite layer of textural displacements so mouth-filling that there lingers on the palate the earthy flavor of the native herbs, grasses, and nearby cars and buildings, until the distinctive velvety char patterns emerge on the long, haunting, bone-dry finish. —VERONICA GENG

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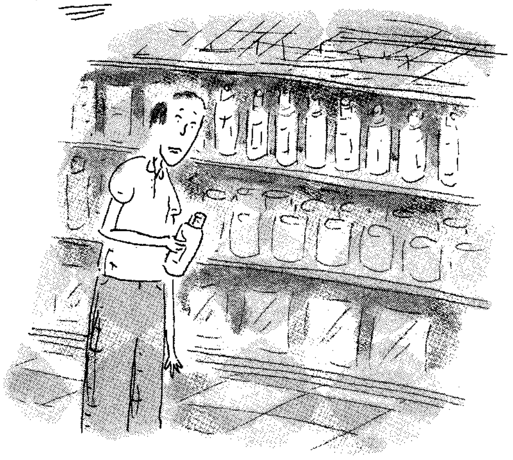
"It's entry-level in price, but has features that will make people want to keep it because of its size—it's easy to tow and can fit on any four-wheel-drive trail, including the Rubicon [a demanding four-wheel-drive trail between the Eldorado County town of Georgetown and the western whore of Lake Tahoe]," Sanders said.—*Fresno* (*Calif.*) *Bee.*

You mean Estelle?

STORES OF MYSTERY

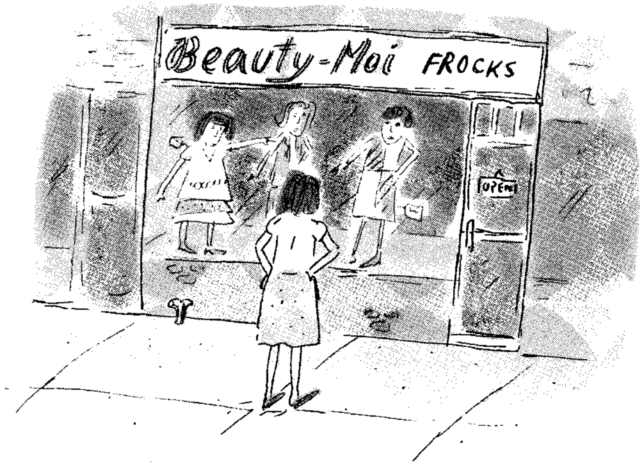
Fred's Drugs

Surrounded by cut-rate drug-and-cosmetic emporiums that sell, let's say, a bottle of XYZ shampoo for 79¢. Same bottle at Fred's? $2.09!!! How does he do it?



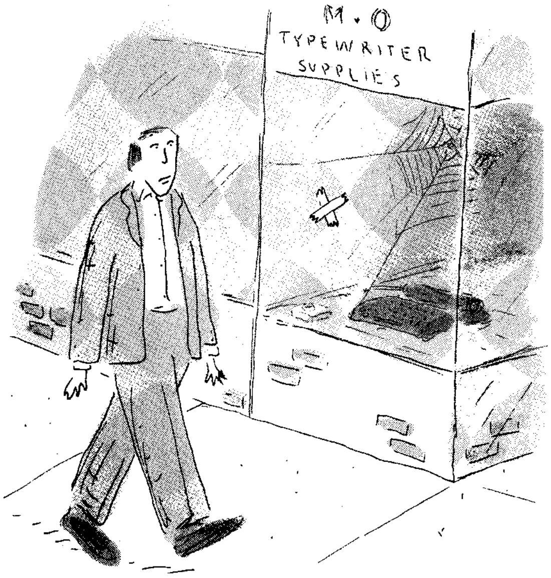
Beauty-Moi Frocks

Weird clothes, always five seasons out of date. Has been there forever. Store is usually pretty empty except for racks and racks of pants suits and the like. Who shops here?



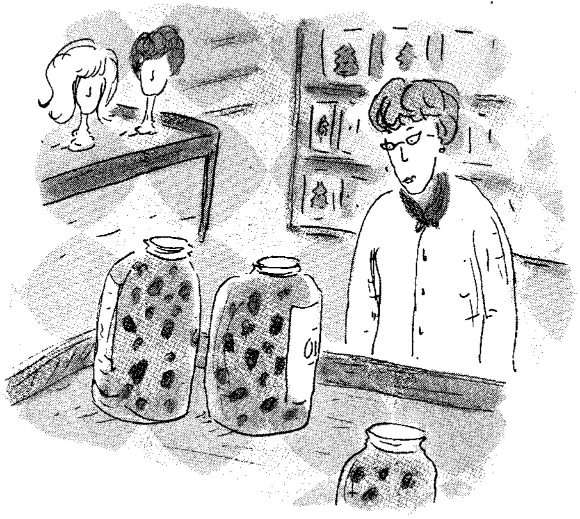
M + O Typewriter Supplies

This place has been closed whenever one has walked by it. However, it's *always there*, meaning somebody is continuing to pay rent on it. Why?



Tip-Top Goods

Boxes of saltines next to cartons of hair spray. Wigs, Christmas decorations, halter tops, institutional-sized jars of olives. Did all of this stuff "fall off a truck" or what?



R. Chast

TIME WITH CHILDREN

THE cat had been rubbed the wrong way by too many strangers at too many teatimes for any human being to delight it ever again, so it lived for the small flaunting fauna, from closet moths to dingy city starlings, that turned up in the corners or on the cold outer windowsills of the flat. The cat belonged to an elderly English couple who had gone to South Africa to visit cousins, leaving the cat and seven cheerless Edwardian rooms to the Americans, knowing that was not the same as leaving them in good hands. There was no question that the American husband and wife had been made subtly aware of this, and of their great luck in having obtained the flat for the winter when they had a four-year-old boy in tow. From South Africa there were letters, some in the Englishman's schoolboy script and some in his wife's haggard scrawl, full of bits of advice, wan jokes meant to ingratiate, and admonitions about the kind of care deserved by really fine Oriental carpets. All of which the American wife blithely neglected to answer, as the English husband had dourly warned his wife she would.

After two months the cat could tell from the young woman's voice in the kitchen when it was about to be fed. Then, after the irregular metallic scrolling of the can opener, the cat settled before its dish to gaze into the sheen of empty china; only a finger to its throat could have discovered its purr. The salmon plopped down in front of the cat's nose, and the woman began to mash it with the tines of a fork, saying to herself, "Yuck, yuck, *oh*, yuck." Finished, she washed her hands, sniffed them, and washed them again while calling something into the sitting room. Though the cat was eating, its ears kinked into sharp angles: the woman's voice, the child's, the woman's, the child's—rising into a howled "No-o-o-o," so that the cat crouched protectively over its bowl.

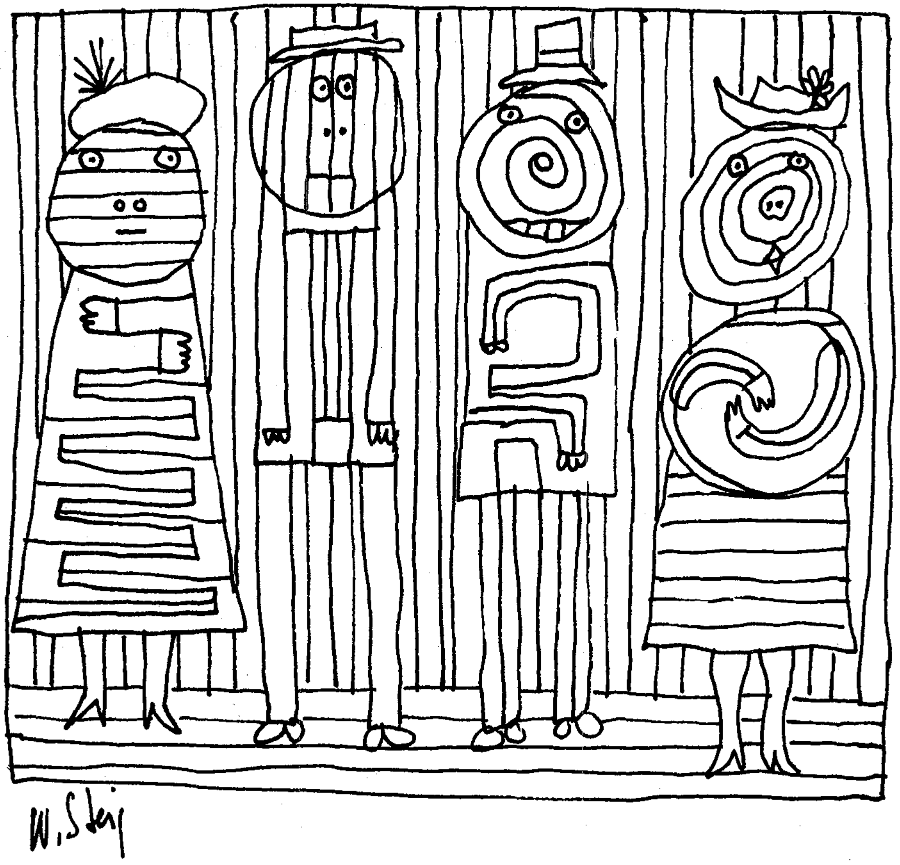
The woman's: "You know we go to parties sometimes, Nicholas."

"*Why* do you?"

"You know we can't stay home all the time."

"*Why* can't you?"

The woman imagined answering, "We just can't," but because "We just can't" or something very like it had been used on her as a child she stopped; she had set herself to be original with her son. She faced her reflection in the darkened window of the kitchen, which was so cold she had kept her coat on feeding the cat. Her very fine, dark hair had been cut asymmetrically, and lay along her jaw on one side inches shorter than on the other. Suddenly this looked pathetic to her. She tipped her head to the left to make the hair fall away, testing angles until the sides seemed even, listening vaguely while her husband took over trying to reason with the child. There was a guest in the sitting room as well, and they (the American family) seemed intent on making a complicated three-way scene in front of him. The guest was English, and Kyra doubted there was anything he would dislike more than being involuntary witness to a family squall. Shaking his hand, she had felt his alert English reserve, and been charmed by it, yet imagining his emotions now she was abruptly, absurdly brimming with resentment against him. Who was he, this gingerly bachelor, to judge them for their little squall? He lived alone, having had relationship after relationship, letting them all fall apart; nothing could be further from her life, or her husband's. She and Charlie had to be very, very careful with what had required, over time, such a wealth of true forgiveness, because of Charlie's various lovers.



Wallpaper

Charlie was an editor, on loan from New York to a London publisher housed in Bedford Square. For six months he was supposed to observe English publishing and learn. Kyra liked the idea, because that was the element of Charlie's character most in need of development: the perceptive, empathic self that could pick up on nuances. But part of why they had come to London, the saddest part, was to leave behind someone Charlie was beginning to be interested in.

Kyra went into the sitting room, sat in an armchair, slouched, and ran her fingers furiously through her hair. It was self-parody—the wife as sulking child—which an American would have got, but the English guest only appeared vague. No, he looked polite, she decided. There was that glazed expression—English politeness. Her hair had been cut that morning by a boy with cobalt-blue spikes and a bad squint, and she knew now she should never have let him come near her. She hated herself, and, as always when she hated herself, hatred lapped in Charlie's direction. Look at Charlie's English friend, his stare directed with distressed courtesy at his own shoes; he had hardly been here twenty minutes and already she had made him wish he could leave. He probably hadn't even noticed her haircut; his own was queer enough—a close-cropped, fair burr that exposed too much pale forehead. His nose was a long English nose that began in a delicate knuckle of bone and ended in a sharp, inquisitive tip, his mouth was small and closed in by lines that suggested his smile would be clever and quick, though he'd yet to smile. He'd yet even to meet her eye.

She looked from him to Charlie, whose glossy dark head was bent over his son's. God, she thought, how *pretty* Americans are, how straight their noses and even their teeth. The guest was a playwright, and this awkward visit a kind of domestic coup for Charlie, who wanted English friends. When he first met Brian, Charlie came home with a description meant to enchant Kyra into having him over for dinner: Brian kept his "a"s haughtily flat, answered the phone with four singsong digits, said "figger" for "figure," "on the trot" for "in a row," and "gulls" for "girls." Girls: Brian went out with lots, and couldn't seem to settle down with any of them—which made him exactly the kind of male friend, Kyra reflected, that Charlie loved finding. These stories of Brian's one-night stands continued until a girl turned up—Pippa, an actress—who couldn't be taken lightly, and Charlie began coming home with Pippa stories, detailing the curiously cool and equivocal (because English? because Brian told it that way?) affair. Charlie was for Pippa, Kyra was against her. Charlie reported that she was on the dole, her voice cracked like an adolescent boy's and hindered her in getting parts, her eyes were wonderful, and she paid none of the bills when she and Brian went out. Kyra wondered at her greeny, errant prickle of jealousy when she heard that Pippa's voice cracked, when for the first time Pippa was real to her. She wondered at it, and she kept it to herself, and she made up ingenious excuses when Charlie wanted to have the couple over. The truth was simply too small-minded for her to accept, and she couldn't have voiced it aloud: Kyra didn't want Pippa in her house. Then late this afternoon Charlie had hurried in the door with what he said was wretched news. Pippa was gone. Worse still, Pippa had told Brian that he had not really loved her at all; the accusation had gone to Brian's heart.

Kyra had put her forehead against Charlie's shirt. The smell of his shirt was the smell of husbandly steadiness; suddenly she thought of a thousand ways she could be better to him. "She wanted to hurt him," Charlie said. "She said he was emotionally frigid."

"Poor Brian." She turned her face up. "So you?"

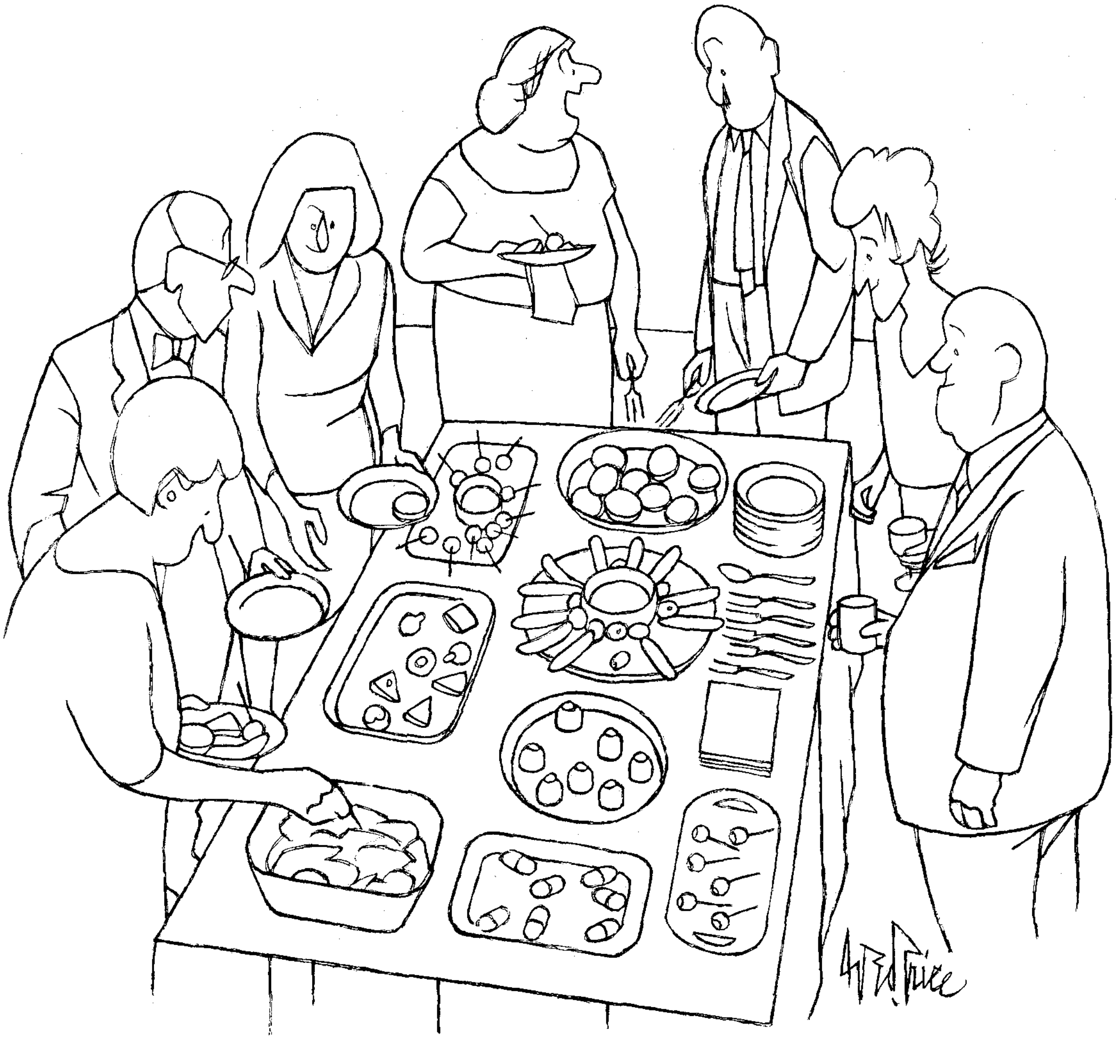
"Told him what I think, which is that Pippa has serious problems."

"I thought you *loved* her."

"You should have seen him, Ky. I've hardly ever seen anyone so lost. I told him it was probably Pippa's problems that had kept him from feeling entirely, uh, engaged."

"I think that's right," Kyra said with satisfaction. It turned out that she *was* going to see him: Charlie had told Brian to come over for drinks that evening, and there was a big publisher's party they would all go to later.

SHE didn't think Brian looked particularly lost, but she didn't know how to ease him from his silence, either, so she and Charlie went on waiting for the sitter with that shared anxiety oppressively clear to husband and wife but presumed by them to be invisible to anyone else, Kyra in the black



"Dig in. It's a medallion-of-veal look-alike."

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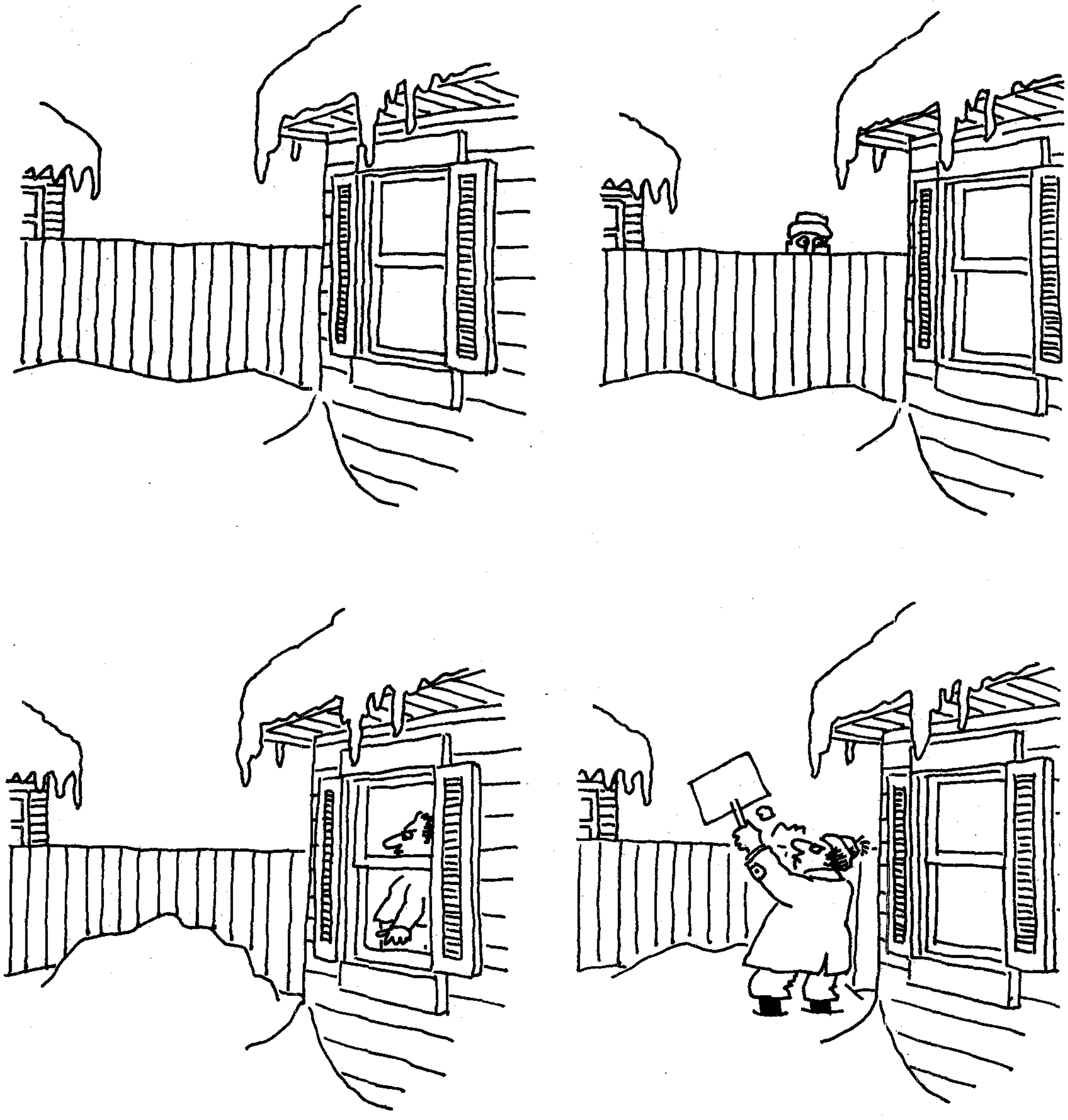


Issey Miyake coat that gave her shoulders an improbable squared-off hardness, Charlie impatiently swinging a leg. He had hated waiting for sitters since Nicholas's first, who had left "The Story of O" tucked under the cushion of Charlie's favorite armchair. Kyra resented this impatience, because she had chosen the sitter and she knew that Charlie would get it worked around until, in his mind, the wait was Kyra's fault. Still, as they sometimes did, they were pretending to be several notches happier than they were, this time for Brian's benefit. Brian was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, watching Nicholas draw. Nicholas, flat on his stomach, his face close to his coloring book, was hiding his pleasure at being observed. The phone gave its discreet double English ring, and as Kyra answered she followed the changes in Charlie's expression—interested, angry, and then freezing into disappointment as she hung up.

"That was guess who." She shook her head. "Not a very brilliant excuse, not even very apologetic. In fact, I think she was rude to me."

"Will you hold this?" Nicholas said. "I can't." He handed Brian a sparkly gold crayon.

"If she's that reliable, it's a good thing we're not leaving Nicholas with her. So that's it, huh? That's the ballgame. An Americanism," Charlie added for Brian.

"I know." Brian handed the gold crayon to Nicholas, who had made a waiting platform of his palm. "Look, it seems stupid your getting dressed up for nothing. I'll stay here. You two go on."

"We can't ask you to do that," Charlie said—which, to Kyra, meant that he liked the idea.

"You didn't ask. I've volunteered. After all, it was to be Kyra's first English party, wasn't it."

She said quickly, "Oh, that's all right."

"I've been to masses of these things. And tonight I'm not sure you could say I'm up for it."

The party was something Charlie badly wanted to make an appearance at; he cleared his throat.

"I don't think," Kyra said, "that we should take advantage of Brian that way, Charlie. N-I-C-H-O-L-A-S has been difficult." Still, Brian's offer seemed to be genuine; there was nothing forced in his amused glance at her, and nothing bored. He hadn't shaved, but she knew that the non-shaving had nothing to do with grief over Pippa but was dictated by the same fashion that had decreed the cruel, prison-camp haircut. Intelligent English men seemed determined to look ruined.

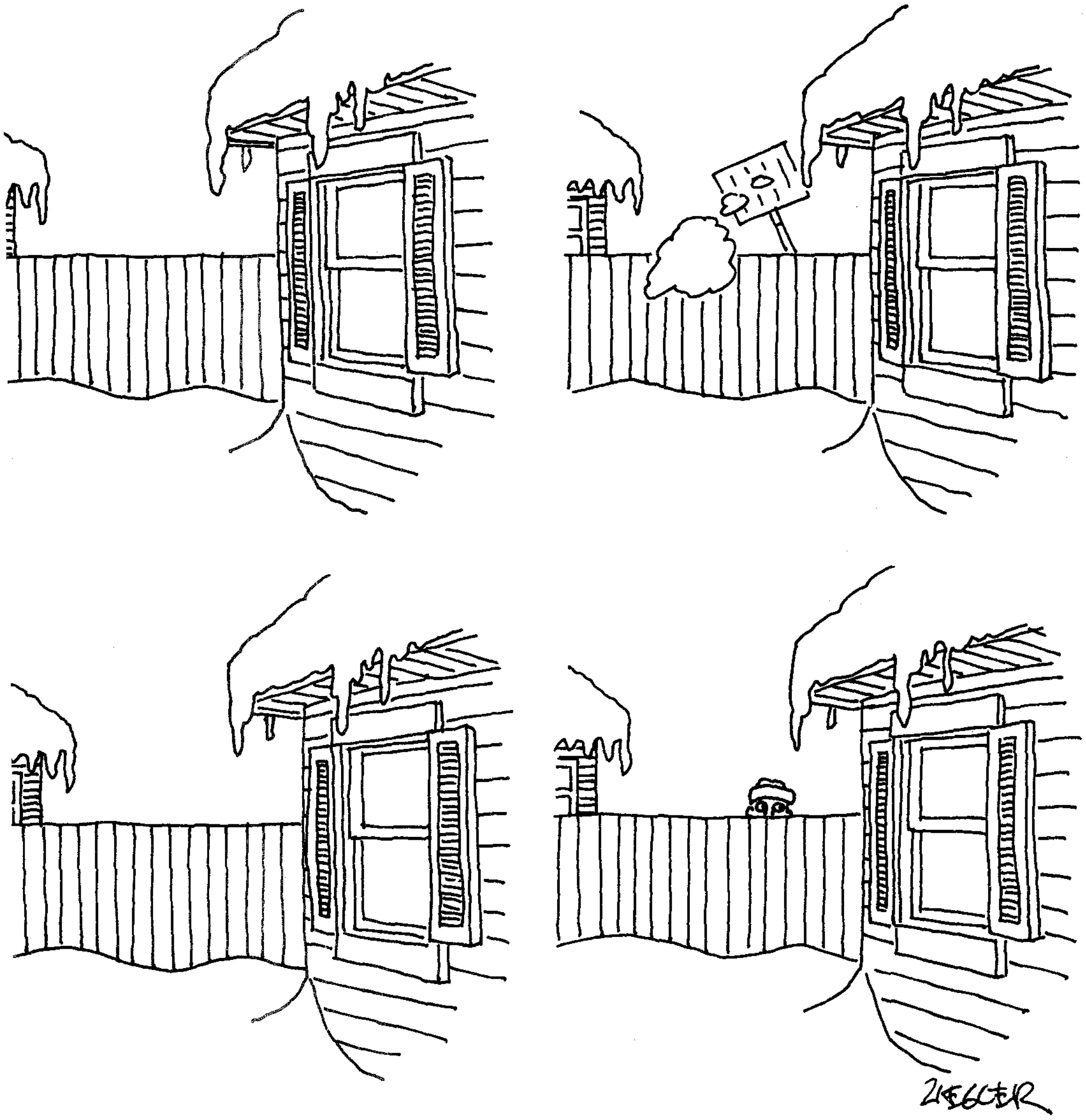
"You would not be taking advantage," he said.

His stubble didn't match his hair, being much darker, lying smooth along his jaw but scratchily uneven on his upper lip. She wondered what class he was. All of that was obscure to her. "Yes, we would," she said, and slanted her eyes at her son.

"Look, I don't get to be around children much, and I do get to go to publishers' parties. I can tell you now each failed witticism, every cautious advance, every spurning."

Not handsome, not at all, and she liked handsome men, yet when she tried to imagine him handsomer she found that the angular oddness of his clever face insisted on itself. "I never see English men flirt," she said, and was interested to find her look steadily held and returned.

"He means advances by editors to writers, Kyra."



It was she who looked away. “Oh.”

“I’d like to stay, really. Besides, he goes up to bed in a little while, doesn’t he?”

“I do not,” Nicholas said. He lifted his fair head, glared long and hard at his mother, and put his face down close to his coloring book again; there was a little sound he made, a kind of grunt of seriousness, whenever he began to color. Kyra frowned at her son. It hurt her that he now had that English-schoolboy complexion, that chilled, sensitive, pre-cold look about the nostrils and eyelids. Sensing this critical appraisal, he gave an upward, angelic smile. One front tooth was perhaps a millimetre shorter than the other. Kyra slid from her chair, coat and all, and lay down over her son. She covered the back of his head, that fine child’s hair, in England more brown than blond, with kisses.

“Kyra, come on,” Charlie said. He was embarrassed that she’d done it in front of Brian.

She pulled the black coat’s sides into wings and hid herself, and Nicholas below her, completely. Nicholas giggled. “You’re tenting me,” he said. She sat up and pretended to smooth his hair. “I can’t always resist him,” she said to her husband, and he said, “Yes, but now your hair.”

“What about my hair?”

“You go and look, and if it takes twenty minutes—”

“You’ll what?” She walked to him on her knees, causing Nicholas behind her to laugh. “You will do exactly what?” she flirted, cocking her head to the side, kneeling between his nice pin-striped knees. She was aware of Brian’s gaze on her back, on the back of her black Japanese coat.

“I can’t stand walking into people’s houses late,” Charlie said. “It makes me feel like a puppet or something.”

“My hair is supposed to be uneven,” she said. “You didn’t notice, puppet.”

He rose, immensely relieved. “Look, Brian, if you want another drink or anything, please don’t hesitate, but I think you already know that.”

“Sure.”

“He can’t stay here,” Nicholas said. He pointed a crayon at Brian. Then Brian made a small, really almost trivial mistake. He winked at Nicholas. Nicholas screamed as if he’d been shot. “He can’t, he can’t!” Nicholas shouted. “You can’t leave me!” He made a run for his mother, who was still on the floor, and caught her, burying his face in her coat.

“Knock, knock,” Kyra said, knuckles rapping the light-brown head. “It sounds hollow to me, baby. Nobody home.”

“I have to get out of here,” Charlie said.

“Please do,” Brian said. “I’m sure he’ll settle down, given a moment or two,” meaning “after you’re out the door.”

“He needs a bath,” Kyra said, standing.

“A bath,” Charlie said, awed at what Brian was up against, half fearing he would change his mind.

“A bath,” Brian said; he nodded.

In the doorway Kyra turned back and whispered swiftly, “If he gets very bad, he likes being lifted.” Brian shook his head, puzzled, until Kyra’s hands shaped air. “Up,” she said. “I don’t know why it works, but it does.”

To end the storm of emotion, Brian held Nicholas on his shoulder at the window so that they could watch his parents disappear into a black taxi whose windshield wipers clocked back and forth, though it was scarcely drizzling. Brian thought he could feel everything Nicholas was feeling. For a moment it wasn’t like watching a friend, and the friend's wife, leave; it was like watching his own parents forgetting his existence and going off to a strange house, to a faraway party, at night.

FIRST TRIP THROUGH THE AUTOMATIC CAR WASH

Clamped to another will, the self in its glass
begins a slow, tugged slide, toward what clarifying?
First the world had rolled in clinging crystal, then a deface
of gripping gray was spread by others, drying
to smear and mottle that threatened her own movement.
This strange detour is a clear necessity.
Drenching and blindness signal the first improvement.
This much is familiar, natural as rain would be
after the lights blow out, filling any pane
or cornea with hopelessness that will go away
after its little havoc, disclosing sunshine,
and how long it will last no one is expected to say.
But now this snail-spin, in neutral, sends her into a fierce
forest whose long dark leaves wrap her in a wild
and waving threat, a typhoon that is all hers,
swabbing to get in, as the storms of a child
threaten the very skin of the child, its frail
shell of self-regard. In mercy, this ends.
And now begins a scouring away at the braille
of outward features, a terrible wish that contends
with the speaking shapes of what she is and has been,
a spinning scrub that seems to aim for bare bone.
To destroy the customary in order to let in
something unwitnessed yet, and be wholly alone
for its witnessing, seems to be the aim of this stage.
What is whirling away? The long wedlock,
its bolt ground loose? Or the whole safe cage
of sane connections? Or, from beneath, a bedrock
trust in words, their grounding for her very name?
Whatever is left is suddenly released, a few
deep breaths can be taken before she's jerked to the same
dark jungle of thrashing fronds as before, but with new
insistence. Something refuses to be withstood.
Its untamed, zigzag, dark rubbing will break through.
You *will* change, it squeaks, I replace old selfhood.
As the newly beloved asks of the lover Who?,
as nouns rinsed of meaning ask What?, as in panic and daze
the patient asks Where?, she strains for a shape to define.
Whatever it is will enter everywhere, rephrase
everything. At the last moment it lifts toward design.
The heart makes its presence known, dishevelled but whole,
by jogging in place, lithely, at light's surprise.
A hoot from behind makes her shift to self-control,
and the muddle of everywhere falls on her clearing eyes.

—MONA VAN DUYN

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THE bath: Nicholas's face was surly under the cloth. Brian washed his ears and the corners of his mouth with grave gentleness. Nicholas turned around and presented small shoulder blades. He finished washing himself with his back to Brian. Brian gathered him into a towel, and Nicholas gazed at him, hooded and shivering. Still kneeling, Brian scrubbed each arm and then his chest with the towel, and to his surprise Nicholas leaned into him, into his arms, to be scrubbed more firmly, and Brian smelled wet child.

In the sitting room Brian read aloud, with Nicholas lying heavily across his lap and turning the pages. Nicholas surprised him again—he was in his pajamas, but his feet were bare, and when Brian let go of the book he thrust his bare feet into Brian's hand to warm them. The heels had a grittiness, and when Brian ran his thumb across them, the toes flexed.

"Now a story with you in it," Nicholas said, closing the book.

Brian didn't know what to make of his life for a four-year-old, yet he was determined to find a bit of himself, his past, that could charm this bright child, so he began, "Well, once when I was your age—" and was interrupted.

"You were not my age."

"I was, once."

"You were not."

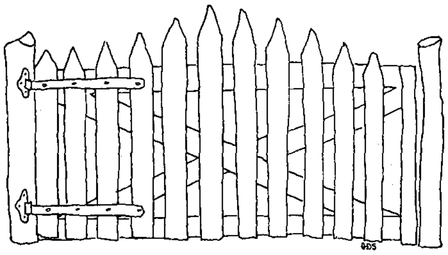
It was a puzzle. He tried a way out. "Once when I was a little boy, and I was already in school, I went over the wall."

It worked. "What wall?"

"The wall around the schoolyard. I escaped. The doctor was supposed to come and look at us that day, and the way I had understood it my mother was going to be with me during the examination. It was going to be the first time I was ever looked at by a doctor, and I guess I was frightened about him seeing me alone and finding something wrong. When she didn't turn up, I went up over the wall and home." He remembered his mother's startled laugh.

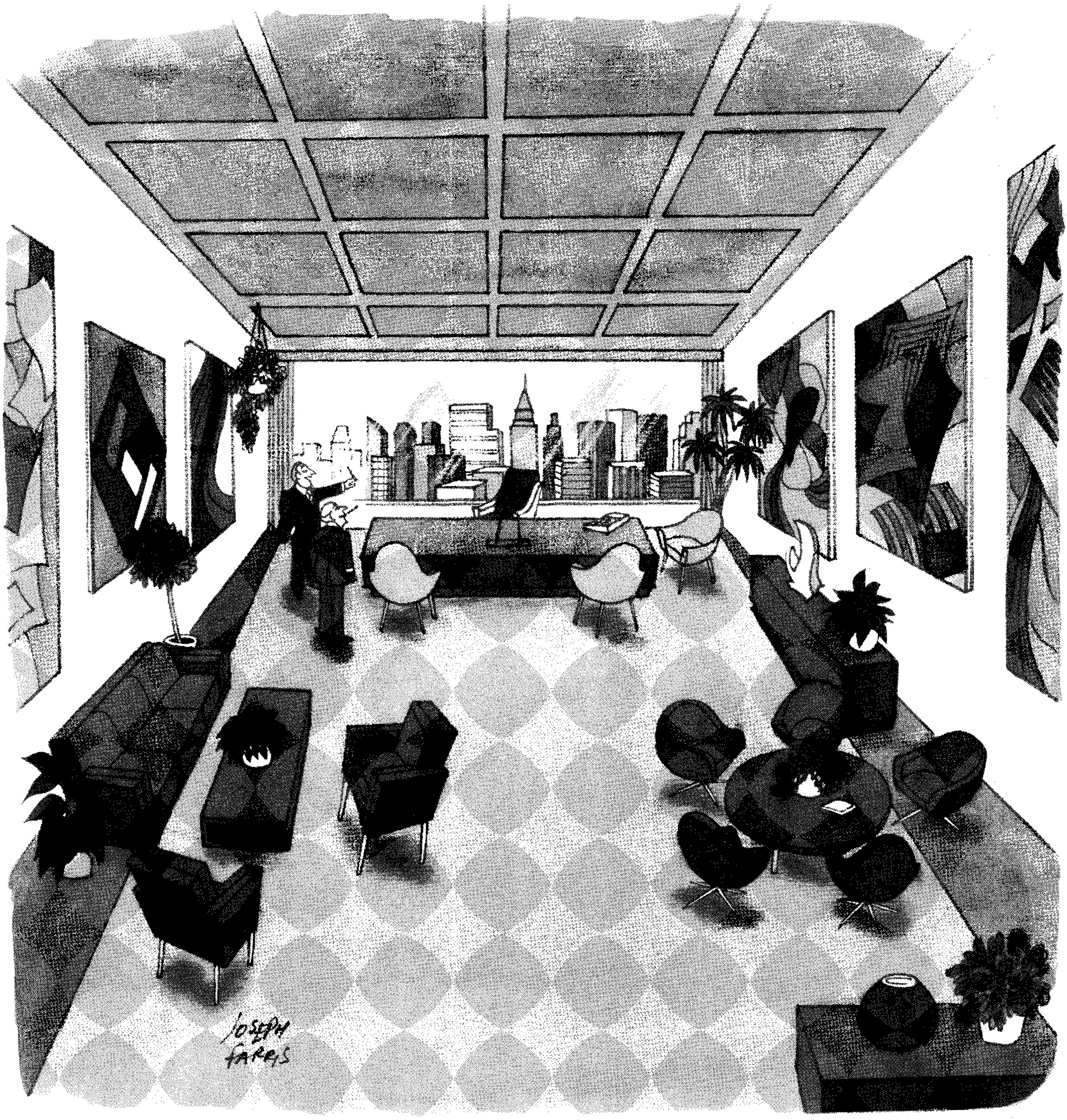
"That's the story?"

"Once, too, I fell in love with an older woman." He mused. "I was five and she was six. I caught her in the cloakroom and kissed her. Her name was Beryl. Then, when she grew up, she was my older sister's best friend, and I had to see her all the time, though I no longer loved her. Served me right." Served him right, too, that the small bare feet untucked themselves from his hand.



"That's not a story," Nicholas said. "Not."

"It's all *you* get." Brian shouldered him up the stairs to his room, Nicholas patting the ceiling as they went, pleased because he had never touched that ceiling before. His small room had an artfulness—Kyra's sense of the way a little boy's room ought to look—but Nicholas was at war with this artfulness, and he was winning. As Brian went to turn off the light, Nicholas said, "Scratch," and rolled over onto his stomach. Brian leaned forward, scratching between shoulder blades so small he smiled, against his fingertips the delicious cottony heat



"I can't say I love New York, but I can say New York loves me."

• •

of pajamas. A pair of stockings was crumpled on the floor by the bed, and Brian pictured Kyra stopping in the doorway, seeing that her son's exuberant messiness had once again defeated her ambitions, and, shrugging, beginning to pick up toys, then pausing on the bed's edge to peel off her stockings, airily discarding them in a gesture of—what? Alliance with that exuberance. Brian stopped scratching. "That's all," he said. "Night now."

"I know," Nicholas said.

When Brian started to pull the door closed, Nicholas whispered, "Leave it so I can hear you."

THOUGH the lowest panes of the sitting room's narrow old windows were smoked white by radiators, high up the cold black glass showed the silver-foil patterns of frost. At the corner of the rug, the cat sat and squared its shoulders, making itself slim as a bottle to stare at the stranger. From Charlie's armchair, Brian could hear the tiny catch as, at last, the cat yawned. He watched the cat melt around chair legs, out of the room, and fell asleep.

He woke with the sense of having been shocked out of a light sleep; it was a shock that could have stemmed either from something dreamed or from something real, and at first he thought dreamed, because he had been kissing Charlie's wife—a rain of urgent kisses on the wings of her nostrils, the corners of her mouth, under her tilted jaw. Guilt came at him sharply, but something else had happened as well, something in the room. A slow fading dapple of lights on the ceiling meant a taxi in the freezing street outside. He listened for the latch, sure it was still too early, but the sound he heard was from upstairs: a hard, halting scream. He took the steep stairs three at a time, and there was Nicholas, in the wedge of light thrown in from the doorway, crouching against the wall in a tangle of covers.

"What is it?" Brian said. "What?"

Nicholas wouldn't answer. He moved so that his shoulders were hard against the wall. His hair was darkened from dream sweat.

"Nicholas, come on, what was it? What's the matter?"

"You hit me." Fiercely.

"What?"

"You hit me." He slid his back up against the wall until he was on his feet, bedclothes around his ankles, his pupils shrinking in the light.

"You dreamed something hurt you?"

"You did."

All at once Brian imagined Kyra's disbelief, her pure face turning to his as if he were something too terrible to be understood. And he saw Charlie, dark with fury, turning not on Brian but on Kyra: This was your fault. You're the one who decided to trust him with our son.

"I can't have hit you, Nicholas," he said reasonably, though his voice sounded strange to him, too desperately pitched to reassure. His voice, he knew, was full of guilt. "I've been downstairs, haven't I—I've been reading, and I very nearly fell asleep myself. I have not been in your room."

Nicholas said in torment, "You were in here."

Brian couldn't think. Surprising himself, he grabbed Nicholas by the shoulders and lofted him from the bed into the air, the boy's pajama top bellying out and his hair flopped into his eyes. "It was you!" Nicholas kicked, narrowly missing Brian's cheek, so that Brian could not check a little hiss of anger. "It was, you hit me, it was, you hit me!"

"I did not. You were asleep," Brian said, lifting him higher, evenly returning that furious downward stare until he knew by some subtle change in the child's eyes that he was believed. A tear pelted Brian's upper lip, and he licked it away. Nicholas's breaths came hard, socking down to the diaphragm like hiccups, as Brian began to turn slowly, carefully, his arms beginning to shake, turning faster and faster on the rug until the boy laughed, and that was how they were when Kyra stood in the doorway, her face very clear from the cold. "And what is this?" she said.

"All through now?" Brian asked. When Nicholas nodded, he was lowered to the bed. He bounced twice, then scooted under the covers, dragging them up to his chest. Kyra sat down, near enough for Brian to feel the cold air on her coat. She stroked Nicholas's forehead, laying her palm against that infinitely fresh, wild, superheated quality of a child's skin after tears, and she coaxed, "So were you good?"

"No," he said, and caught his breath.

"You weren't good for Brian? How?"

"I was scared of him."

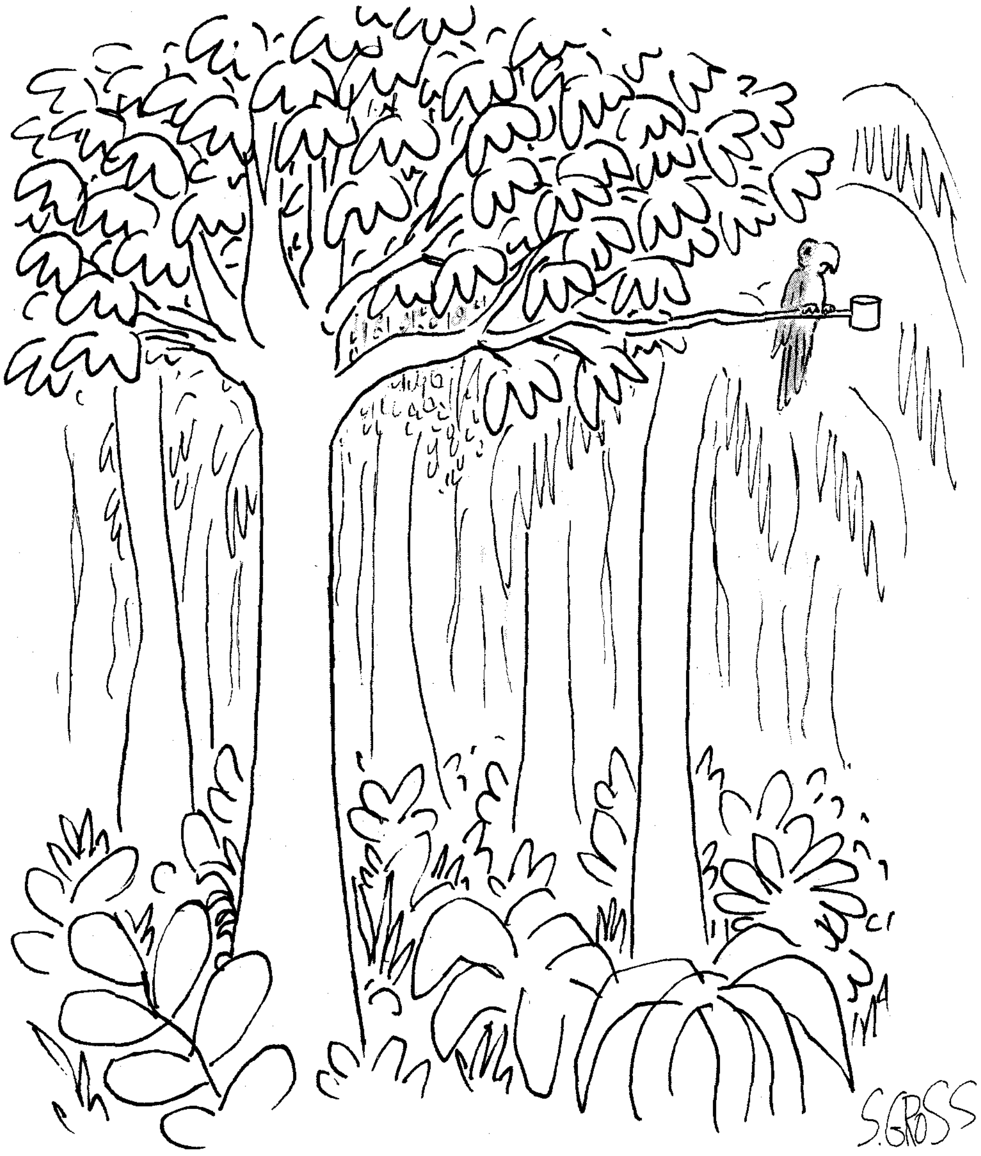
"He had a real nightmare," Brian said. "And I guess I was in it, somehow. It seems to have scared him pretty badly."

"That was a dream," she said to Nicholas, "this is real," and with a finger deftly cleaned the sleep from his eyes, glancing up to find Brian regarding her with what was clearly, unmistakably love.

"Are you happy?" Brian said.

"Happy?" she said. "Yes, I am"—shocked to find her own happiness, always so hard to pin down, so easy to read in his face.

—Elizabeth Tallent



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DEPARTMENT OF HIGH FINANCE

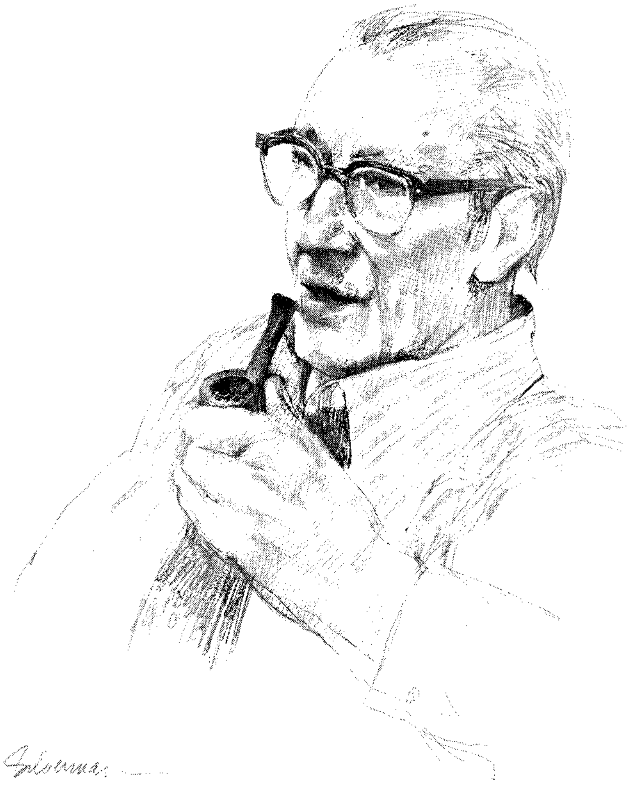
[*From the Mexico City News*]

Under the terms of an agreement signed Wednesday, Mexico will lend Costa Rica 4.6 million dollars, the Secretariat of Finance announced.

Costa Rica will use the money from the loan to pay debts to Mexico, the Secretariat said.

PROFILES

TAKING IT ALL IN



Maurice Braddell

ONE day in March of 1984, a friend of mine called to ask if I would look in on a friend of hers—an elderly man who had just left the hospital and was now confined to his room in a place called the Hotel Le Marquis, on Thirty-first Street near Madison Avenue. I did not pay meticulous attention as she escorted me through her friend's curriculum vitae, but the gist of it was that he came from a tweedy English family laced with knighthoods. His father had been the governor-general—or maybe it was the attorney general—of Malaya. The son had been an actor and a writer in years gone by, and he had managed, evidently, to be at the scene of many legendary happenings involving illustrious people. Speaking more metaphorically than literally, I gathered, my friend described him as the perennial "unidentified man" in yellowed photographs of the cultural luminaries of the twentieth century. A list of names rushed by: Noël Coward, Alexander Korda, Sergey Eisenstein, Sybil Thorndike, Beatrice Lillie, Fred Astaire, and Andy Warhol, among them. The precise connection between all these people and my friend's friend, whose name is Maurice Braddell, was a bit of a blur, but the underlying message—that I should regard my visit as an opportunity rather than a burden—was clear.

A few days later, I presented myself at the Hotel Le Marquis, which turned out to be one of the faded residential hotels that linger on in Manhattan's East Twenties and Thirties. Although, over the years, the Le Marquis had come to house the occasional foreign student or newly arrived immigrant and a growing number of welfare families, its clientele was largely composed of elderly people who depended on government assistance. The commanding feature of the lobby was a sign that said, "All Visitors Must Be Announced." Just the same, the desk clerk seemed taken aback when I attempted to comply, and he waved me past, accepting on faith my claim that Mr. Braddell in Room 106 was expecting me.

Braddell's room was at the end of a corridor on the second floor. The door was open. It was a dark room, made darker by the soot that had collected on the walls and the window (which looked out on an airshaft). And it was a small room, made smaller by the housekeeping habits of the occupant, which had been formed, I later decided, in his boyhood, when he had had nurses and maids to pick up after him. Braddell, a tall, fair-skinned, fine-featured man with long, flaxen hair, lay in bed, wearing a bathrobe. He had a paperback in his lap, and I stood on the threshold for a moment, not sure he was awake. When I finally thought to knock, he said hello in a weak and distant way that made me suspect—despite a prior inquiry by phone—that I had come at a bad time.

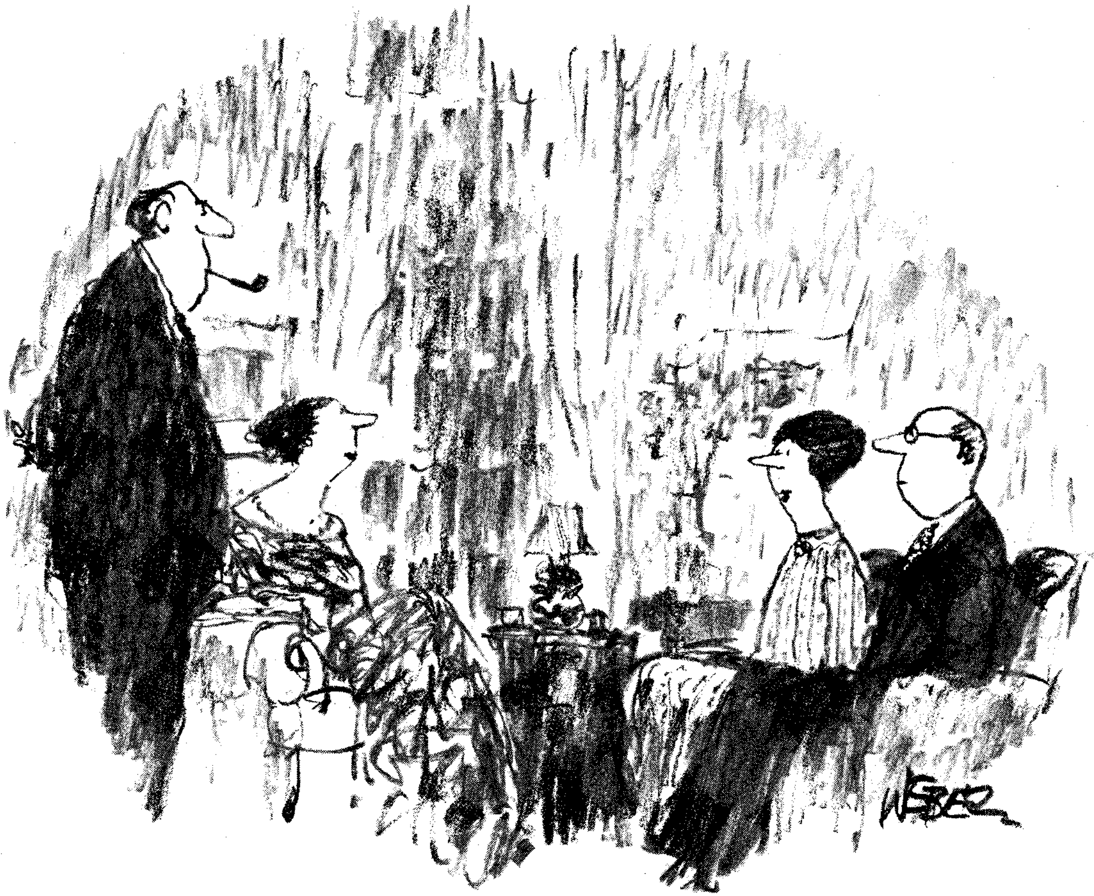
But he soon began to mobilize, and, with the yogic concentration of an athlete preparing for his event, pulled himself up to a sitting posture. "It's very good of you to come," he said, sounding unexpectedly effervescent. "Do sit down." He indicated a chair beside his bed, and, after clearing away a few small obstacles, I occupied it. We talked at first about his health, and then, of course, about the theatre. "I gave it up after the war," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I had begun to restore paintings," he answered, "and I told my brother Darcy, 'You know, I like this much better. You have your peace of mind on the table in front of you.' In the theatre, your peace of mind was always in other people's hands. You were always saying, 'Shall I take this part or shall I take that part?' or 'If I take this part, it will mean going to America'—before either part had been offered you. You could go after four jobs at once and lose them all. And I had always loved to paint. When I told Darcy I was giving up the theatre, he said it was the first sensible thing I'd done in thirty years." Not fully trusting his own powers of resistance, Braddell added, he had taken steps to keep temptation at bay: deliberately failing to cap two damaged front teeth, for example, and turning down all offers of free tickets. The last time he had relented, he said, it was to see "My Fair Lady."

But he didn't seem to mind talking about his theatrical days. A question about Noël Coward elicited the fact that he had understudied him in the original production of his "Private Lives," whose cast included Gertrude Lawrence and Laurence Olivier.

"When we opened in London, I stood at the back of the circle for every single performance, and I would go around to see Noël between acts. His dressing room was always full of important people. The atmosphere was electric. The Prince of Wales used to come around almost every night, because he had a thing about Gertrude Lawrence—this was before Mrs. Simpson entered the picture—and Noël said to me one day, 'When he goes through that dark alley after the second act, I think you might follow him as a courtesy,' because he didn't have anyone with him and the theatre was in rather



"On New Year's Eve, Clement and I stayed up all night drinking. Tea, of course."

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a rough area. This went on for some time. The Prince of Wales was gaga about Gertrude."

"Did he see the play all those times?" I asked.

"Only the first two acts," Braddell said.

Then he told me about his first visit to New York, in the mid-twenties, when he journeyed out to Brooklyn to see Coward in "The Vortex." He said, "I went backstage afterward, and he was delighted to see me. He had a Rolls-Royce car, and he offered to drive me home in it. But when we got outside every one of the tires had been slashed. He didn't seem to give a damn. We came back in the subway, and while we sat there Noël wrote a song in a loud voice. He made up rhymes as he was going along—about 'wide-open spaces with wide-open faces.' He was living in Mae Murray's apartment. You've never seen such an apartment in your life! It was the last word in Hollywood Italian-style kitsch, and Noël loved it. When we arrived there, he went straight to the piano and started writing this thing out on a piece of paper. What happened to the song I don't know, but it was quite jolly. We had breakfast on a terrace that stuck out like a balcony and looked out all over Central Park. We had orange juice, which I thought was very strange. We certainly didn't have it in England. I was very gauche about life generally. Noël had to enlighten me about Cartier's and Tiffany's and what cigarettes to smoke, and he had all these Japanese kimonos. He gave me one with a dragon down the back."

THE conversation jumped around quite a lot during the two hours or so I spent with Braddell that afternoon. One moment, we were in Cairo in 1943; the next, we were in Moscow in 1930. Over the next few months, I spent many afternoons in Braddell's hotel room, and began to fill in the blanks. I learned that he had been, for one brief period, a star of British silent films, and guessed that the story that is said to be apocryphal in John Gilbert's case—about the voice that was slightly too high-pitched for the talkies—may have been true in Braddell's.

"The silent films," he told me, "were a low form of life, looked upon with great contempt by the professional theatre. But I liked films in those days. They were a sporting thing. Nobody ever asked you if you could act. The producers wanted to know whether you could roller-skate or ride a horse—that sort of thing. Silent films weren't as expensive as talking pictures, and the locations were real. We filmed in factories. We went down mines. We were always driving cars around beautiful parts of the country. For two years, I was never out of work, and I had my own fan club."

Dipping a hand into a cardboard box, he brought out a photograph of an exceedingly handsome young man not unlike him, and he recalled a time when he was sent off to the Scilly Isles to build up a suntan for a beach film. "After weeks of lying on the beach and waiting to hear from the producers, I finally got worried and decided to call London," Braddell said. "Well, it turned out that the producer, Herbert Wilcox, had gone bust and had sold his company, his studios, and all his assets, which included me, to the Gramophone Company. Only, he had forgotten to mention my contract to the head of the Gramophone Company, a man called Landau, who nearly fell over when he heard what I was doing and realized he was paying for it. The talking pictures had come over, you see, and none of the studios, including Wilcox's, were soundproofed. The talkies really ruined the British film industry. I was lucky to have my contract bought out for two hundred pounds. When the films collapsed, I thought I'd try to get back into the theatre, and I went to see Noël Coward, who told me, 'You need a great deal more experience. How would you like to understudy in this play of mine?' So I said, 'Yes, but who? And what?' And he said, 'Well, me, of course.' "

After the understudy's job in "Private Lives," Braddell was asked to

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audition for the starring role in "Men of Tomorrow," one of the early films produced by Alexander Korda. "They had had every bloody young man in the theatre down to test for it," he said. "It was going to be a film about Oxford, with Leontine Sagan as the director. She had just directed 'Mädchen in Uniform,' which had been a tremendous success in London. And Alex had just made 'The Private Life of Henry VIII.' He was trying to give British pictures some tone."

In his reading for "Men of Tomorrow," he unconsciously demonstrated how much he had learned from his tutelage under Coward—and almost lost the part. "Leontine Sagan," Braddell recalled, "said to me, 'Braddell, why do you talk like a typewriter?' I said, 'How do you want me to talk?' She said, 'Speak with the vowels. Think of Gielgud—do it like that.' " When I asked him to give an example of talking like a typewriter, he launched into an imitation of Coward as Hamlet, a role he is not known to have played. The pitch of Braddell's voice rose on "To be, or not to be," like a tap dancer ascending a little flight of stairs, and tripped back down again on "that is the question." A high chortle was inserted between "and by opposing" and "end them," and a suave flick of cigarette ash between "to die" and "to sleep."

I asked Braddell if he had been a good actor.

"That depends," he replied. "Some people said I was, and some people said I wasn't. There was a considerable body of opinion that held that I was a damned nuisance."

About "Men of Tomorrow" the New York *Times* had this to say: "Although Robert Donat and Merle Oberon are listed as the stars of the film, their roles are distinctly subordinate. . . . The principal part, that of the Shelleyan hero, is beautifully played by Maurice Braddell. Both in the part and in Mr. Braddell's performance it is possible to detect the high aspiration which Miss Sagan must have sought to express in this story of English college life." No copy of "Men of Tomorrow" survives, as far as Braddell (or the British Film Institute) is aware. One reason, perhaps, Braddell suggested, was that the film was "altogether too highbrow." But he took pleasure in the memory of a scene in which, lying in a field with the woman he loved, he ate a buttercup —a bit of improvisation on his part. "I don't know why I did it—I just did it," he said. "And when it came out on film Leontine was absolutely thrilled. It was a very forward-looking love scene. Later, I saw James Dean do something similar, in 'East of Eden.' " Another love scene pitted the hero against Merle Oberon as a loose woman with designs on his virtue. The script called for Braddell to remain true to his first love, but Miss Oberon showed no sign of having read the script. According to Braddell, she took it as a personal insult that he refused to succumb to her charms, displayed from a reclining posture in a nest of Oriental cushions. "She said I didn't like her. I said, 'I'm bloody well not *supposed* to like you.' "

During the filming, the popular comedian Seymour Hicks decided to appear in a drawing-room comedy that Braddell had written, "It's You I Want." When it opened, at Daly's Theatre, at the beginning of 1933, cries of "Author! Author!" coaxed Braddell onto the stage and into delivering a speech, to the cheers of a boxload of his friends. "It was a great surprise to most of them to know that

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I could write,” he said. “We had a party afterward, and for the next two weeks. And, of course, the money was fantastic! The play was bringing me ten per cent of the box-office, and it was packed. I was getting three hundred pounds a week and more. And I had just got married, so life changed all around. I spent most of the money hiring planes and flying them around Europe—I had taken up flying a few years before—so I had a wonderful time that year. I discovered that I liked the flying people better than the theatre people. Jean, my wife, liked them, too, and she was a very good hostess. Our apartment in London became a sort of center of theatre and flying. When we came back from the aerodrome, there was always food in the house. We had drinks and parties all the time, and there were all sorts of political things going on—Black Shirts, Communists, Scotch nationalists. We were very close to Hyde Park Corner. I used to go and listen to the speeches and see if I could find anybody worthwhile, and then drag them back with me. And Jean had a lovely house in the country, so we'd all go in our cars and have weekend parties, and half the West End would be there.”

ALTHOUGH Braddell might not satisfy everyone's definition of a black sheep, his offenses have very nearly met his family's criteria. In the early thirties, he became a booster of Soviet Russia after making a pilgrimage there with several Oxford friends. Then he got involved, albeit briefly and marginally, with Oswald Mosley's English Fascists. His marriage, I eventually learned, dissolved after the war, and his wife died in the early seventies. When he left England for America, in 1958, it was partly in order to make a clean break with his siblings and in-laws, with whom he felt perpetually at odds. It was also with the idea of joining a religious order—he had become a Catholic—near Buffalo, New York. “I thought it would be a quiet place,” he told me, by way of explanation. “It wasn't at all.” After that, he stayed on in America, and had, by mutual consent, little contact with his relatives. But even in his seventies he managed to cause a small transatlantic scandal by acting in the Andy Warhol film productions “Flesh” and “Women in Revolt”—opportunities that came his way through a friendship with the film director Paul Morrissey, who had discovered Braddell at a lower-East Side storefront where he was then toiling as an art restorer.

He had moved to the Le Marquis, I learned, in 1976. For his first few years there, he had continued to ply his adopted trade, turning one end of his room into an art restorer's studio. Health problems had forced him to give that up, however. “I was carrying canvases across town in high wind and rain,” he told me. “You had to know something about yachting just to get across the street.” The bedrock of his finances, in recent years, had been a monthly old-age assistance check—three hundred and seventy dollars, at last count, of which two hundred and forty went for rent. Very infrequently, he would receive a tiny royalty payment for a production of “Baby Hamilton,” a farce he had co-written in the twenties, which, alone among his plays, continued to have some commercial life. Braddell told me he had written about a dozen plays in all, and also a number of movie scripts—several for the comedienne Gracie Fields—and a children's book, “Little

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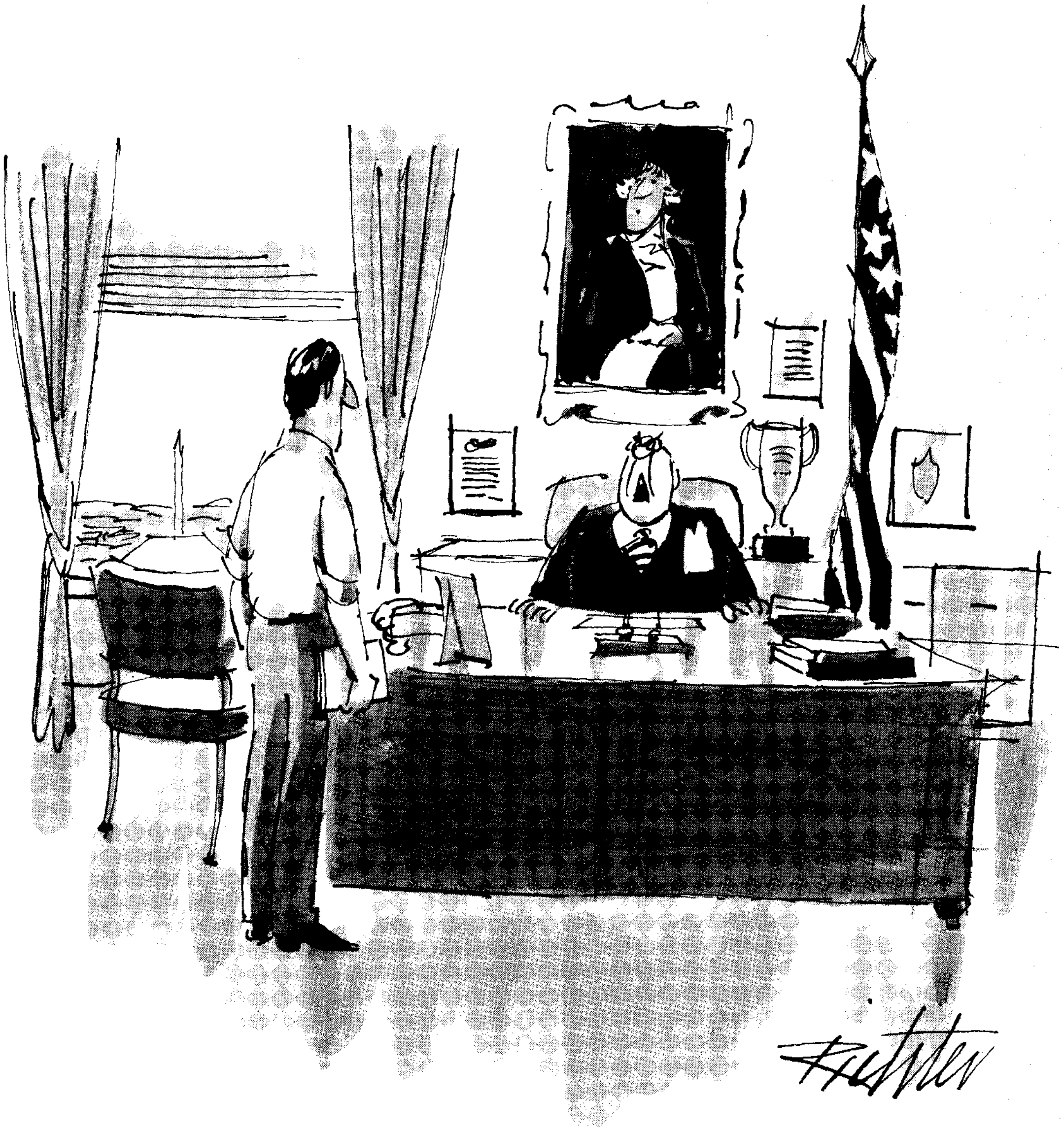
Gorky of the Black Swans," which was published in England in 1947. Of late, he had been concentrating on an autobiographical work he called "An Edwardian Boyhood." His relatives back in England were close to unanimous, he said, in their belief that these memoirs should never be published.

It took a number of conversations before I began to detect the shape of Braddell's early life, although his memory was certainly no barrier. One day, in the fluorescent glare of the Golden Corner, a coffee shop a block from his hotel, he described for me the trip from Lytham—the Lancashire town where he had lived from his birth, on November 23, 1900, until age six—to Blackpool, where the family had done its shopping. "You went along the seawall by a clankety-clank trolley, on a line that was not more than two miles long," he said. The market was "a huge arcade, glassed over like the Crystal Palace." When his nurse and the family's parlormaid took him to the market, he would loiter impatiently at the meat and produce counters—which he could barely see over—waiting for the last stop, at the candy stall. "I can remember my first ice cream," he said. "It was the wildest, most exciting discovery of my life. I simply screamed with delight when I got it in my mouth, and was immediately rebuked for being greedy."

The Braddells were a colonial family. Maurice's father served as Attorney General of the Straits Settlements and Chief Judicial Commissioner of the Federated Malay States. His mother was forty-one when she gave birth to him—the last of six children. "She always said that it was a nasty shock," he said. To save his next-older brother, Arthur, from developing a Lancashire accent and sounding like the servants, the family moved to Folkestone, a seaside town in the seemlier environs of Kent. There were cliffs nearby—they adjoined the white cliffs of Dover—and in them Maurice found a network of caves in which a boy could establish a secret life, away from mothers, nurses, and schoolmistresses. He attended a school run by two unmarried ladies—Miss Hall, who was "rather nice," and Miss Hardy, "a learned old busybody, very stout, who looked exactly like Queen Victoria with a slight mustache." One morning, he was caned, for the dual crimes of arriving late and neglecting his homework. The first offense, he explained afterward, was due to a pair of torn knickers his nurse had insisted on repairing as he left home, and the second to his mother's strong feelings about a section of the Old Testament she regarded as "not nice." Braddell said, "I think it had got that expression 'He lay with her,' and I asked Mother what 'lay' meant. She shut the book and refused to read any more." The teacher who meted out his punishment—a Mr. Baxter—had to admit the reasonableness of these explanations, and gave him credit for one canable offense "on account."

Mr. Baxter was a powerful influence. "He was a far greater influence than my father or brothers, whom I hardly ever saw," Braddell said. "I was more or less amongst women at home, and he was the dominant male in my life. He was an Edwardian figure, rather like a Boer War sergeant major, with a magnificent mustache." At thirteen, Braddell went to Belgium with Mr. Baxter—a holiday his father had arranged as a compensation for his own long absences. The night before they were to visit Waterloo, they read aloud from Thackeray's description of the battle in "Vanity Fair," and Mr. Baxter saw to it that they left Brussels at the same time the Duke of Wellington's army had left it—in the middle of the night. "When we reached Waterloo, he said, 'Take your shoes off, boy. This is holy ground.' He had a very good pupil in me, because I was rather like a medium—I was always ready to go into a trance."

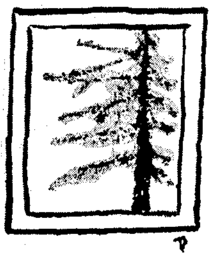
THE two great preoccupations at Charterhouse—the public school that Braddell attended—were football (that is, soccer) and the Great War. He showed embarrassingly little aptitude for football. "I was always getting that awful leather ball straight in my face," he told me. But he arrived at Charterhouse with a certain cachet, as the first boy to have a brother missing in France. Two weeks later, the housemaster's wife interrupted her tea—and summoned Braddell from his—to read him a telegram announcing that his brother was back at home after being wounded in the liver by German shrapnel, operated on in a German field hospital, and abandoned, with other prisoner patients, during a German retreat. "Gratters," Braddell's classmates said to him. ("We used the most awful language," Braddell told me. "We were always saying 'spiffing' and 'top-ho,' and things like that, mixed with real street filth. And there were the Charterhouse expressions, like 'festive,' which meant cheeky, offensive. You could get beaten for being festive. People called you a 'festive microbe.' ") As the war progressed, newly graduated Carthusians would join the Army. "They would pay one visit to us looking wonderful in their uniforms," Braddell said, "and the next thing we heard they were dead. That began to sink into us as we got older. By the time we were sixteen or seventeen, we were in a very sensitive condition of mind. On the walls of the cloisters, which ran all the way around the chapel, were inscribed the names of all the people who were war casualties. I think this practice had begun in the Boer War. The cloisters, fortunately, were very long, and the names were all up and down in columns." In the late summer and early autumn of 1917, during Braddell's final year at Charterhouse, more than a quarter of a million British soldiers died for a few square miles of muddy ground near Passchendaele, in Belgium. The casualties, which were among the worst in history, included boys who had been his classmates a few months earlier. At Charterhouse, there were



"How come I'm never hounded by the press?"

• •

special prayer sessions, called intercession services, at which the students, besides asking God to show mercy to "those in peril on the sea" and so forth, could "root for" individual Carthusians-at-arms in whose survival they had a particular interest. After one legendary graduate, George Causdon—"the local god, so to speak"—was killed, Braddell's best friend, Ronny Irwin, announced that he had had his fill of intercession services. "He said everybody he ever rooted for got killed," Braddell said, "and he didn't believe there was a God—or, if there was, that He cared a whit about anybody."



Just the same, neither Braddell nor many of his classmates had a better idea of what to do with themselves when they came of age. "Prior to my eighteenth birthday, I'd gone up to London, passed my medical, and pulled wires and got into the Artists' Rifles, which wasn't an easy thing to do," Braddell said. "I came back whooping with joy. My father was crestfallen, and I couldn't understand that—I do now, of course. Then they called the war off! The very next day—on the thirteenth, I think it was—I got a telegram from the War Office saying, 'Don't Come.' I was crushed."

Braddell left Charterhouse in mid-session to recover from a case of pleurisy, and his father, disappointed in the boy's academic performance, decided not to send him back. "I couldn't blame him," Braddell said. "I couldn't translate a single line of Horace, and he used to quote Horace at breakfast and look at me with rage in his face because I couldn't understand." The family was stunned when, after a year of private tutoring, Braddell was admitted to Oxford with flying colors. His father, an Oxonian of eighteen-seventies vintage, became filled with optimism about the boy's future. "I was supposed to be the next Braddell genius," Braddell said. "He wanted me to go on to become Lord Chief Justice, or something like that, but, boy, was he on the wrong horse!"

Sir Thomas Braddell—as Maurice's father was now called—had returned from Malaya for good after a long, war-enforced exile that left him, according to Braddell, "a damaged man." He had brought his old law books back with him for Maurice to read, and he delivered his son to Oxford in person. "He took me up there as if it were 1880, more or less, because he'd been abroad so long he hardly knew England. He took me around to the bank and introduced me to the manager and showed me how to write a check and how to balance a checkbook—a practice I never understood, since it didn't change the amount of money you had. He also took me around to the various merchants, opening charge accounts for me and telling them, 'This is my son. He's going to Oriel. He can order what he needs, but he's not to run amok.' Which, of course, I did."

When Braddell failed his first examinations, and failed even to sit for his second, a summons came from the dean of Oriel College, who told him he would have to pass the next time or be "rusticated." Braddell's position (as he reconstructed it sixty-five years later) was that he was too busy to study, and couldn't get up in time for classes in any case. "You didn't go to Oxford to translate Tacitus," he said. "You went to Oxford to meet everybody—to crawl out of the slime." But he had found one activity, rowing, that he enjoyed and that commanded the respect of his peers. At Oxford, rowing was a prestigious sport—"a higher blue than cricket or soccer." His father was impressed when he paid Braddell a visit and saw his boat win four races and move up to third place in the college hierarchy. Mr. Braddell did not like the tone of life at Oriel, however. He was a confirmed Whig, and there were too many aristocrats and too much high living at Oriel to suit his taste. "What do you think you are, the son of a duke?" he asked.

"I don't know, Father," Braddell replied. "I shall have to ask Mother."

His father called him "flippant, frivolous, and facetious," Braddell remembered. "He couldn't bear my being cheeky, which I was. My generation lived on it."

The Oxford University Dramatic Society was another tempting diversion. "The whole community and life of the theatre excited me," Braddell said. "And then my brother Darcy took me to see the Diaghilev ballet, and that put the lid on it. My soul flew out of my body, floated over the stalls and across the orchestra and right up onto the stage. The discovery that I would not be a barrister broke my father's heart. But I could never have worked at a desk. I couldn't sit down—that was my problem. If I sat down, within ten minutes I was in hysterics."

IN 1939, after he had become fairly well established as a playwright and screenwriter, Braddell learned that he was too old to be accepted for flying duty, despite his experience as a pilot, and enlisted instead in an anti-aircraft unit. "I decided that if I couldn't fly the damn things I'd shoot them down," he said. Two and a half years into his Army service, he fell off a motorcycle while he was inspecting anti-aircraft batteries in a plowed field in Lincolnshire, and was sent to a hospital in Oxford with what he describes as a case of "housemaid's knee." After several months in the hospital, and over his protest that the knee had healed, he was removed from active duty and placed on reserve. Hoping to rejoin the war effort in some capacity, he went to see Basil Dean, who was running the British equivalent of the American U.S.O. out of offices in the Drury Lane Theatre. "Will you go overseas?" Dean asked him. "They're screaming for people to play on troopships." Braddell assumed the management of a small troupe of actors that was then performing Noël Coward's "Hay Fever" to, as he recalled, "odd bundles of troops in little tin huts." In January, 1943, they boarded a ship called the Athlone Castle, bound for points unknown ("although," Braddell said, "they gave us these mosquito boots that came halfway up our knees and were made of very thin suède, so we had some inkling that we weren't going to Murmansk"). At the beginning of the voyage, the commanding officer of the troops on board mistook Braddell, who was in uniform, for a chaplain. Indignantly, Braddell replied, "I'm in charge of the theatrical group. I've got actresses aboard." Whereupon, he recalled, "everybody cheered." Everybody, that is, except the C.O., who said coolly, "I put you under notice, sir, that you will keep your actresses in their cabins, and I shall put an armed sentry in the corridor at nighttime."

"When I told the girls that they were going to have an armed guard, they were thrilled," Braddell said.

In Ghana, Braddell's actors learned to contend with the ubiquitous cicadas. "There were millions of them," he told me. "They struck a note, and you had to speak above that note if you wanted to be heard." The performances were generally given outdoors, with extremely basic scenery, but in

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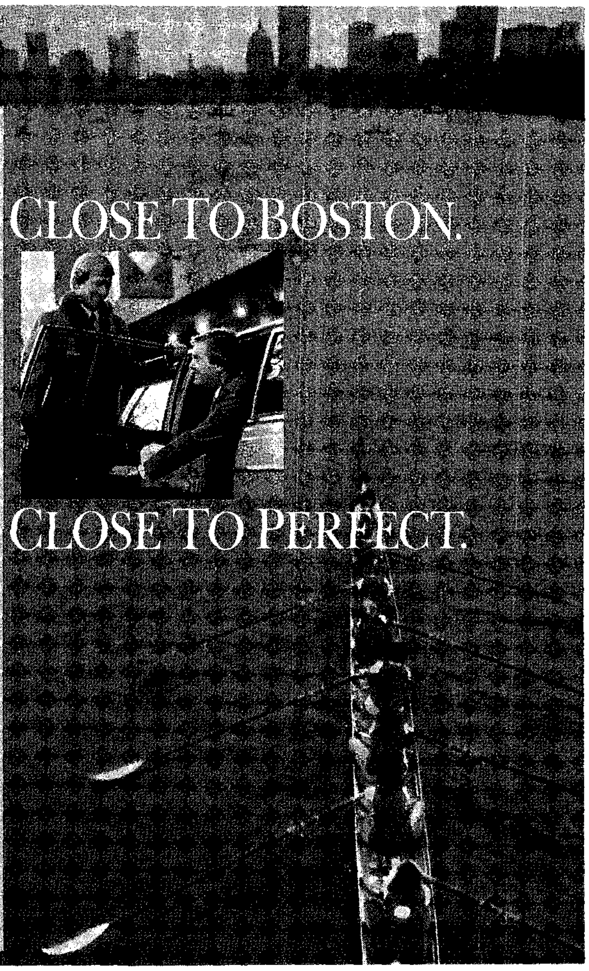
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Cairo Braddell's company gave two performances of "Private Lives" at the Opera House, "a magnificent theatre," and Braddell played the leading role. "We were at our best in Egypt," he said. "We gave marvellous performances there to whole armies. It was absolutely chockablock with people in red—all the top commanders except for Montgomery, who was in Tripoli."

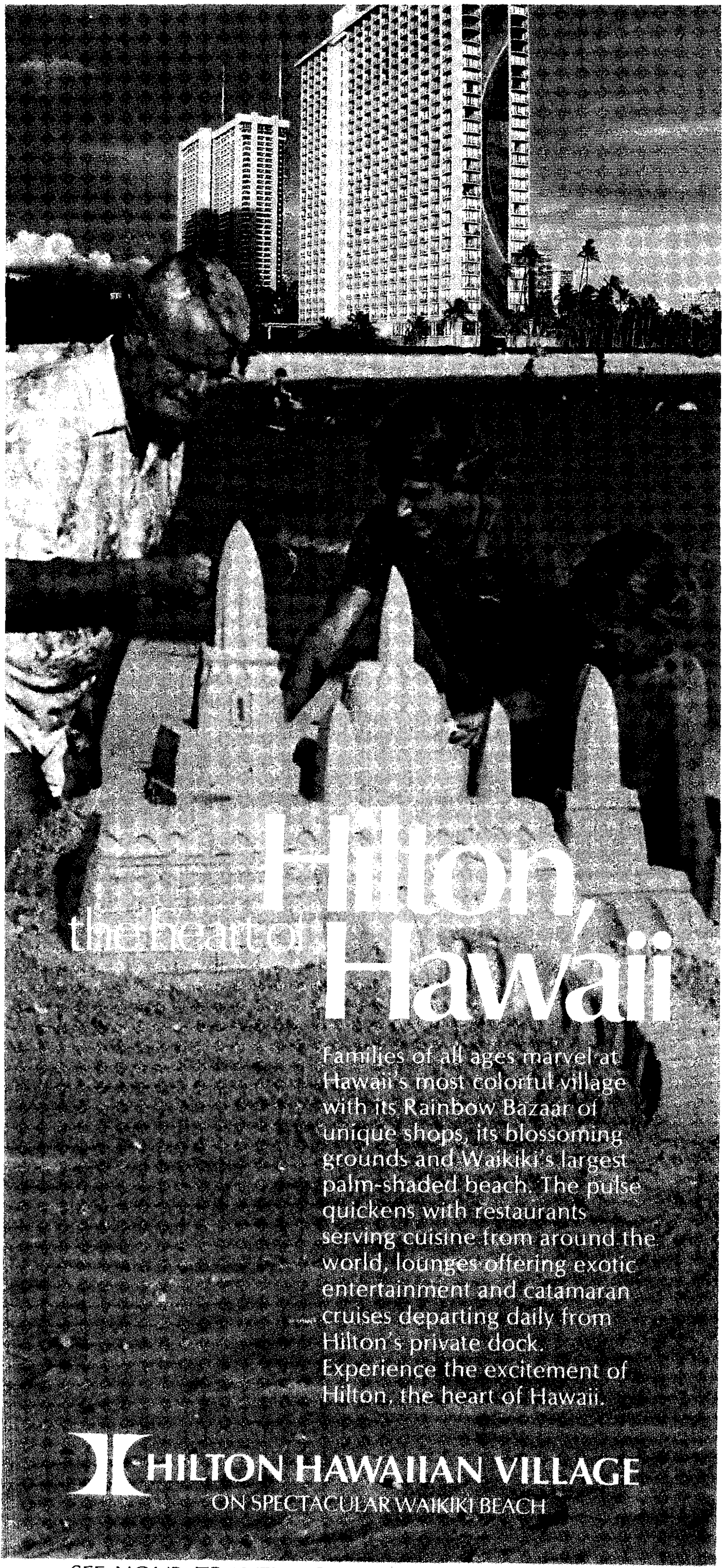
Then things took a bad turn. Braddell came down with malaria, and, recuperating in Alexandria, learned that he had been replaced. The company would go to India, as he had arranged, but without him. The effort to be an officer and an actor, a nanny and a co-worker had been a strain, and feathers had been ruffled. Braddell sought consolation in an Alexandrian beverage called Zebeeb and in "Pickwick Papers"—"my favorite anesthetic." Later, he was summoned to Bombay, supposedly to resume his command, but on his arrival he found that his actresses had dispersed, one taking up residence with the Maharani of Sarawak, and another, his leading lady, moving in with a British colonel named Jack Hawkins—the Jack Hawkins of subsequent motion-picture fame, whom Braddell still holds responsible for the "scandal" of his company's dissolution.

Braddell returned to England a few days after D Day, "turned myself in at Drury Lane," and signed on with a company that Ivor Novello, the musical-comedy idol, was preparing to take to the liberated zones of France and Belgium. His fellow-actors included Novello himself, Robert Andrews, Diana Wynyard, and Margaret Rutherford. They arrived in Normandy on D-plus-44, and, between performances, had a front-row view of the results of the war. "The great city of Caen had been completely obliterated," Braddell recalled. "Many of the inhabitants, I think, were dead underneath the rubble, and the Army had moved over it so soon there wasn't time to clear anything away. They just made a most extraordinary sort of rubberized road over the tops of the buildings and squashed it all down and went on.

"After the war, I had a sort of mental upheaval against everything. There weren't any films being made, and the West End was a closed shop. Emlyn Williams, Noël Coward, and Terence Rattigan had their theatres, and most of the rest were controlled by one company—H. M. Tennent, which was run by Hugh Beaumont—and they cast stars. 'You know,' Binkie Beaumont said to me, 'I haven't got enough plays for Heather or Gladys.' Then I went to see Ivor Novello, who was doing his musical comedies, and he said, 'Darling, I'd love to have you, but what can you do? You can't sing.' I said, 'Ivor, neither can you.' He said, 'Yes, but don't be ridiculous! Go do something that's worthy of you.' That was certainly a nice way of putting it. So I began to shy away from theatre people. I took a violent dislike to their conversation and their outlook. My interest in life was much more concerned with public affairs. The break of the war had done it. The war lasted such a long time. People usually say it lasted six years, but it was like a century. And I had seen a lot more of it than most theatre people had. I was also painting like mad. I would rush home—down to my wife's farm in the country—and paint all the weekend and feel how nice it was. But I was determined to write another play, and at that time there was the famous forgery case of Hans van Meegeren. So I decided I would write a play based on it, set in an artist's studio, because I thought that would be an ambience that had not yet been touched. And I would work into this some marvellous swindle.

"Well, while I was turning it over in my mind the strangest thing happened. I was in the National Gallery one day, and I went down to the tearoom and sat opposite this man who looked like Einstein—very like Einstein. He was a little man. He had a hat on. When I spoke to him, he answered in a funny little squeaky voice, without getting his sentences right. Somehow, the subject of restoration came up, and I discovered he was a restorer. His name was Sebastian Ysepp, and he was working in the National Gallery. He took me up to his workshop, and later he invited me to his home. He lived in St. John's Wood, in a house that belonged to Eton College, and I found myself in the most fascinating place—it might have been the workshop of a medieval painter. It had everything—furnaces, stoves, huge windows that looked out into the garden, iron beds with all sorts of things on them. And all around were old pictures.

"During the war, Mr. Ysepp had escaped from Vienna. He told me how after Hitler had gone into Austria people who had really good pictures



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smuggled them out, into Italy first of all, and, in order to avoid detection, they employed restorers—of whom Ysepp was one—to cover up the original painting with paintings of their own, done in resin paint, so that it could be removed very quickly. A man like Ysepp made a fortune painting these more or less Winterhalter things, which you were allowed to transport abroad—the Archduke, the Archduchess, the Cardinal, and that sort of thing. Later on, when the war was over, they could be rescued—in the quiet of a French farm, say.

"This was at the period when the cleaning of paintings was quite new. The craft went in families. In Austria, where Mr. Ysepp was from, they were like Masons. They kept their trade a secret. They weren't going to tell the world how it was done. Mr. Ysepp was then a man of about fifty or so, and he looked after the King's pictures. He never bragged, but one afternoon when I was there his wife, who taught singing upstairs, came down and said there was someone at the door. In fact, there was a horse-drawn carriage outside, and a very elderly lady with a large hat got out, followed by a footman carrying a parcel. She was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. She said, 'I've brought this to you privately. Her Majesty assures you that she will pay whatever it costs out of her own privy purse. Please do whatever is necessary.' Well, it was a Holbein. It had become terribly warped, but there was a general public plea for economy at the time, and the royal family were leading it. So they could not say they were spending their money on such things. A few months later, I asked Mr. Ysepp what had become of the Holbein, and he reached under his bed and pulled something out. It was the Holbein, sitting in several layers of blotting paper and an ordinary trouser press, and it was already flat. I was hideously impressed with his putting a million-dollar painting under his bed. I said, 'Is it safe here? Are you insured?' He said"—here Braddell's voice became brittle and Germanic—"'Who's going to steal a picture?'"

Braddell never wrote the play about van Meegeren. He studied with Ysepp for a year as "a sort of faded pupil," learning to mix paints, make varnishes, cure warps induced by dryness or moisture, retouch, and reline—that is, transfer a painting to a fresh canvas when the old one has begun to rot away.

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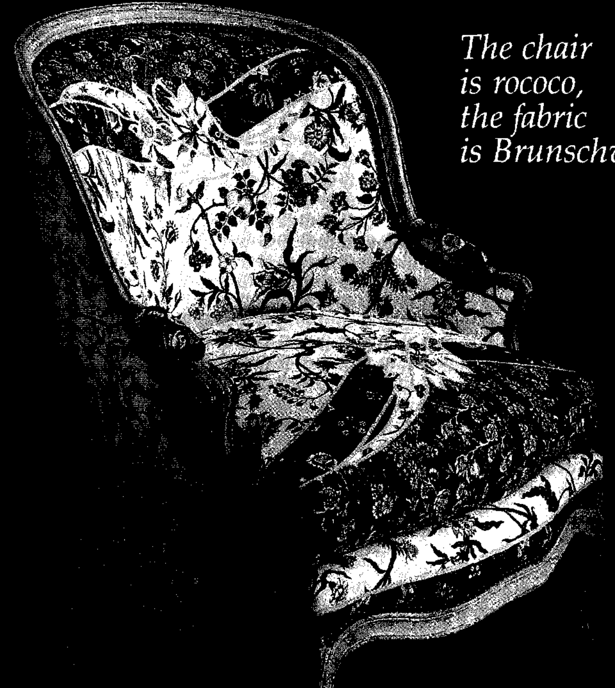

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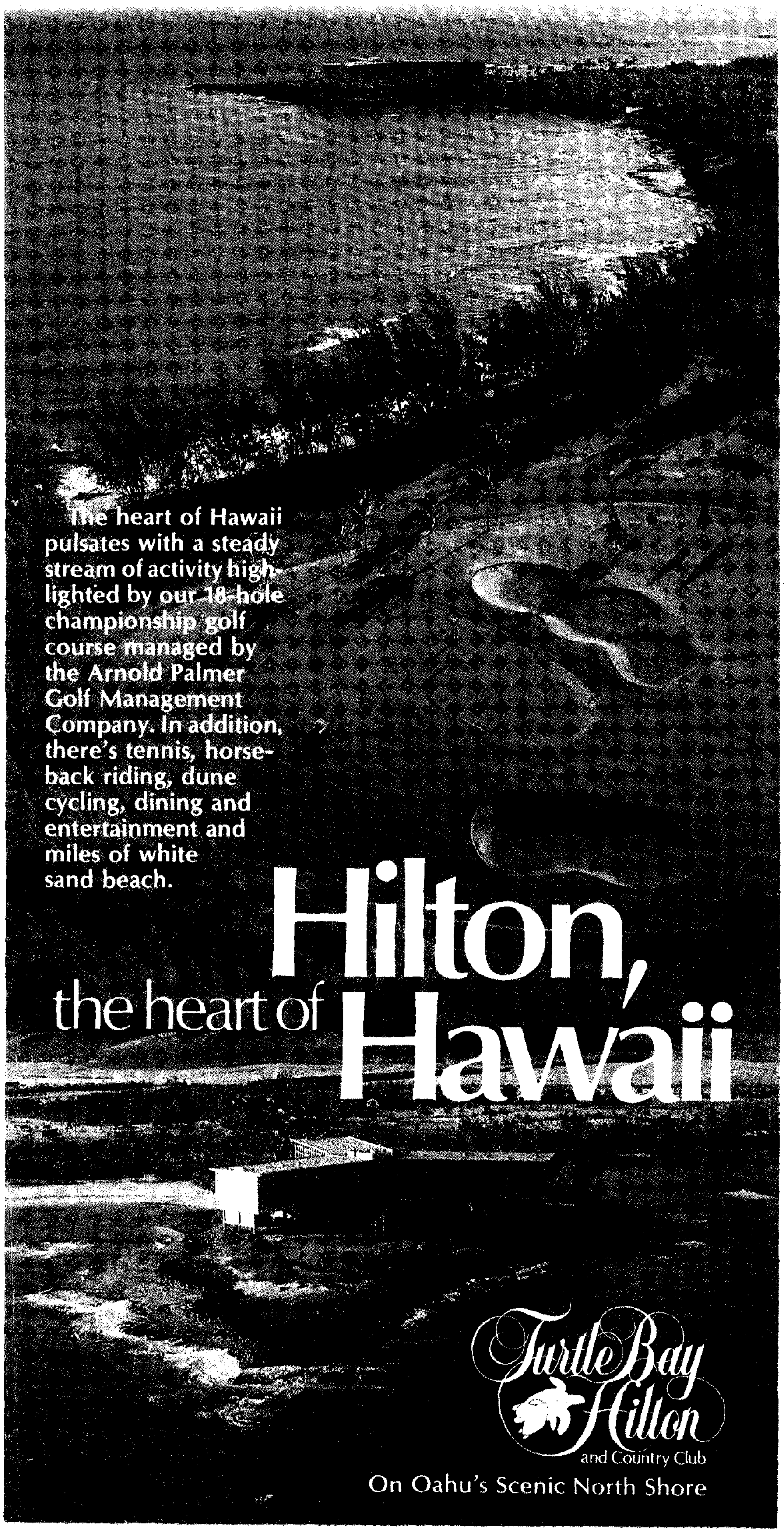
In 1955, the London *Daily Telegraph* reported on one of Braddell's first big jobs as a restorer. "Barristers and students of Lincoln's Inn who visit their Hall on returning for the Michaelmas Term in October will be surprised to find eighteen hundred square feet of brilliant colour covering the whole of the north wall," the article began. "Previously, all that had been visible was a vague fresco of muddy white and brown. In the depths could be seen, on close examination, robed figures reclining on stone steps. After five months of work, Mr. Maurice Braddell, an artist-restorer, has succeeded where many of Europe's experts have failed in bringing back the colours and details of G. F. Watts's fresco, 'Justice,' painted in 1859. . . . His first problem was to find a solvent which would take off the dirt. Leading manufacturers were consulted in vain until it was discovered that a mixture of acetone and butanol was successful. Then the rich blue, red and gold colours slowly came to light. 'It was like cleaning the Queen Mary with a nail-brush. After hours of hard work, I finished an area of only a couple of inches.' Mr. Braddell is retouching in egg tempera, mixing a whole egg in varnish, then grinding in the colours."

ON a Saturday afternoon in the middle of July, I found Braddell sitting up in bed, wearing only his underwear and socks—thick pink socks with a Christmassy red stripe. He had his knees hunched in close to his stomach and his back flat up against a low headboard. He was having his hair cut, and the barber was a man in his late thirties with a slicked-back nineteen-fifties haircut and a small mustache, who was wearing jeans and a denim vest. "This is Bobby Tokash," Braddell said, introducing us.

"How can I get the hair even in the back if you keep talking and moving your head?" Tokash said, clutching a shock of Braddell's long hair in one hand and aiming a pair of scissors with the other. The contrast of accents was striking: Braddell's imperial English, by way of Charterhouse and Oxford, and Bobby Tokash's unvarnished New York, by way of (I learned) East Sixth Street, P.S. 63, and Junior High School 22—the last stop on his educational itinerary. The effort to make Braddell sit still was soon abandoned. With a smile of resignation, Tokash put his scissors down on the table and fetched an



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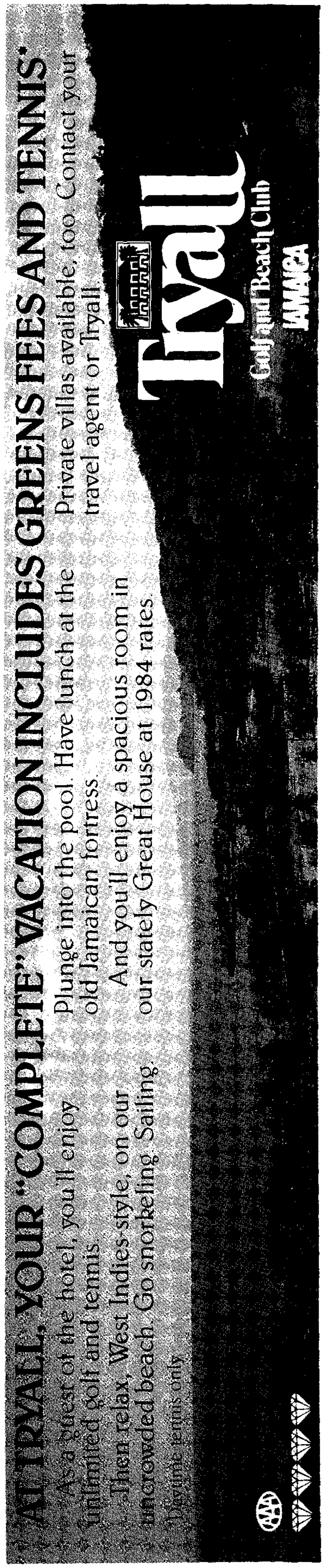

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economy-size bottle of beer from a small, frost-crowded refrigerator. He poured three glasses.

"How did you two meet?" I asked Tokash.

"I met him back in 1960 or '61," he said. "I was sixteen or seventeen. He had a workshop on Sixth Street. A bunch of guys—about ten of us altogether—hung out in the next block."

"They called themselves the Thunderbirds," Braddell said. "He was the youngest of the crowd."

"We passed this store and we seen a picture of a naked girl in front," Tokash went on. "We were high on wine already, so we walked in and looked around and said, 'Hey, would you like the floor cleaned?' He said, 'Sure.' "

"I gave them some lemonade and a couple of bucks for their trouble," Braddell said. "And they said, 'Can we come tomorrow?' I said, 'Aren't you at school?' That got a laugh. 'But after school,' they said. They came back the very next afternoon."

"We kept nosing around, and asking, 'What are you doing? What are you doing?' And he taught us how to restore pictures."

"They were very quick to learn," Braddell said. "*Too* quick. I was always saying, '*Pazienza! Pazienza!*' But they all learned to clean pictures and reline them. Bobby knows every part of the art restorer's craft except retouching."

"We had practically all the Sixth Street guys come in the store every weekend, because they knew there was work there," Tokash said. "It got a little out of hand, really."

"They did a lot of work and a lot of harm," Braddell said.

"One time, in the summer, somewhere in the sixties there, a picture was stolen," Tokash said.

"A very large picture. It wasn't mine, and I had no insurance," Braddell said.

"I think we lost that customer," Tokash said, with a laugh.

"They all had their girls and got into various kinds of trouble," Braddell said. "Four of them are dead. The best of them—Ricky—went out on drugs."

"It got the better of him, and that was that," Tokash said. "He started hanging out with a different crowd. We only drunk wine and beer. And Bobby Evans—the wine got the better of him and he died of cirrhosis of the liver. Then, there was my cousins Bobby Krause, and Duane . . ."

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"There were a lot of Bobbys," Braddell interjected. "It got very confusing."

"My cousin Bobby got stabbed with a butcher knife," Bobby Tokash continued. "He was trying to help an old man who was getting mugged. And Duane fell off his motorcycle in a street accident, and something happened in the hospital with the needle. He got contaminated with the blood and his whole body blew up. We never did figure it out."

"And then," Braddell added, "there was the little boy who went off to Vietnam. Eddie."

"You mean Skinny Eddie?" Tokash asked.

"And Monkey," Braddell said. "Monkey's still alive. Out of that little party that came into my shop, there's only you and Monkey left."

"We had good times, but we had our bad times," Tokash said.

"It's all a matter of environment, I used to tell them," Braddell said. "In my day, a boy didn't have to get his excitement by climbing houses and burglarizing them. He could climb cliffs."

I HAD been under the impression that contact between Braddell and his relatives back in England had all but ceased after his emigration. It turned out, however, that feelings had moderated on both sides as he had grown older and had become, eventually, the last surviving Braddell of his generation. There had been occasional family visits and a steady correspondence, especially with a nephew, Patrick, and a favorite grandnephew, Sasha. And at about the same time as my first visit Braddell had received an invitation to return to England and move in with Patrick and Patrick's wife, Lou. The prodigal son was to be taken back into the fold at the age of eighty-three. Braddell responded cautiously, agreeing only to "a month's audition," and his enthusiasm would wax and wane as the date of the journey drew nearer. "You know, I'm dreading going to England," he said one day, in answer to a general inquiry about his well-being. "Pat says he's afraid I'll be awfully bored. If I go to the pub, the only thing they'll be able to talk about is growing cabbage. My recollection of England is that it was all a long bloody argument, and the most frequently used word was 'blame'—which I put down to that appalling religion they have over there."

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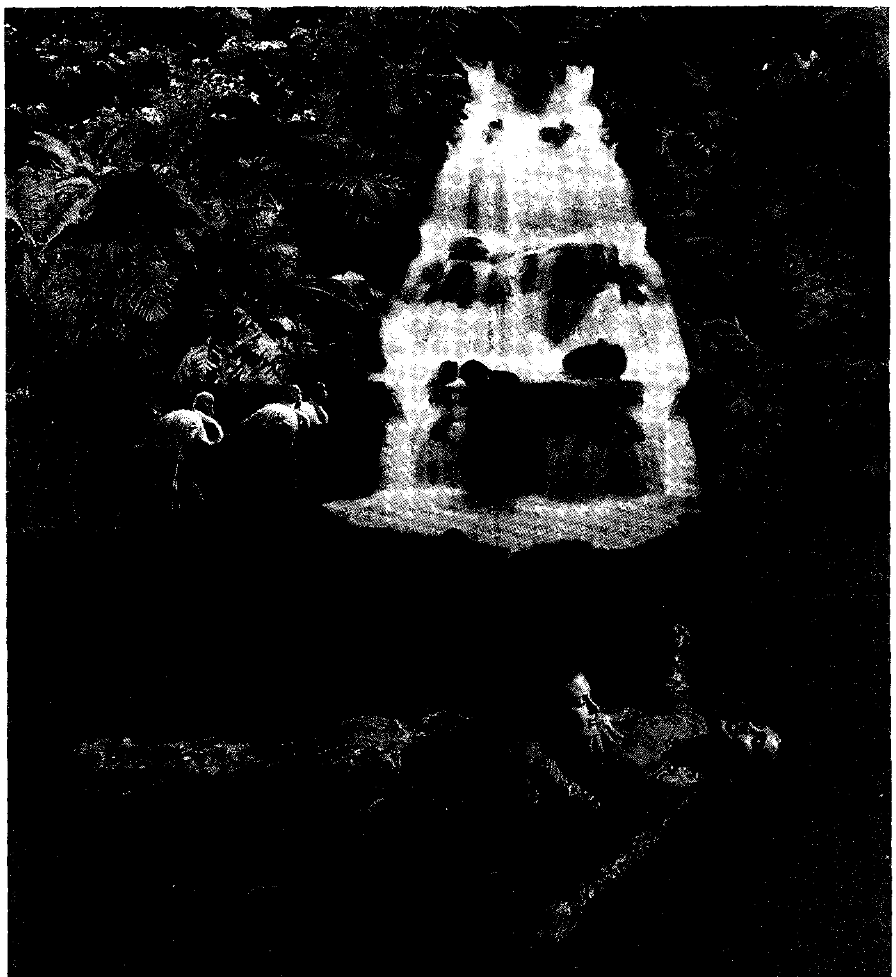

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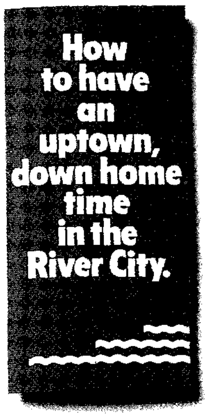

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Braddell left for England a year ago last August. He flew out of Newark International Airport by Virgin Atlantic Airways, on a flight that also carried members of the rock group the Police. One morning some weeks later, I walked over to the Sheraton-Russell Hotel, at Park Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, to meet a niece of Braddell's, Virginia Brown, and her husband, Sir John Brown, who had retired as publisher of the Oxford University Press in order to become the chairman of Blackwell's, the Oxford booksellers. The Sheraton-Russell is a genteel hotel, and although it is only a few blocks from the Le Marquis, nobody destined for either establishment would consider the other. And the Browns are a genteel couple. I had no trouble recognizing Lady Brown, who had fair skin and finely etched features much like her uncle's. Sir John had come to New York on business, and his wife had joined him for a few days of holiday.

Lady Brown told me that Braddell had decided to stay on with her brother Patrick. "The weather's been lovely, so he can sit out in the garden," she reported. "And various cousins and relations have dropped by. He loves to hold court. But come winter I think it's going to be very difficult. He's not so good in a quiet family situation, and he's not willing to walk any distance, you know."

"It's gone well so far," Sir John observed.

"And the medical services are very good indeed," his wife said. "He already has his own doctor."

I asked about Braddell's reputation in the family circle. Lady Brown said her first memories of him dated back to her teen-age years, when he was a young actor. With great emphasis, she said, "Maurice was fantastically good-looking, really bewitching—women were constantly calling to ask where he was. He was also completely mad. One moment, he was running around with the Communists and the next with the Fascists, and then he was nearly a monk. I remember his saying, 'The trouble with being a Catholic is it's a hell of a lot harder to get out of than the other two.' And he was always doing things that were frightfully amusing but very annoying. He borrowed a plane once and smashed it up—and acted very jolly about it."

"A man of many talents," Sir John said.

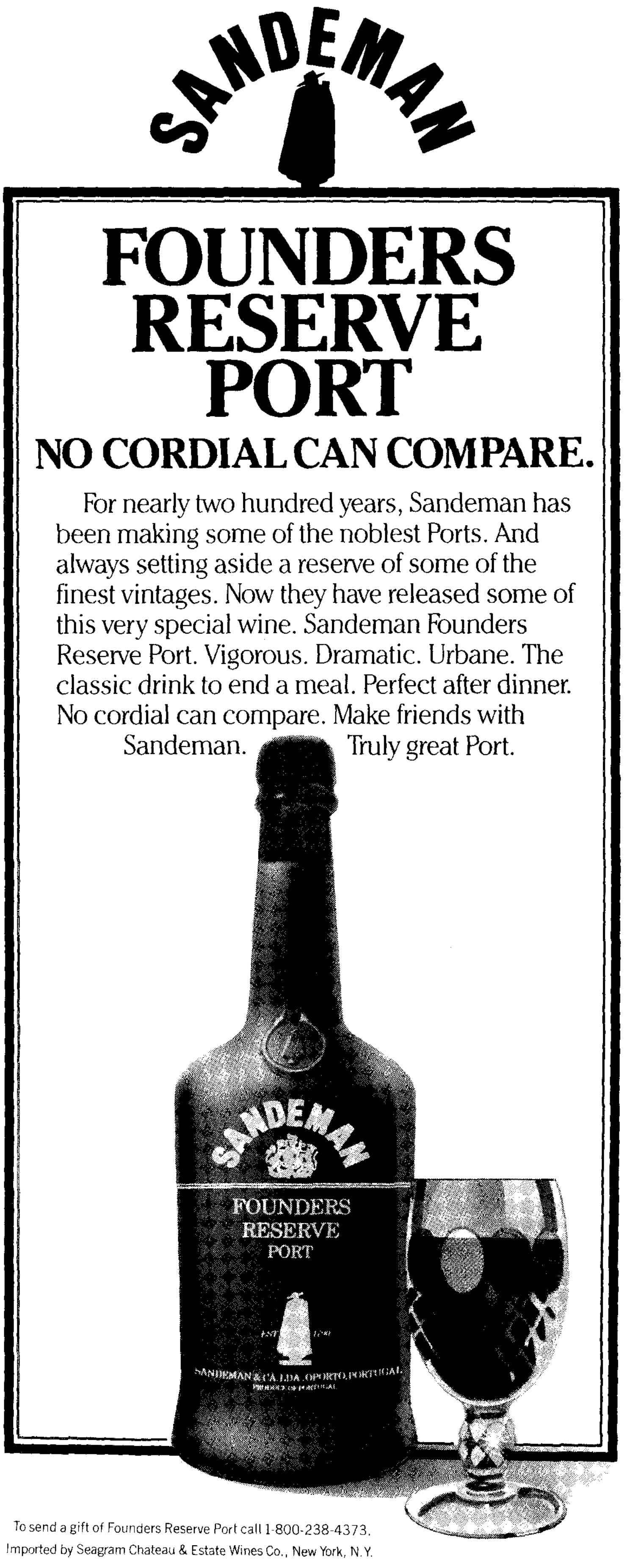
As I left the Sheraton-Russell, I found myself postulating various turns of fate that might have transformed Braddell into a prominent actor, a revered author or painter, or some other type of eminent elder citizen. No great effort of the imagination was required. On the other hand, I thought, the world has a fair supply of talk-show celebrities, while men and women who have done as many things, been as many places, known as many people, and taken it all in as deeply as Braddell has, are scarce.

A few days after my visit with the Browns, a letter arrived from Anchorage, Cherrington, Shipton-on-Stours, Warwickshire. In a minute scrawl that took some effort to decipher, Braddell explained that he had been powerless to write sooner because "so many outlying relatives have hastened over to look at me as if I were a long lost camel from Lawrence of Arabia's time." England, he reported, was looking very green. "The new roads are as smooth as billiard tables and Pat's silver Porsche came along the Thames Valley at a dignified 100 m.p.h. (or horror! kilometres per hour). . . ."

Braddell jumps around as much in his letters as in person: from the efforts of an old actor-friend, Robert Harris, to drum up interest in an unproduced adaptation Braddell once did of a play called "Talleyrand," by the French writer Sacha Guitry; to a visit to his wife's family; to the "fine job" his great-nephew has been doing typing and editing the boyhood memoirs; to the quality of his meals ("never ate so many vegetables"); to the violence of English soccer fans. "Brussels hath murdered sleep," Braddell wrote me last June. "Everybody is having a whale of a time pontificating and shoving their faces to the microphone and cameras. . . . 'How could . . .?' etc., etc. Pat says maybe now they will do away with that soccer and turn back to rugby. 'Never have scenes like that at a rugby match! That is because only the decent fellows play rugby.' He was at a rugby school! I was at a soccer one, so I just called him a snob and anti-proletariat."

Snapshots come tumbling out of some of the envelopes. In one picture, Braddell is standing in a garden so tall and lush that it takes some searching to find him. In another, he is talking to a boy of seven or so—a great-great-nephew, presumably—with whom he seems to have established a rapport. Soon, I have an idea, it will be time for that boy to do something mildly scandalous.

—JAMES LARDNER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SPLENDID LITTLE WARS

ON November 20, 1975, General Francisco Franco died, after a final medical ordeal of thirty days. The Spain he left stood apart from contemporary Europe, isolated not only as a consequence of the particular political institutions he had imposed upon it but by the resolutely absolutist and Catholic sensibility he had attempted to preserve among his people, avowedly to spare them the consequences of the European Enlightenment and the triumph, everywhere else, of a secular, relativistic, and hedonistic civilization.

Ten years later, it is as if Franco had never existed. The conduct of ordinary life in Spain and the popular culture that exists there are in essential respects indistinguishable from those of the rest of southern Europe. What, one may ask, was the Spanish Civil War all about? Liberal history says that it was about Fascism, although Franco, who allied himself with the Fascist Party and Fascist states, was not himself a Fascist but, by his own definition, a reactionary nationalist, anti-republican, Catholic, and monarchist. He used Spain's Fascists, the Falange, for his own ends.

What he actually accomplished was the proto-modernization of Spain. He bequeathed to the country a restored monarchy, presided over by a king who has in most instances proved a miracle of good judgment, encouraging an evolution of political institutions which has successively placed in power conservatives, moderates, and those same socialists who were among the objects of Franco's military insurrection forty years earlier. Franco left Spain with institutions of technocratic economic management and a modern managerial class which have enabled what was a poverty-stricken agricultural country at the time of its civil war to acquire productive resources and a standard of living approximating those of its southern European neighbors. Can this be what its civil war was about?

A more thought-provoking question is: Does this have anything to do with what the Spanish-American War was about? It was the Spanish-American War, in 1898, that ruptured the continuity of Spanish history and provoked within Spain the events that led up to the civil war and its aftermath. At the same time, it can be said about the Spanish-American War that it was a great success for the country that initiated it, the United States. In 1898, President William McKinley, after saying in his inaugural address, "We want no war of conquest; we must avoid the temptation of territorial aggression," ordered American forces, with full congressional accord, to invade and seize the island of Cuba. He was responding to a temper in the country of exuberant expansionism—a desire to get into the imperial game—and to the specific incident of the mysterious explosion and sinking, in Havana Harbor, of the battleship Maine. The warmongering press—the Hearst and Pulitzer papers—cried "Remember the Maine!," and so American troops landed in Cuba in ostensible support of a Cuban separatist movement that had rebelled against Spain three years earlier. Out of idealistic indignation and romantic nationalism, the United States set out to dismantle what remained of Spain's four-hundred-year-old empire.

This produced for Spain what came to be known as the Disaster. In the Philippines, five days after the congressional war resolution was signed by President McKinley, the American Asiatic Squadron, under Commodore George Dewey, attacked the inferior Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and completely destroyed it. There were no American casualties. Two months later, the ships of the Spanish Atlantic fleet sailed from their harbor at Santiago de Cuba to meet the Americans who had been besieging them—sailed "as gaily as brides to the altar," in the eyes of Captain John W.

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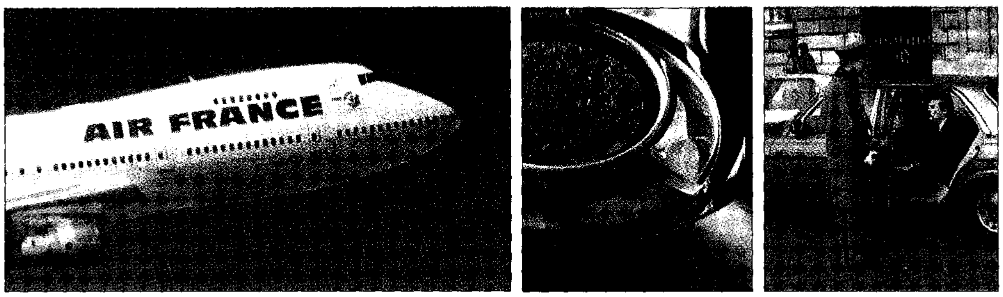

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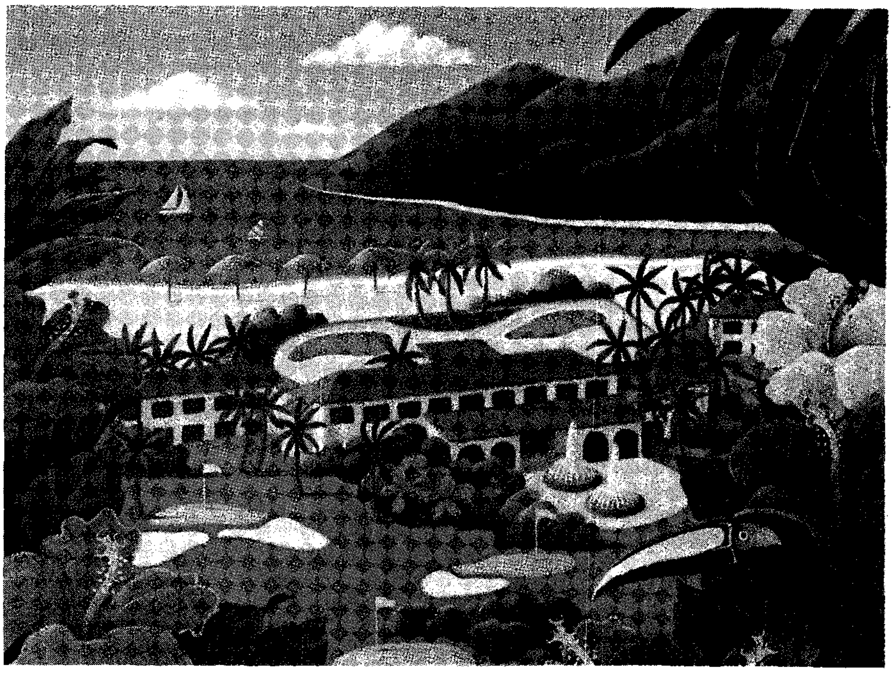

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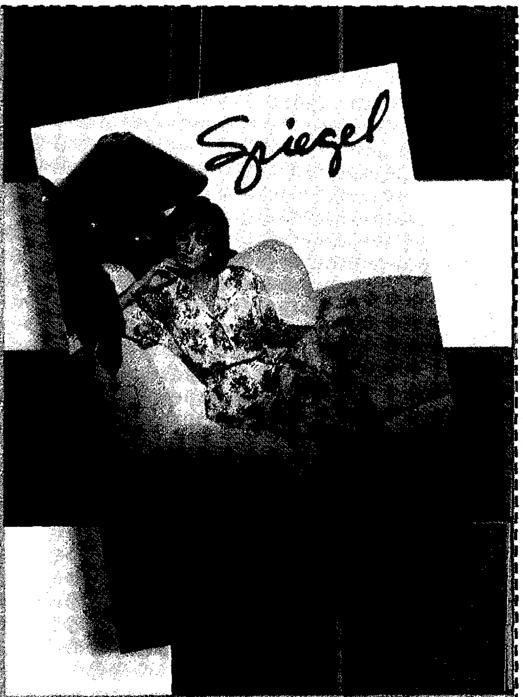

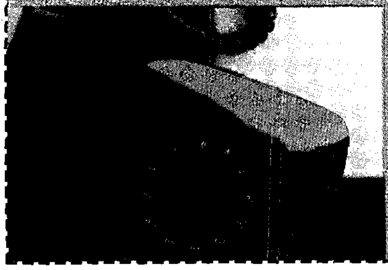

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Philip, of the battleship Texas. They were outnumbered, seven heavy ships to four, and five United States battleships to none. Every Spanish ship was sunk. One American life was lost. It was during this battle that Captain Philip cried out, as the Spanish crews floundered in the sea, "Don't cheer, men! Those poor devils are dying."

The Spanish Army, cut off in Cuba, surrendered. A United States military government was established. An American force landed in Puerto Rico, declaring to the Puerto Ricans that "the just effect of this occupation will be the immediate release from your former political relations and, it is hoped, a cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States." The British historian Hugh Thomas notes that "no one knew till that moment that the U.S. had any designs on Puerto Rico." Meanwhile, United States troops sailed for the Philippines, and Hawaii, although it had nothing to do with Spain, was annexed. The United States was simply in the mood. "We need Hawaii just as much and a good deal more than we did California," said President McKinley. "It is manifest destiny."

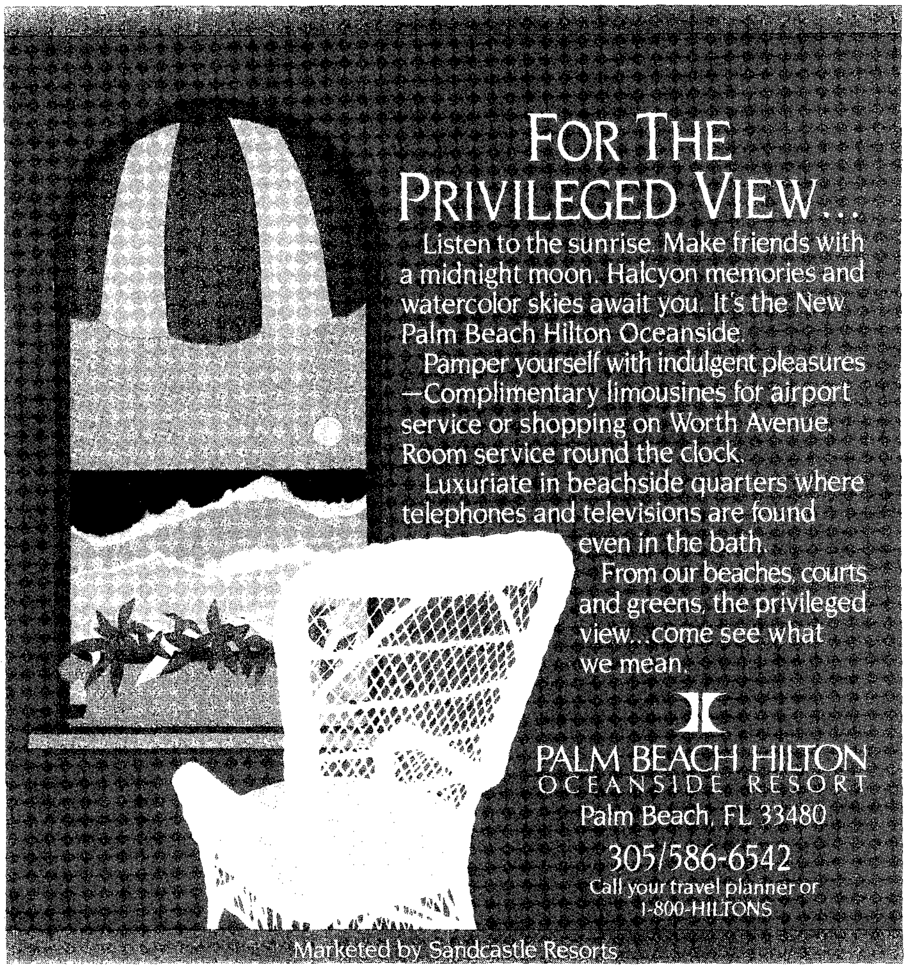
The expansive nationalism of 1898 launched the United States on a course of quasi colonialism which eventually put the country where it is today in the Americas and the Philippines. In the Philippines, it finds itself now with vulnerable military bases and a complex and compromising political involvement in an ex-colony that looks as if it might plunge into generalized civil insurrection or, alternatively, a despotism even worse than what it has known under Ferdinand Marcos. In the Caribbean, Cuba has become a power hostile to the United States, and offers a threat to United States interests more formidable than poor Spain ever did. The embittered Cubans, with the support of the Soviet Union, sponsor revolutionary forces on the American mainland.

What seemed simple and generous in 1898 proves in 1986 to have produced a much more unfortunate situation, even by the narrowest calculations of the United States national interest and military security—and quite apart from what Cubans, Filipinos, and the people of Central America have undergone since the end of the nineteenth century, subjected, as they have been, to repeated North American military interventions and occupations. It cannot be said that there was no warning. In the late summer of

1898, while serving as a colonel in the Nebraska National Guard, William Jennings Bryan wrote that many of his state's volunteers wanted to be mustered out, "on the grounds that the issues of the war have changed." He explained, "They volunteered to break the yoke of Spain in Cuba and for nothing else. They did not volunteer to attempt the subjugation of other peoples."

THERE was evidence from the start that Bryan's choice of words was justified. After 1898, a three-year war had to be fought to secure the Philippines not from the Spaniards but from the Filipinos. More American casualties were incurred in the fighting against the Filipino independence movement than in the Spanish-American War itself. The Filipino resistance leader, Emilio Aguinaldo, had initially welcomed the American intervention. In May, 1898, when his own forces surrounded the Spanish garrison in Manila, he said, "The great and powerful North American nation has come to offer disinterested protection for the effort to secure the liberation of this country," and he delivered the city to the American forces when they arrived. In 1901, Aguinaldo was captured but was amnestied shortly afterward. During the Second World War, he collaborated with the Japanese Occupation. In Cuba, where the whole sequence of events had begun with the uprising against Spain, the outcome was that Cuba became a United States protectorate. The Platt Amendment, a provision put into the 1901 Cuban constitution giving the United States a right of intervention in Cuban affairs, was abrogated only in 1934. After that, native despotism took over, first under Fulgencio Batista, who was looked upon with tolerance by Washington, and then under Fidel Castro, who was not.

For Spain, the humiliation of defeat proved a decisive factor in its modern history. The result of the war was a discredited government, a weakened monarchy, and the rise of radical republicanism. ("Pillage the decadent civilization of this wretched country, destroy its temples, trample its gods underfoot!" a radical leader, Alejandro Lerroux, raged.) The forces that led to the outbreak of civil war in 1936 were started on their way. Yet during the late nineteenth century, according to Hugh Thomas, "Spain's general achievements in Cuba compare most



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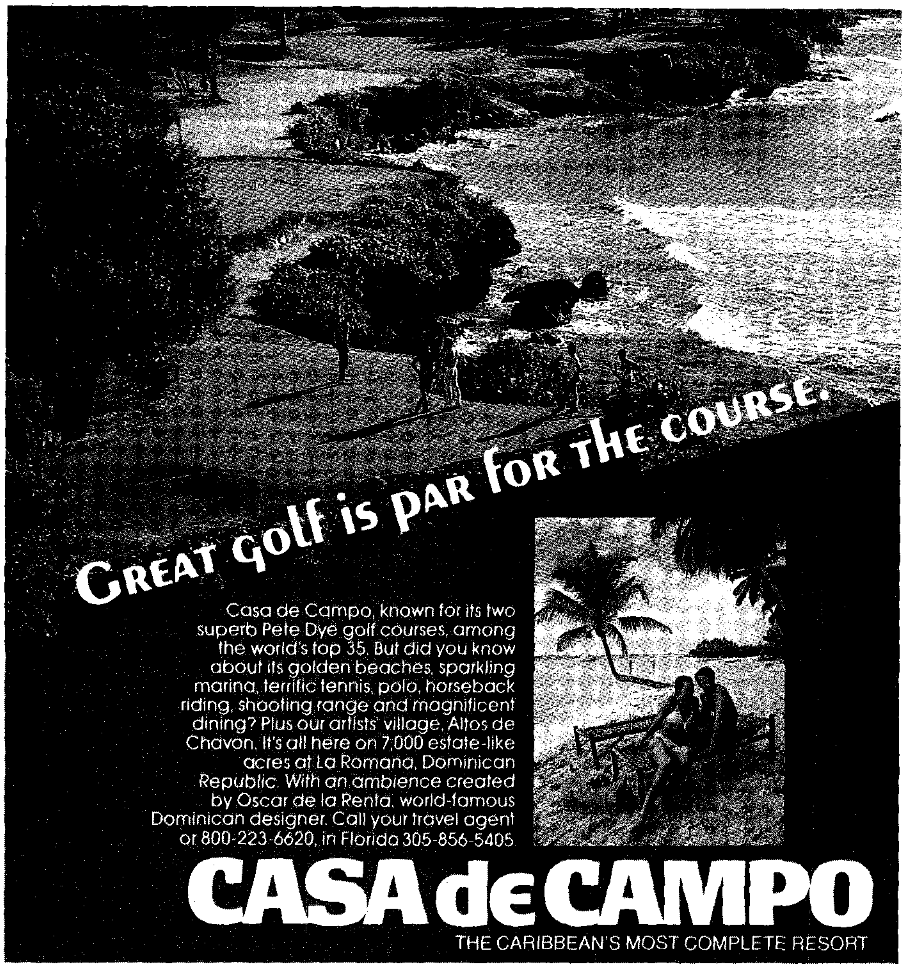

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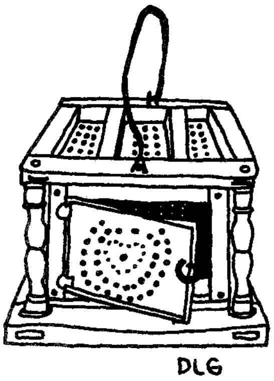
favorably with those of Britain in Jamaica and the other islands of the West Indies at the same time." It is permissible to think that had there been no war with the United States Cuba's lot, not to speak of the Philippines', would have been a good deal happier than it proved to be under the erratic American overlordship, which during the years after 1898 laced idealism and public-health reform with contempt. General William Rufus Shafter said in December, 1898, five months after liberating Cuba from Spain, "Why, these people are no more fit for self-government than gun-powder is for hell." Thus were the foundations laid for the eventual succession of Batista and Castro.

WARS can be both enjoyable and profitable, and the United States has found the wars it has conducted in Latin America to be, for the most part, both. John Hay, then the United States Ambassador in London, thought the affair with Spain "a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificent intelligence and spirit, favored by that fortune which loves the brave." The intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965, and the attack in Grenada more recently, provided for many Americans a reassuring contrast to the dismal and humiliating engagement in Vietnam. Nicaragua is now recommended by some in Washington and elsewhere as another attractive opportunity for the United States to demonstrate national resolve and relieve national frustrations by toppling Latin-American radicalism. The scenario sometimes proposed is of an easy rout of organized Nicaraguan military resistance; the installation of a new government of putatively moderate politicians now in exile; the building up of a new Nicaraguan Army from what are now the Contras; and a quick United States withdrawal—just the way things went in Grenada. It is a seductive scenario. What the result might be a decade hence, or a half century hence, is another matter—a matter that military planners regard as outside their immediate competence.

Americans have in modern times approached war more lightly than other people, discussing the options with a cheerful optimism and an abstract bloodthirstiness not found elsewhere, and entertaining theories of complete and lasting solutions. This is in part because Americans have had practically no personal experience of serious suffering caused by war. The Civil War was the last conflict in which anything lastingly bad happened to a large number of Americans as the result of war. In the First World War, there were only 53,513 American battle fatalities; what had proved an appalling and revolutionary ordeal for everyone else, with millions of fatalities—one in twenty-eight of the French population, for example—was something of a lark for Americans: the Lafayette Escadrille, Father Duffy, Sergeant York, devil dogs and leathernecks, and all that, followed by world acclaim for Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points. Nor were things very different in the Second World War, even though it was a more serious matter for Americans. Once again, civilian society was untouched, and the ratio of fatalities to population was extremely small by comparison with that of Japan, Germany, Russia, or, indeed, Britain. The United States suffered two hundred and ninety-two thousand fatalities in the Second World War, while Britain, with a population one-third that of the United States, suffered nearly four hundred thousand—and that after losing about a million men in the First World War. For nearly everyone else, fatalities were in the millions. Even though the Vietnam War was America's longest, lasting nearly ten years, it produced a mere forty-seven thousand fatal battle losses—fewer than the First World War.



Until Vietnam, the American experience of war was of victory—the dominant American experience. The South, after 1865, was left to bury its dead and sadly did so; otherwise, we got what we wanted from our wars. A lucky history has spared us the lesson others have learned in costly ways—that nothing is surer in political and military affairs than that the consequences of actions outstrip anything that the actor can possibly imagine. No war has ever led to quite the results the initiator wanted, or only to those. Hitler's gratuitous decision to declare war on the United States in 1941, after Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor, was the step that insured Germany's defeat. The Western Allies' high-minded decision to supply arms to Russia made it possible for the Soviet Union eventually to fix its power over Eastern Europe in the postwar years. The American decision to intervene in Vietnam to prevent a supposed domino effect of successful Communist interventions in the other Indo-Chinese states guaranteed that just that would happen.

Three years ago, Israel's then Prime Minister, Menachem Begin, and General Ariel Sharon conducted an invasion of Lebanon by which they expected to end the Palestinian menace to northern Israel and establish a docile Christian government in Beirut. Last June, an effectively defeated, thoroughly thwarted Israeli Army retreated from Lebanon; both countries' conditions were far worse than they had been when Israel invaded; and Palestinian power and Christian power in Lebanon were equally broken. Five years ago, Iraq's President, Saddam al-Takriti Hussein, hit upon what at the time seemed to him a good idea—to invade Iran, then experiencing what appeared to be revolutionary anarchy. Today, his Army, grown to more than half a million men, resorts to mustard gas to save Iraq from Iran's counterattacks, and Baghdad and provincial cities are bombarded by Iranian rockets. No end to the war is in sight. Argentina's military government in 1982 thought that Britain would not defend the Falkland Islands; we know the result. Richard Nixon believed that the Vietnam War could be won in Cambodia. One need not go on.

There is a war party in the United States today, as there was in 1898. It would not at all mind a war—an easy war, of the kind to which we were accustomed before 1963. But the reality of what is wanted is only hazily articulated, in the context of ideas of a generalized ideological confrontation susceptible—indeed, destined—to a military solution; and handshakes at Geneva only ephemerally distract the attention of Americans from their destiny. This view, implicitly apocalyptic, has religious as well as political resonance in American life, and is neither new nor confined to literal readers of the Book of Revelation. As long ago as 1945, writing in the *Partisan Review*, James Burnham drew an analogy between Soviet Communism and

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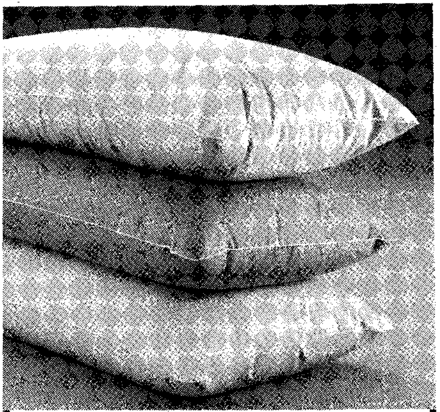

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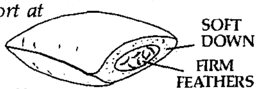

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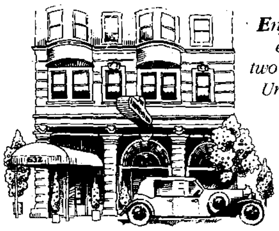

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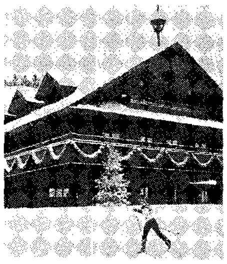
the Neoplatonism of the third Christian century. Communism's power, he said, was flowing:

> Outward, west into Europe, south into the Near East, east into China, already lapping the shores of the Atlantic, the Yellow and China Seas, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. As the undifferentiated One, in its progression, descends through the stages of Mind, Soul, and Matter, and then through its fatal Return back to itself; so does the Soviet power, emanating from the integrally totalitarian centre, proceed outwards by Absorption (the Baltics, Bessarabia, Bukovina, East Poland), Domination (Finland, the Balkans, Mongolia, North China and, tomorrow, Germany), Orienting Influence (Italy, France, Turkey, Iran, Central and south China . . .) until it is dissipated in *MH ON*, the outer material sphere, beyond the Eurasian boundaries, of momentary Appeasement and Infiltration (England, the United States).

George Orwell noted at the time, "Although it is not the kind of tribute that the average Russophile would consider acceptable, and although Burnham himself would probably claim that he is being strictly objective, he is in effect performing an act of homage, and even of self-abasement." A view of Communism like Burnham's, as a quasi-metaphysical force in contemporary affairs, responsible for "all the unrest that is going on" (a celebrated remark of President Reagan's), makes it easy, even inevitable, for a revolution in a Central American country like Nicaragua, possessing a hundred years of grievances against the United States, a developing insurrection in the Philippines, and a predictable and opportunistic Soviet political and military competition with the United States all to be treated as aspects of a historic upheaval in which "the world is balanced on a razor's edge," as former United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick said recently, and "whole continents can fall to tyranny." This is the way a great many Americans think.

How seductive, too, is the example of the Spanish-American War, with its splendidly summary execution of reactionary Spanish power, so displeasing to Protestant and progressive Americans, its high moral tone, its rewarding careers and thrilling adventures, its freedom from American battle casualties. How regrettable, and how often forgotten, that the consequences were not at all what they were expected to be.

Spain in the seventeenth century was, in the present-day phrase, a nation of winners. Its sway in the



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Americas—North America as well as Central and South America—was still growing. It was Europe's greatest power, at the zenith of intellectual and artistic achievement, with Cervantes, Lope de Vega, El Greco, Velázquez. "The belief that truth was one and absolute, and that she held the clue to it, had for a century underlain Spain's policy and directed all her energies at home and abroad," William C. Atkinson writes in his admirable history of the Iberian states. "Truth instead was multiple and relative, and the future lay with those nations which could seize the lesson and turn it to account. Spain was not one of them." The country was entering what Atkinson calls "the age of retribution" for its arrogance, which culminated in the Disaster of 1898.

The inveterate error of policymakers is to believe that what they do will really work out in the way they think. Actions indeed have consequences: something will happen, all right—especially if violence is employed—but, again, the result will inevitably prove less or more or other than what is intended. The result of the United States' crushing of Spain in 1898 was that Spain belatedly faced the contradictions that were paralyzing the country—those of republicanism versus monarchy and the Church, of Spain's retarded confrontation with the European Enlightenment, secularization, and industrialization. There was, seventy years later, a creative outcome. Spain today is a nation reconciled to its possibilities and limits, released from isolation, reunited with the Europe it once dominated and then rejected. For the United States, the success of 1898 confirmed and inflated exactly that same sort of moral conviction—still unshaken—about global destiny which Spaniards had previously felt, while failing to convey to Americans any corresponding appreciation of the dangers that exist in certitudes of this kind. For the Cubans, the result was to set them on the track of revenge—a revenge of their own, remembering the Maine. —WILLIAM PFAFF

•

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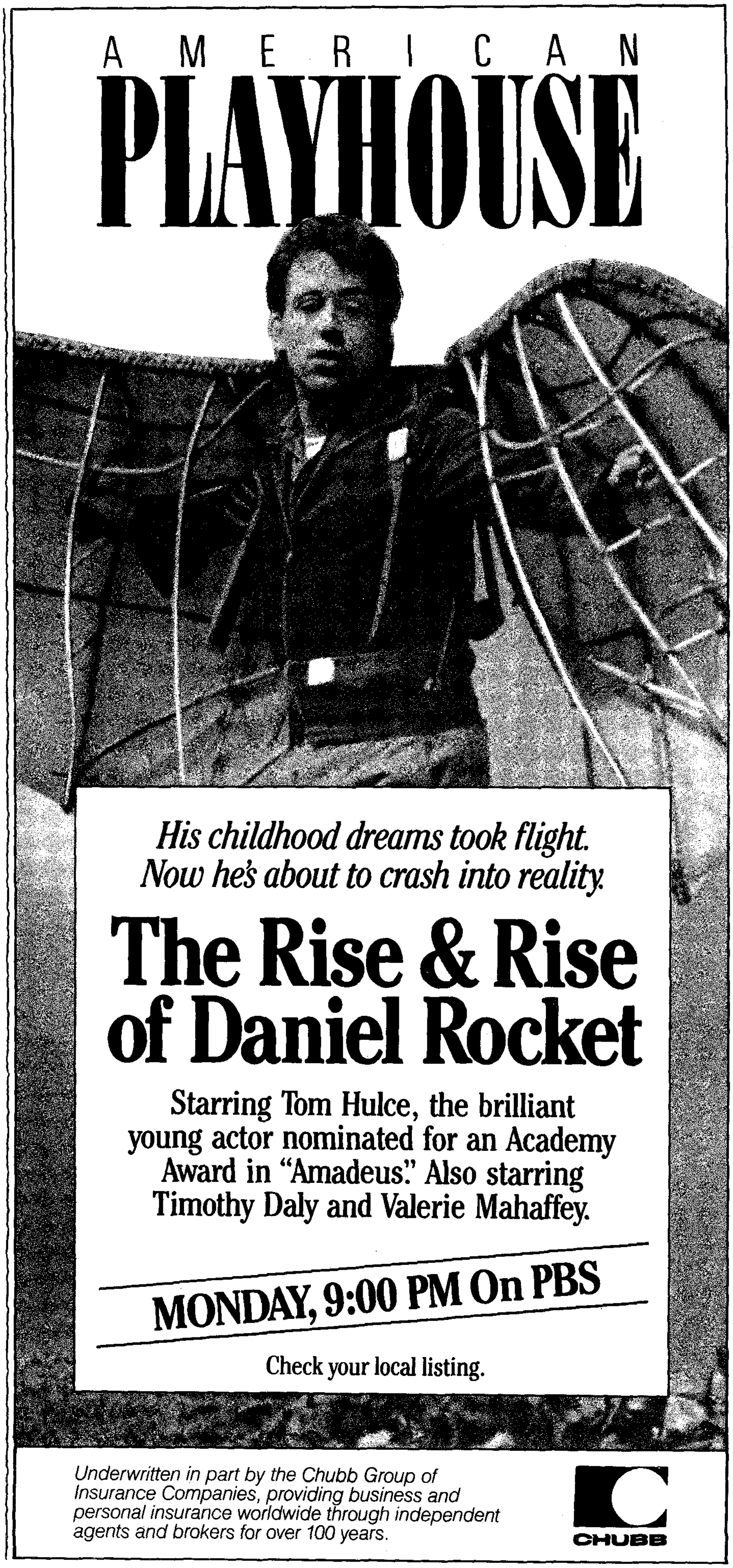
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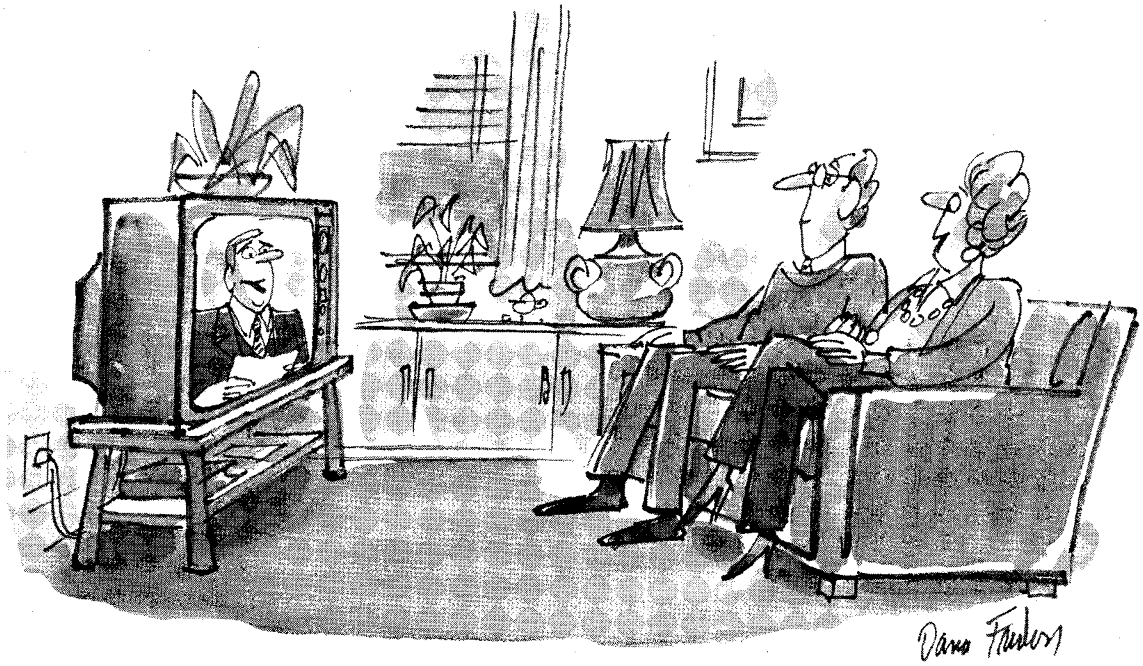
Actions of Magnitude

SINCE Beethoven's day, the symphony has been regarded as the "highest and most exalted form" of orchestral music. The phrase is from the preamble to the long, admirable New Grove essay on the subject, in which three authors trace developments of the form through three centuries. In the previous Grove, Frank Henry Shera began a long essay on "symphony" by suggesting analogies with Aristotle's definition of tragedy, the highest form of poetic composition: "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions." A symphony, too, is "a high argument treated as a unity," adopting different manners for its different movements; Tovey's insistence that a great symphony is a dramatic action is recalled; and "the effect of the whole on the observer should be to make him forget his own petty concerns and live for the time being on a plane of universal experience." Since Beethoven's day, "Whither, symphony?" has been a question often asked and variously answered. Composers content to work within traditional forms have produced dozens, perhaps hundreds, of symphonies well worth hearing. ("A sense of beauty is not a thing to be despised," Tovey wrote, "even in pseudo-classical art; and neither the many beautiful, if mannered, works of Spohr, which disguise one stereotyped form in a bewildering variety of instrumental and literary externals, nor the far more important and essentially varied works of Mendelssohn deserve the contempt which has been the modern correction for their high position in their day.") Other composers have attached the title "Symphony" to works that are symphonies only in name. Yet others have striven to rethink and by their music redefine the formal structure and the "essence" that together make a large orchestral piece recognizably a new symphony in the grand tradition. Peter Maxwell Davies' Third Symphony, a fifty-minute span of rich, engrossing, difficult music, confirms what its two predecessors had foretold: that in the late twentieth century there is a composer striding forward to lead listeners further along the symphonic highroad that Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Mahler, and Sibelius trod—a composer not marking time, not cutting attractive capers down side paths, not dancing neoclassical variations or loitering in neoromantic nostalgic dreams, but, strong with cumulate strength and wisdom learned of the old symphonic masters, and armed, too, with the new sound arrangements that our century has discovered, moving purposefully onward.

Davies, like Brahms, came late to the symphony, not before establishing mastery in many other genres and training symphonic muscles by other large-scale orchestra endeavors—notably, in Davies' case, the Second Taverner Fantasia (1964) and "Worldes Blis" (1966-69), a forty-minute "motet for orchestra." His First Symphony was begun in 1973, completed in 1976, and first played in 1978. (There is a recording on Decca.) The Second, commissioned by the Boston Symphony, appeared in 1981. The Third, commissioned by the BBC for the fiftieth anniversary of its Manchester-based orchestra, the BBC Philharmonic, had its first performance in Manchester (Davies' native city) last February; radio and then television carried it through the country. The London première was at last year's Proms, where I heard it for the first time. (Again it was widely broadcast.) Now a recording is available, on the BBC Artium label. All these performances were given by the BBC Philharmonic, conducted by Edward Downes (who conducted Davies' opera "Taverner" at its Covent Garden première, in 1972, and returned to conduct its revival there in 1983).

The form of the Third Symphony—a first movement that begins slowly and accelerates, two scherzos, and a slow finale—recalls that of Mahler's Ninth. (Mahler's first movement, however, is an andante with allegro elements.) The second scherzo stops to admit "windows" looking toward the finale—a device that Davies in his program note calls "shamelessly borrowed" from the corresponding Mahler movement. At a first hearing, the symphony is very easy to enjoy, for (as in Mahler's symphonies) there is much picturesque music. There are evocations of spacious landscape, of swelling seascape, of high, clear skies with birds wheeling overhead; a sudden, close flurry of bird song ends the first movement. There are perky clarinet tunes, poignant flute tunes, stirring brass salvos,



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336578-396572. Bach: Flute Sonatas—Rampal, flute; Pinnock, harpsichord, etc. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

338178. A Bach Celebration. Christopher Parkening plays music from Bach cantatas arr. for guitar and orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

338004-398008. Beethoven Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Tempest, 3 more. A. Brendel (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)

335075. Beethoven: Overtures—Coriolan, Egmont, Fidelio, Lenore, etc. Tennstedt, London Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

232496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2—Ozawa, Orch. National (*Digital*—Angel)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

332668. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Tennstedt cond. London Philharmonic Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

334243. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1—Weissenberg; Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Chailly, RSO Berlin (*Digital*—London)

329144. Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises—Ivan Moravec, piano (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

330100. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 2—Licad; Previn, London Phil. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

335679. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Andre Previn, cond. London Symphony (*Digital*—Angel)

304931. Debussy: Images For Orchestra; Prelude To An Afternoon Of A Faun—Previn, London Sym. (*Digital*—Angel)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72); **American Suite**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333575. Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstance Marches—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331314. Gershwin: An American In Paris—plus Grainger's *Fantasy on Porgy & Bess*—Labeque sisters (*Digital*—Angel)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (*Digital*—London)

332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (*Digital*—London)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4; more—Boskovsky cond. (Angel)

334508. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3—Cho-Liang Lin; Thomas con. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

328740. Mozart: Piano Concerto [illegible] (Coronation); **Rondos**—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337782. Mozart: Divertimento, K. 563—Kremer; Kashkashian; Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

330613. Mozart: Greatest Hits—Gould, Previn, Szell, others (CBS Masterworks)

321224. Mozart: Overtures—Don Giovanni; Cosi fan tutte; Marriage of Figaro; etc. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

338228. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Gounod: "Faust" Ballet Music—Dutoit, Orch. symphonique Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

334565. Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 (complete version)—Rattle and L.A. Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

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solemn drumbeats. But listening on this level does not conceal a challenge unmet. The symphony is also architecture, built on or of harmonies. It's like a great, intricate, beautiful building that the listener explores. The composer uses the image in his program note. The paired scherzos are likened to two viewings of a Renaissance church interior, the first from a central point, "with all the proportions revealed," the second as if from a side arcade, with everything skewed. The symphony, "throughout its four movements, articulates the same architectural outline," and the slow finale is a "double" (in the eighteenth-century sense) of the first, "giving the material time, now, to breathe and expand to its full expressive potential, and resolving the long-range harmonic tensions set up so far." The symphony does not, of course, "represent" a church, but "the theories of Brunelleschi, Alberti, Piero della Francesca, and Leonardo . . . together with a lot of time spent experiencing the buildings themselves, have influenced the tonal-modal thinking." The listener need hardly concern himself with the technical details. (One doesn't take a tape measure to San Lorenzo or to the Santa Maria Novella façade; Roy Howat's recent demonstration that Debussy probably constructed "La Mer"—and much else—precisely to golden-section proportions scarcely affects one's valuation, or perhaps even one's perception, of the music.) What matters is that the symphony seems, "feels," sounds shapely, and that at each hearing the details of its form and their relationships can be more clearly discovered. It's a symphony in D, with a "dominant" on G sharp; the harmonic perspectives are further defined by the minor thirds, F and B, that divide the tritones D–G-sharp–D. (These are also the harmonic regions of the two previous symphonies, in F and in B, respectively, and both also with tritone "dominants.") The tonality is spelled out clearly in the opening and closing pages. The final tonic is not sounded but is pointed to, plotted, like an unstated but all-important Renaissance *vanishing* point, by the notes that are there.

A Fourth Symphony is being planned. Before it, there comes the Violin Concerto, composed for Isaac Stern, and due at the Orkney Festival in June. Also the chamber opera "St. Francis of Assisi," a Trumpet Concerto, and a choral piece, "The Three Kings." Davies is a fecund composer. Almost each month seems to bring a première. And for this he has been chided by those subscribing to what Henry Chorley called the "huge and untenable fallacy" that incessant production necessarily compromises quality. Chorley was writing in defense of Donizetti—measured defense, to be sure, for he deemed Donizetti "essentially a second-rate composer"—but he extended the principle to embrace greater men: "With few exceptions, all the great musical composers have been fertile when once educated, and capable of writing with as much rapidity as ease. Bach, Handel (whose 'Israel' was completed in three weeks), Haydn (more of whose compositions are lost than live), Mozart—all men remarkable as *discoverers*, and renowned as classic authors—held the pens of ready writers." And such composers' "fancies are strengthened by the very process and passion of pouring them forth." It takes the resources of two publishing houses, Boosey & Hawkes and J. & W. Chester, to keep pace with Davies' output. The phonograph helps interested listeners to keep up. "Into the Labyrinth" and the Sinfonietta Accademica—two of three chamber-orchestra works that appeared in 1983, pointing a way toward the new "architectural" clarity of the Third Symphony—are now available coupled on a Unicorn record, distributed in this country by Harmonia Mundi. (The third of them was the Sinfonia Concertante). The long, powerful Piano Sonata (1981), which so far as I know has not yet been played in New York, is recorded by its dedicatee, Stephen Pruslin, on Auracle. The incantatory "Runes from a Holy Island" (1977) and the beautiful "Image, Reflection, Shadow" (1982), which have been played here, have also appeared on Unicorn.

Unicorn recordings of "Vesalii Icones" ("Images of Vesalius") and "Eight Songs for a Mad King"—two of four music-theatre pieces that Davies' ensemble, the Fires of London, brought to Alice Tully Hall in November and December—have long been available. The recordings are important, for in stage peformances of these works it is very easy to devote too much attention to the actor protagonist—a dancer in "Vesalius," a baritone in the "Eight Songs"—and miss the full drama that is being enacted by the six instruments. Both pieces in their day—they appeared in 1969—were Expressionist shockers: on the simplest level because a dancer, moving through the Stations of the Cross, appeared for a moment seemingly naked on the stage of the Queen Elizabeth Hall, and a baritone converted "Comfort ye, my people," from "Messiah," into a foxtrot; and on deeper levels because the scores challenged, tested, and taxed listeners' stock responses to familiar strains and "signifiers." Neither score has dated in the least; passing years and varied productions bring enhanced admiration for constructional strengths and richly wrought details. Both dramas are searing. If in the Tully Hall performances they proved less painful than usual, it was partly because the new George III, Andrew Gallacher, was the most lyrical and "musical" interpreter—the best *singer*—of the cycle I have yet heard, and the new "Vesalius" dancer, Mark Wraith, was less agonized than his predecessors had been; and partly, I suppose, because I was deliberately focussing on the musical discourse rather than the flamboyant theatrical surface. The Fires instrumentalists seemed to me to play the pieces more incisively and expressively than ever before. The players were Madeleine Mitchell (violin, viola), Helen Keen (flute), David Campbell (clarinet), Jonathan Williams (cello), Mr. Pruslin (piano, harpsichord), and Mark Glentworth (percussion). The first two and the last are new to the ensemble this season.

The other music-theatre pieces done were "Miss Donnithorne's Maggot" (1974) and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1978). Mary Thomas, who has been the Fires soprano since the ensemble's foundation, in 1967 (as the Pierrot Players), was in brilliant form as the mad, exuberantly moody Miss Donnithorne. (Her bridegroom jilted her on her wedding day, in 1856; she spent the remaining thirty years of her life in her wedding dress, a moldering wedding breakfast uncleared from her tables. Her only consolation was books; one of them may well have been "Great Expectations," published in 1861.) And I admired the "Jongleur" more than before—perhaps because, discounting the weakness of the dramatic presentation (which used to bother me), I listened intently to the purely musical content, which is not at all weak but athletic and inspired. Mr. Campbell's clarinet solo was especially notable.

In Tully Hall, the Fires also gave three performances of Davies' opera "The Lighthouse." This was the New York première. First performed at the 1980 Edinburgh Festival, "The Lighthouse" has been perhaps the most successful of recent operas, played widely in Europe, and in this country in Boston and Philadelphia; a San Diego production is due soon. The Fires sextet is here increased to an ensemble of twelve (horn, trumpet, trombone, viola, double-bass, and guitar are added), and there are three singers: tenor, baritone, and bass. Three lighthouse keepers, *à huis clos*, battered by sea and storm—the relief ship long overdue—and pressed by ghosts from guilt-racked memories, succumb to hallucinations, are seized by mutual hysteria, and become savage beasts. I described the action after the stunning Boston production, directed by Peter Sellars—a production in which staging and music became one. (The work's "most exhilarating and terrifying moments," Mr. Sellars wrote in a program note, "are driven by a Stravinskian precision and resource within a tightly organized structure.") The Fires production, conducted by the composer, was instrumentally even more vivid but theatrically feeble. Neil Mackie, who in 1980 sang the role of Sandy naturally and easily, with winning Scots vowels, had acquired a prim English elocution; lines like "Come on, Firebrand, we need a change of tack," tricky to bring off at the best of times, sounded faintly ridiculous. Christopher Keyte, the Blazes, was an improbable former Glasgow thug. And Mr. Gallacher lacked the coarse, gravelly bass-trombone force that Arthur must have. The music, however, and the wonderfully cogent instrumental playing carried the day.

It was disconcerting at all these Fires performances to find musical execution on the highest virtuoso and expressive level linked with amateurish theatrical presentation. Some excuses are easy to find: the limitations imposed by touring; too little rehearsal time in Tully Hall, perhaps; and the drawbacks of the place itself, too big for intimate performer-audience contact, and with dead (though clear) acoustics. But the Fires—a touring music-theatre ensemble—should have learned how to deal with these things. Davies, like other composers, has no doubt suffered from stage directors who treat dramas as raw material for their own extravagant fancies, and don't listen to what the music says and

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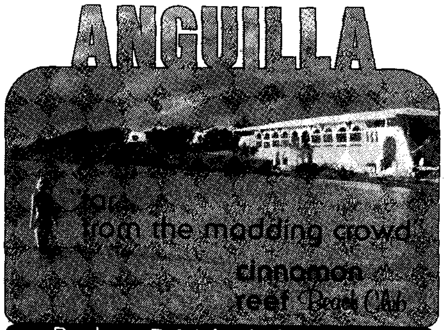

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does. But he and the players were not well served by direction as meekly respectful, as colorless, as fuzzy in detail as Brenda McLean's. (Miss Keen's portrayal of a frightened bullfinch, in the "Eight Songs," was one of the few pieces of vivid acting.) The lighting was inept. The Tully platform was shrouded in fusty black curtains; last year's "Belshazzar" and the semistaging of Virgil Thomson's "Lord Byron" shortly after the Fires' visit showed how much more theatrical the space is when, simply, the tall stage portals are thrown open as a set of receding wings. The organ pipes that provided a glinting backdrop for "Belshazzar" could have done the same for the "Jongleur" and the "Eight Songs." Last time the Fires visited New York, they played Symphony Space, and the place was packed. Lincoln Center's high prices—"Lighthouse" seats twenty-five dollars, the others twenty—must surely have deterred many young people who would otherwise have come.

DAVIES is busy with a large opera, "Resurrection," for Darmstadt. It is tempting to think that in his latest music-theatre piece, "The No. 11 Bus," he was gathering forces for it, retesting the ideas, devices, and techniques of the early Expressionist dramas, refining or reforging them in the light of what he has done since. The "Bus" had its première in London in 1984, and most of the critics were dismissive. ("I could easily have mistaken it for an end-of-term lark by a group of precocious fourth-formers": the *Financial Times.*) The American première—a single Fires performance brought to the Palace Theatre, Stamford, last month for the Stamford Center for the Arts—made a rather different impression.

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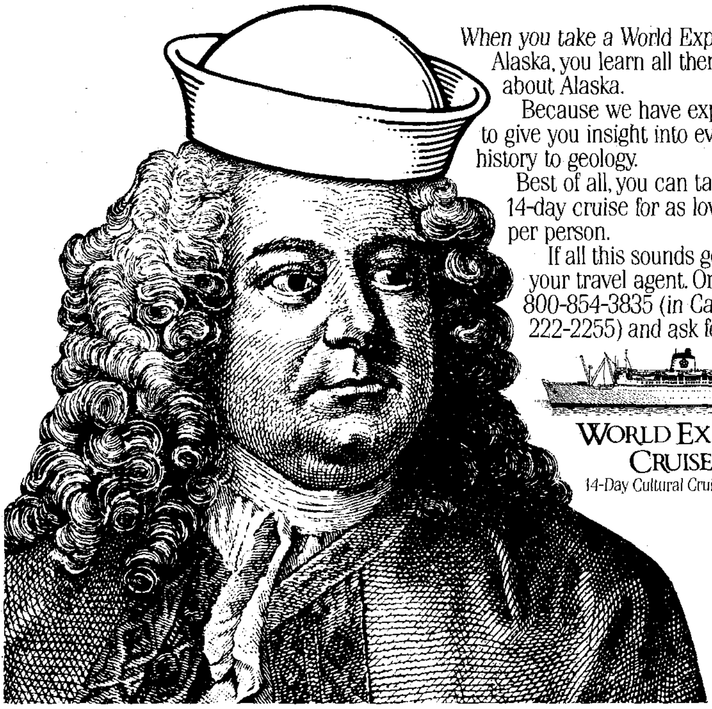

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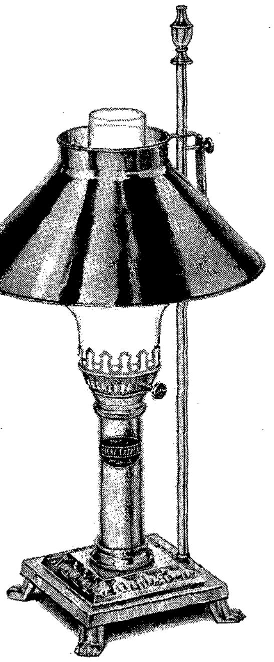

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sequence of its episodes. Traversals of a "magic square" (a block of figures all of whose columns, vertical and horizontal, yield the same sum) guided the musical transformations of the sixteen sections. The "compositional aids," of course, are no more important to the listener than Bach's or Berg's numerology, or Harrison Birtwistle's sheets of computer-generated random numbers. "The No. 11 Bus"—the score bears the dates November, 1983, at the start, and January 14, 1984, at the close—seems to have been composed in a sustained, exuberant burst of inspiration.

The pianist is the driver of the bus, the percussionist is the bus conductor, and the four other instrumentalists are passengers. The musical conductor is a policeman on his podium. Three singers (mezzo-soprano, tenor, and baritone), two dancers, and a mime play many roles along the route. All Davies' preoccupations and obsessions come crowding in: the use of magic squares, the tarot, plainchant, hymnody, and parody as compositional tools; the sounds of exotic or homely percussion (rubber plunger and plastic bucket); thoughts of materialism, violence, evil, Antichrist, the Pope, aspects of the Church that have long called forth some of Davies' fiercest, bitterest music; compassion for simple, suffering people leading simple, ordinary lives; the schoolboy humors of such a piece as his "Cinderella." It's a bewildering and uncomfortable work; so much anger and so many jokes cannot comfortably be packed into its fifty or so minutes. It calls for quicksilver responsiveness on the listeners' part: invitations to laughter are followed by assaults. Davies' transformation techniques move at their swiftest pace. Mr. Pruslin, who knows Davies' music from the inside, said before the London première that the "Bus" was "technically and musically even harder than the Piano Sonata or the Second Symphony." I believe it. There was more than could be taken in at a single, excited hearing.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—State Senator James H. McLaughlin, Republican of Woodbury, was walking across the Charles River one chilly evening recently, gazing at the lights of the Boston skyline. "Every time I look at that view, I say to myself, 'I can't believe I'm at Harvard.' "—*New Milford (Conn.) Litchfield County Times.*

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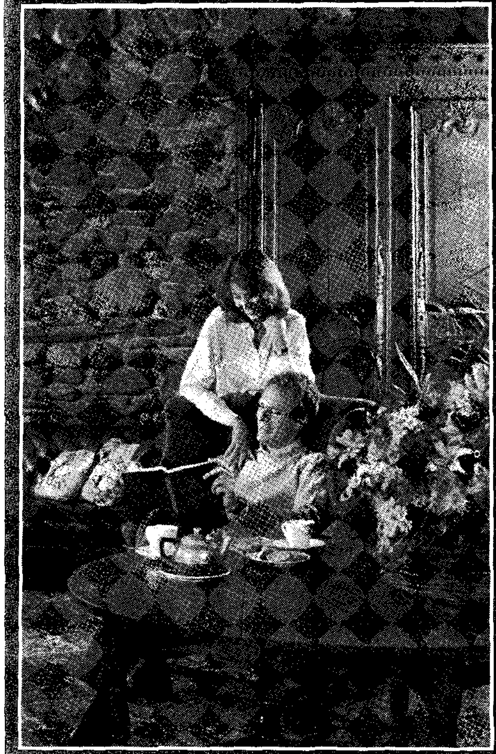

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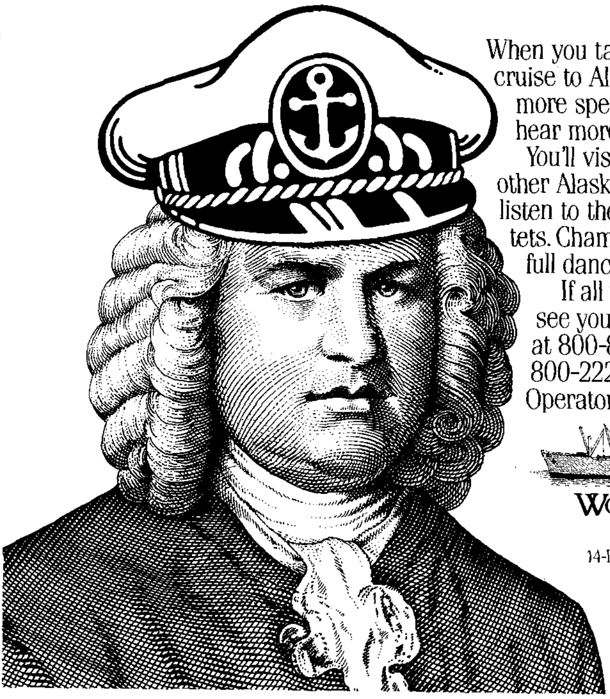

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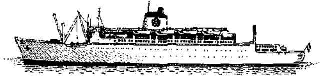

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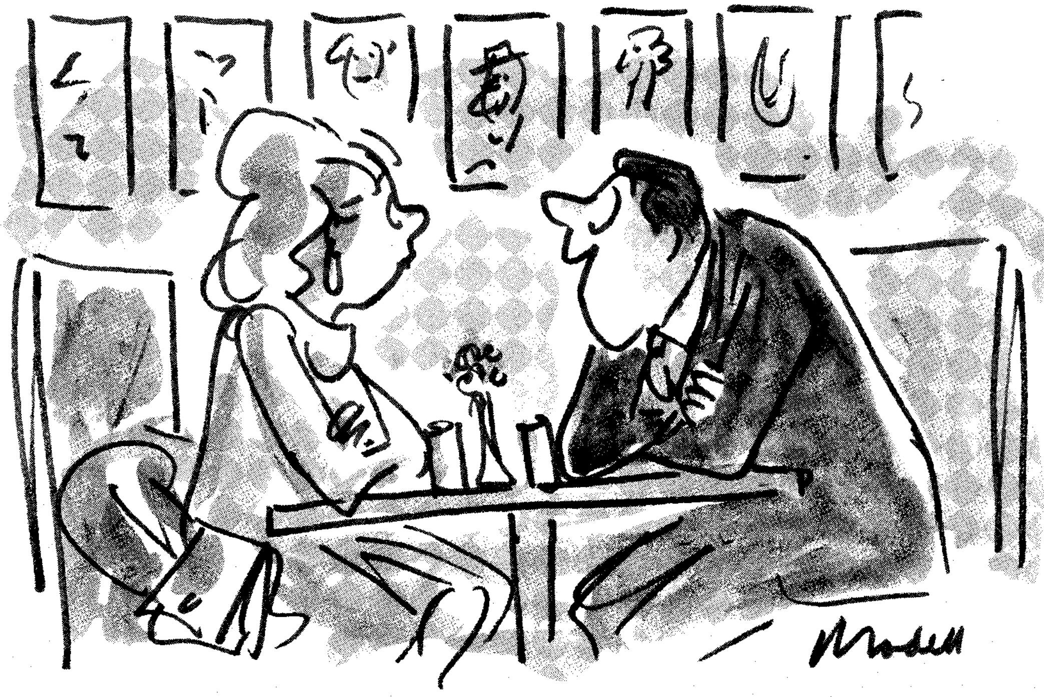
KUROSAWA has said of his epic spectacle "Ran" that it is "human deeds as viewed from heaven," and the film gives you the feeling that you're looking down from a great height. Even its fiercest battles are serene, as if preordained. In the publicity, the Japanese word *ran* is defined as "chaos," but that's a loose translation. "Riot" or "war" or "uprising" would be more like it, and in terms of the film's emotional tone this fighting is seen from a detached point of view. Kurosawa says that his primary influence in the work (which he had been planning—and trying to finance—for nearly ten years) was the legend of a sixteenth-century warlord who retired to live in peace after dividing his lands among his three devoted sons. Kurosawa turned the legend upside down to demonstrate that a lord who achieved his wealth by brutalizing everyone who stood in his path couldn't retire and have a tranquil old age—that at the first sign of weakness he'd be a target. Then Kurosawa thought of "King Lear," and it's clear that he drew from Shakespeare's characters and plot. But without Shakespeare's language this warlord Lear isn't a towering figure with raging emotions. Viewed from heaven, he's just a speck, like everyone else. As Kurosawa presents him, this lord has no psychological interior; he's a symbolic figure—almost a puppet. And this Lear, the seventy-year-old Lord Hidetora Ichimonji (Tatsuya Nakadai), has earned every bit of his punishment. "Ran" is like "Lear" as a silent film unfolding inexorably. In a massacre at a fortress on the slopes of Mt. Fuji, where Hidetora sees his retinue and his concubines butchered by his own sons' troops, Kurosawa cuts off the noise of the flaming arrows and the cries of the warriors and their victims; the carnage is a horror show, an elegiac ballet with no sound but Toru Takemitsu's harshly poignant music. The imagery here is suddenly fluid, with warriors running this way and that in flattened perspective—they're like a winding river on a Japanese screen.

In 1954, when Kurosawa made "The Seven Samurai," he was perhaps the most dynamic (and Shakespearean) of all moviemakers. "The Seven Samurai" is an action film; its spirit is unruly—it's about what can't be tamed. But now he shows no interest in dynamics. (People go on writing that he's the most Western of Japanese directors, but that hasn't been the case for a long time.) "Ran" is *about* action—action viewed pictorially from a godlike distance—and for its first forty minutes or so the picture seems dead. It still has two hours to go, though, and I found myself becoming attuned to its magisterial style, and the measured preparation for the choreographed scenes, with their color-coded troops. Yellow banners designate the soldiers of Hidetora's eldest son, Taro; red banners are for the middle son, Jiro; and blue for the loyal, if brusque and tactless, Cordelia figure—the youngest son, Saburo. The film is a totally conceptualized work—perhaps the biggest piece of conceptual art ever made. Kurosawa doesn't want to drag us into the muck of battle; he's absorbed in logistics—in the conceiving of the shots. The brilliant colors on the performers and the clarity of these tones against enormous landscapes make the figures look helpless, miniaturized. They're easy targets for each other; you might say that they dress as targets—certainly the soldiers do.

Kurosawa's approach has its flaws and its peculiarities. That long opening that makes you drowsy is a heavy dose of preparation, and there are too many sequences where you wait for the point—such as the scenes with Jiro's wife, Lady Sué, a peaceful Buddhist in pastels and floral prints, and those with her blind, flute-playing brother. And Hidetora's honest and loving Fool, Kyoami—played by a glamorous transvestite pop singer, who is known in Japan simply as Peter—wears a version of motley that suggests pajamies, and prances about in a way that is probably supposed to indicate freedom but comes across as wholesome and self-conscious. Kyoami is like a well-heeled, serious-minded college girl dressed as a clown for a charity benefit, and the sexual ambiguity is puzzling, especially since no one on the screen appears to notice it. (This Fool and this Lear just don't go together, though we get the idea that Kurosawa, at seventy-five, may see himself as half one, half the other.) In the early scenes, at a boar hunt where Hidetora announces the decision to divide his property he is painted to resemble a demon, and later, when he has gone mad and the violent acts he committed come back to haunt him, his scraggly white hair and red-rimmed eyes suggest a sorrowful scarecrow. Hidetora's painted, masklike appearance (with its evoca-



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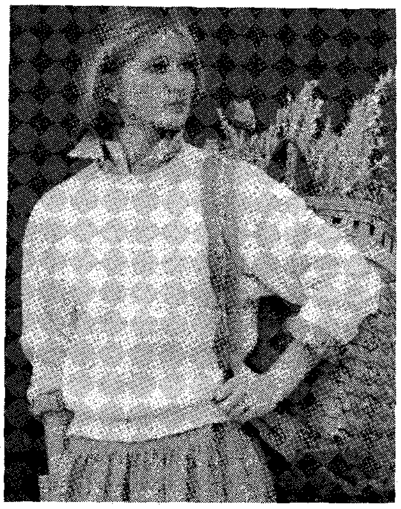

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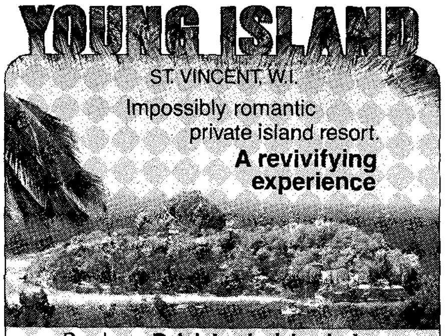

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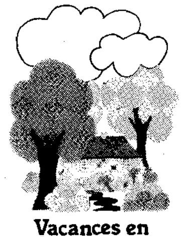

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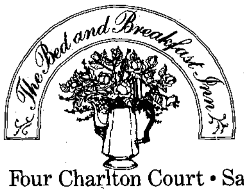
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tion of Noh drama) might be affecting in its own terms if the externals of the Lear story didn't set up expectations—for Western audiences, at least—of Lear's depth of suffering and Shakespeare's bursts of passion. As the role is played, Hidetora is rash but so paper-thin that he doesn't seem capable of the blood lust he must have had when he struck down whole families and gouged out a child's eyes. (It was he who blinded Lady Sué's brother.) Tatsuya Nakadai's Hidetora doesn't suggest the ferocious past ascribed to him, and he doesn't move like an old man, either—he's a painted actor impersonating a stylized figure of tottering old age.

Shakespeare's "Lear" is about primary emotions. Lear is attacked by those he never harmed; he stands for every undeservedly abused parent figure who believed in his children's show of love for him. Hidetora is the victim of his own misdeeds. He and his dynastic plans for the House of Ichimonji are undone by a vengeance planned by his son Taro's wife, Lady Kaede (Mieko Harada), whose family Hidetora wiped out. Essentially, "Ran" is about color and pattern, the formality and pageantry of warfare, and the fun of melodrama. Very still and seemingly passive, her eyes modestly averted, Lady Kaede is a demon whose every breath is devoted to the destruction of the Ichimonji. And though this plot element diminishes the meaning of the Lear story as we know it, it has a pragmatic appeal (Kurosawa is saying, "Hey, a big lord like that didn't get where he is without stepping on toes"), and it gives the movie some nasty, sexual peppiness.

With the director's having planned virtually every shot in advance, the actors don't have much room for creative participation. (That's part of what makes the early section seem dead.) But Mieko Harada, performing in the stylized manner of Isuzu Yamada's Lady Macbeth in "Throne of Blood" and Machiko Kyo in "Rashomon," has the chance to play a perfectly behaved wife who hides her feelings under a demure expression. She's the only character who gets to pull us in, and there's some theatrical charge and comedy in seeing that what's inside her is pure hatred. She draws blood and kicks the plot forward. (Women viewers may be more likely than men to register that Lady Kaede can hold to her plan of vengeance against the Ichimonji clan because she has no children.) The actress's finest moment is also a triumph of the sound engineer: having become Taro's widow, Lady Kaede glides across the floor on her knees, her silks rustling and hissing, as she moves to seduce Jiro.

At the climax, when four color-coded armies, with their plumes and armor and insignia, are poised on the landscape, you're *seeing* the conception. The whole movie has been pointing to this setup. And the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. The conception is not one that lends itself to the movies, but he's carried it out anyway. He has done what he couldn't quite do in his last film, "Kagemusha," in 1980. He has made all the preparation pay off. One army advances, and another, which has taken cover in a woodland, fires at the exposed men; the orange-red flashes that come from among the trees are extravagantly beautiful, and the use of timpani in the score helps to create a neo-barbaric mood. And Kurosawa has marshalled the heavens to his purposes: the changes in the light, the war clouds, the wind, the sun are all part of his absorption in logistics. Hidetora has no psychology; but we enter into his temperament in a different way. When he wanders over a windswept volcanic crater and the clouds churn, the convulsive natural world is his interior landscape—his own brutal psyche is taking revenge on him. This epic is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. Kurosawa's pride in his command of the medium is indistinguishable from his command of the elements.

"THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL" is the kind of small picture that actors revere, because what you see on the screen is nothing but actors acting. "Bountiful" has a director, Peter Masterson, in what is referred to as his first film, but he hasn't made his first film yet. What he has done here is put the cameras at a discreet distance from the actors and stand back. (The material is still so nakedly a play that if two characters are on the set and one leaves, a third has to come rushing on.) The dialogue, which Horton Foote adapted from his 1953 teleplay, is stage dialogue, devised to carry the play and set its rhythms, and it has an archaic, overcalculated ring to it. This play was always thin and musty—Foote himself must have sensed that back in 1953, when he set it in 1947. Actors lust for character-sketch roles like the ones here, but they don't really flower in them; they look as if they were giving well-prepared, slightly ponderous demonstrations in front of an acting class. In the central role (the part played by Lillian Gish on "The Goodyear Television Playhouse" in 1953, and on Broadway later that year), Geraldine Page gives the sort of controlled all-out performance that makes actors in the audience say, "Isn't she great? Isn't it wonderful to see her in a part she can sink her teeth into?" The answers are "Yes, but not here" and "No." People love to see the triumph of the human spirit in an actress playing a baggy-housedress role, and Page's old-age pensioner Carrie Watts wears some fine seat-sprung specimens, but the camera here is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, and we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting.

Carrie Watts lives in a small Houston apartment with her sad, defeated, middle-aged son (John Heard) and his shrill, indolent wife (Carlin Glynn), who is constantly at her—picking on her in humiliating ways. The son is caught between his affection for his mother and his wife, who have their petty clashes over and over. The wife's worst complaint is that Carrie sings hymns as she goes about the cooking and tidying. (Shall we have a moment's silence in recognition of this sterling bit of dramaturgy?) The movie is about Carrie Watts' longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Along the way, she meets a soldier's young wife (Rebecca De Mornay) and a Texas sheriff (Richard Bradford), but the movie is underpopulated. Geraldine Page is the whole shebang, and she's fun to watch (at first): she lights up with girlish smiles; she lets her face sag and go mushy; she even displays a streak of old-lady flirtatiousness. But the effects lose their power when they're repeated.

Like "Tender Mercies," which Horton Foote also wrote, "The Trip to Bountiful" is a "spiritual" picture. It's a tribute to the decency of the common people who just barely scrape by, who endure by doing the best they can. It's about how we should love the timid, the drab, the failures, even the bitchy (like the daughter-in-law). And it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. You see the glow in Carrie Watts' face, and, of course, it's there in her hymns. Foote wants "The Trip to Bountiful" to be a hymn; he's trying to make something poetic out of plain, everyday American life. And at one point, when Carrie talks to a small-town stationmaster and they both enjoy their ritual exchange of commonplace remarks, Foote does hit something nifty and comic. But he can't make poetry out of material as laundered and denatured as what he comes up with here. All he and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace.

MOVIES about the American War of Independence have traditionally been failures. Trying to find a style that seemed right for the period, the actors became stilted and cut themselves off from the audience. The opposite approach—playing the characters as if they were contemporaries—has its own perils. Hugh Hudson goes so far in this direction in "Revolution" that the picture is certifiably loony from its first minutes, when a crowd on Broadway in July of 1776 pulls down a gilded statue of George III on a horse. An equestrian statue of George III actually was pulled down in 1776. (It contained enough lead to make forty-two thousand bullets.) Yet the way Hudson, trying for an exciting mob, for hue and cry, for immediacy, has staged the scene, with several hundred extras milling around obligingly and a feeble hubbub on the soundtrack, it's like watching an opera chorus of peasants or gypsies. The rock star Annie Lennox, of the Eurythmics, turns up in a raffish, tight-fitting blouse as the spirit of liberty inciting the rabble to action. Nastassja Kinski, in a bonnet, hops out of a carriage—an instant, slogan-shouting convert to the cause of freedom. This introductory sequence is the American Revolution as you might expect to see it on MTV.

The picture's star, Al Pacino, appears in the harbor in a boat, as Tom Dobb, a Glasgow-born frontiersman who grew up in the Adirondack wilderness and has come downriver, with his young son, Ned, to trade pelts and hides for provisions. Tom's boat is confiscated by the revolutionaries, his son is hornswoggled into the militia, Tom himself joins up to protect the boy, and soon he's a tough guerrilla fighter, waving the flag. Kinski, who's his inspiration, is assisting at field amputations, and she's running supply wagons through enemy lines. As an

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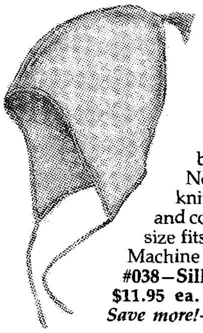

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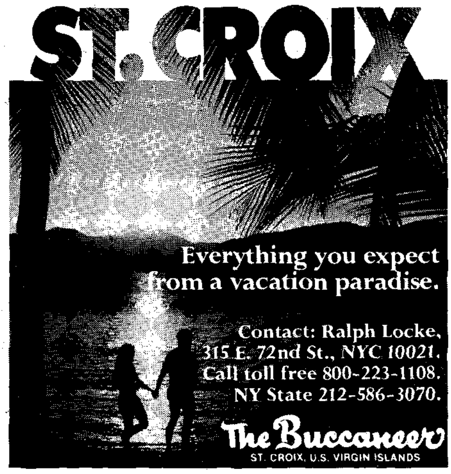
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eighteenth-century trapper, Pacino talks with a Scots accent but in the rhythms of the Bronx, and Kinski—Daisy McConnahay her name is here—has Joan Plowright for a mother. Daisy's father is a wealthy merchant who socializes with the British aristocracy, but Daisy is inflamed with rebelliousness—she seems hectic and feverish, and keeps oozing tears. When her mother insists that she attend a ball, she shows where her sympathies lie by taking a flag out of one of her Tory sisters' three-foot-high coiffures and jabbing it into a lord's groin. The lord calls her "a Yankee bitch whore," and her mother throws her out of the McConnahay house.

Hudson and the scriptwriter, Robert Dillon, present the War of Independence as a primal, Oedipal revolt of the Colonies against the parent country, and the relationships of Ned and Tom, Daisy and her mother, and several other sets of characters are meant to be variations on the larger revolutionary pattern. Hudson dabbles in both Freud and Marx. When Plowright's Mrs. McConnahay is miffed at Daisy, she takes out her pettish rage by whacking a slave girl in the face with a bunch of flowers. The redcoat officers are sadistic swine. The officers of the militia are bums and bullies—when they're on horseback, they routinely whack the foot soldiers with their riding crops.

"Revolution" goes from 1776 to the end of combat, in 1783, plunging us into gritty, muddy restagings of famous campaigns, but we don't find out what's going on in these campaigns, or *what their importance is in the* course of the war. When Hudson wants to involve us, he stages his centerpieces—two torture orgies. In the first, redcoat officers and dissolute, effete English aristocrats have a full-dress fox hunt, with packs of hounds, and Tom Dobb and another Colonist as the foxes. In the second, little Ned Dobb is carried off by a redcoat sergeant major to be a drummer-boy-in-training—i.e., a catamite. Chosen for the night by a general, Ned bites his hand, and the sergeant major (Donald Sutherland, with a big, black, hairy mole on his jowl), a rabid disciplinarian and sexual psychopath, has him strapped to a cannon and proceeds to whip him on the soles of his feet, and whip him and whip him. Hudson can't seem to get enough of the scene, which is followed by the longest, most outré emotional display in the movie. Tom rescues Ned, darting off with the boy in his arms. Then, in a cavern, he *holds the boy tight against his chest* while he whispers and murmurs comforting words: his life story—how he was orphaned on the streets of Glasgow as a child and shipped to the Colonies, and how they're going to make a better world for themselves. He keeps talking while kindly Indians apply poultices to the boy's raw flesh, and cauterize the wounds, burning him and burning him. The film comes to a standstill for this anguished monologue in closeup accompanied by Ned's screams. It's the movie's big number—it's when Tom finally understands what he has been fighting for.

Hudson has Pacino, in eighteenth-century homespun, spouting lines such as "My mouth belongs anywhere I put it" while people in the audience stare at each other, as if to say, "Did you hear that?" Everything in the movie seems dissociated: a rabbi addressing a rebel soldier, "Go back to your guns—shalom, Israel Davis;" the Indians, with their folk medicine; the grown-up Ned marrying a Jewish girl named Bella; a line on the soundtrack to inform us that the blacks are still in bondage. The ads for "Revolution" show Pacino and the American flag; he isn't wrapped up in it, like Stallone in the ads for "Rocky IV," but the association with Stallone is established, and it's established within the film, too. Just after the victory has been won, Tom, the loudmouth who's going to have his say, delivers a speech in the spirit of "Rambo"—it's about the country's failure to appreciate those who fought in the war. Searching the wharves, looking for Daisy, he also passes a visual reminder of Stallone—a boxing ring with black and white contestants. When Tom finds his Daisy among the people celebrating peace, what is the angelic freedom fighter doing? She's kissing children—a random bunch of little tots. She sees Tom and runs into his arms, and we hear a reprise of his monologue to Ned—his words about making "a place where our babies can sleep safe through the night." "Revolution" is so bad it puts you in a state of shock. The credits include one for "keening" (by Catherine Kenny), and that's about all you can do for this movie.

—PAULINE KAEL

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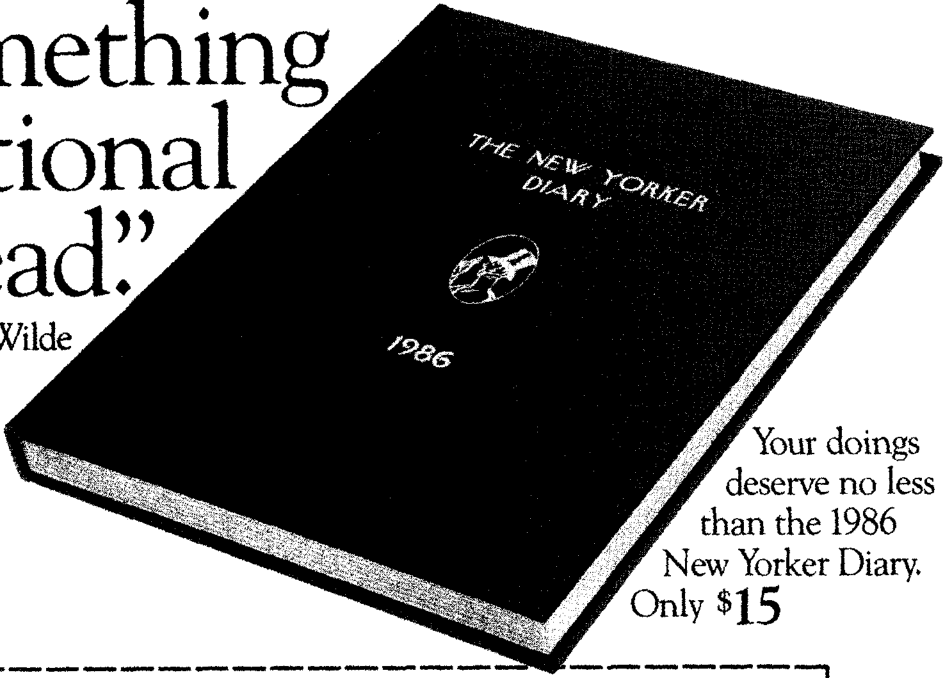

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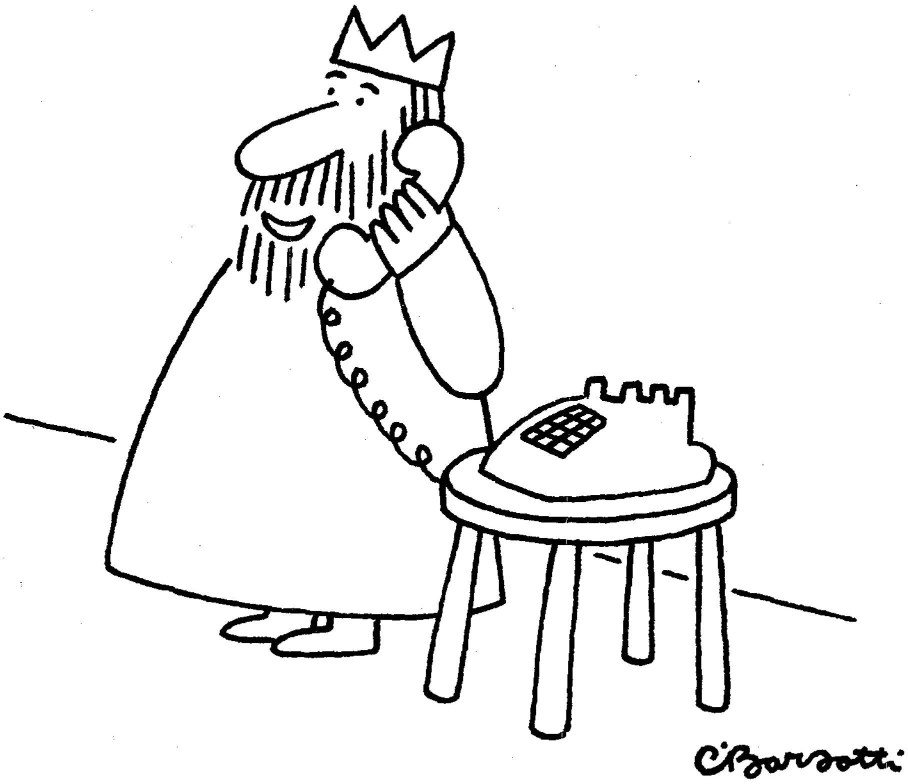
JAZZ

A Decent Life

THE duet has come into wide use in jazz. Long regarded as a novelty, a diversion, an afterthought, duets were nonetheless recorded (or reported) in the twenties, thirties, and forties by Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver, by Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang, by Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines, by Lang and Lonnie Johnson, by Armstrong and Django Reinhardt, by Bill Coleman and Reinhardt, and by Duke Ellington and Jimmy Blanton. The most difficult instrumental combination in jazz, the duet has nothing in common with the soloist, on one side, or the trio, on the other. The soloist is a narcissist who sets his own boundaries, goals, and speeds, who makes his own weather. The trio is a crowd, a small band. A duet is like a railroad car: it is indivisible and runs on parallel tracks. Its members must be altruists, teachers, friends, and instigators. Each must match but never outmatch the other. A duet should be as seamless as an egg and as intricate as a snowflake. Duets began to be fashionable twenty years ago, partly because they didn't cost much and partly because young jazz musicians, full of technique and invention, were looking for new challenges. At first, these duets were made up of guitar and bass or two guitars, and most of them were born at the Guitar, which flourished in the early seventies at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. Then came piano and bass (now the most prevalent duet), guitar and trombone, two pianos, guitar and tenor saxophone, piano and guitar, and piano and tenor saxophone. Several years ago, an entire concert of duets was given at the Kool Jazz Festival in New York. With few exceptions, the duets that have appeared have been transitional—brought together for recording dates or night-club engagements. The chief exception is that of the guitarist Gene Bertoncini and the bassist Michael Moore, who have been together, work permitting, for over ten years.

The Bertoncini-Moore duet moves on the same swinging, uncluttered plane as the John Kirby sextet, the Red Norvo trio, and the Modern Jazz Quartet. It favors brevity, gracefulness, and subtlety. It has no show business; it celebrates music. It is harmonically up-to-date and acoustically old-fashioned. (Neither man uses much amplification—and Bertoncini often plays an unamplified classical guitar—yet the two achieve a full sound.) Its arrangements, done by Bertoncini, are direct and unfussy; they frame and underline the solos, and they point up the melodic beauties of its repertory. This repertory includes some seventy-five numbers, many of which have a classical bias. Unlike the Kirby band and the Modern Jazz Quartet, both of which also had a classical bias, the Bertoncini-Moore duet eliminates the line between classical and jazz. Each kind of music reaches over and borrows from the other. Bertoncini joins Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte" to Mitchell Parish's "The Lamp Is Low," which is based on the Ravel. He turns George Gershwin's "Prelude No. 2" into a blues with gospel overtones. He combines "Greensleeves" with Jerome Kern's "Yesterdays" and a Chopin prelude with "How Insensitive." He makes a samba out of Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise" and a waltz out of Bach's "Siciliano." Here is how the Ravel-Parish goes: Bertoncini plays the Ravel melody a cappella and ad lib. Then he and Moore do "The Lamp Is Low" in bossa-nova time. There is a loose, winding interlude for both men, a pause, and Bertoncini starts a snapping, medium-tempo improvisation on "The Lamp Is Low." He takes two choruses, and gives way to Moore, who takes one. They exchange eight-bar solos and close with an ad-lib eight-bar rumination on "The Lamp Is Low." Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise" is very different. It is largely an opportunity to hear Moore stretch out on two arco solos. Bertoncini adds a fretwork of chords to the first, then plays the melody by himself. He slips into a samba rhythm and solos with Moore playing pizzicato behind him. Moore returns with his bow, and Bertoncini sends up sprays of chords. Bertoncini and Moore also play standards, and they have a particular affection for Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. They do "Mood Indigo" and "Sophisticated Lady" and "Caravan" and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," and they make a serenade out of combining Strayhorn's "Lush Life" and "Isfahan."

Although the Bertoncini-Moore duet is a musical democracy, it is, to all intents and purposes, Bertoncini's group. He founded it, he writes its arrangements, and he does the booking and generally keeps the group on the track. He is an affecting, highly original guitarist, who moves easily back and forth between classical and



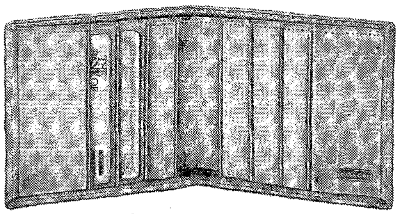
"Why, James. James the Munificent. How good it is to hear from you."

jazz guitar. Moore speaks of Bertoncini with near-reverence. “Gene is one of the few people I totally trust,” he said not long ago. “He’s a *good* person, and he’s a gentleman. He goes beyond being likable. He gets across to people. With a few words, they are charmed and in his camp. Club owners treat him better than they do most other musicians. Gene has a soft way about him, and he doesn’t seem like a go-getter, but he’s very businesslike and he works constantly for the duo. We first met in Salt Lake City. I was doing a clinic with Marian McPartland, and he had a duo with the bassist Linc Milliman. Later, in New York, I subbed for Milliman, and it went so well that Gene and I did a few duo jobs. We’ve been together ten years, and it’s been an ongoing, developing thing. I wish we could find more work—maybe for three good months of the year. The duo is Gene’s main thing, and it’s become much closer to the center of my musical life than it was. With all my bread-and-butter gigs, I used to keep one foot out the door, but that’s changing. We’ve talked about how being in a duo is like being married. We’ve had arguments and scenes. I’ve gone through periods when I was angry about everything, when I was impossible. But Gene worried about me rather than about himself or the music. I’ve matured, and we’re much closer now. Gene has always had a great conception of what a duo like ours should be. He never chooses a song unless it moves him, so he chooses unusual things. I wouldn’t pick some of them, but I find myself going along easily. I always hated combining classical music and jazz, but Gene has made me like it. He can take Ravel’s ‘Pavane’ or Gershwin’s ‘Prelude No. 2’ and not disturb it but make it flow together with jazz. It’s the same with Bach and Chopin and Rachmaninoff. Gene’s arrangements are flexible, and they’re also nets. If you’re having a bad evening, that net is there and you know the music will never fall below a certain professional level.

“Gene is a unique guitarist. He didn’t grow up as a jazz player. He had classical music in his background, and he used to do a lot of club dates—dances, parties, bar mitzvahs. He never plays for himself, the way most guitarists do. He wants people to like his music, but without our having in any way to sell out. He’s not fettered by what’s hip. He hasn’t listened widely in jazz. Sometimes when he solos, I don’t hear *any* influences. It’s all him. He has a great ear and perfect pitch and he can read anything. He does harmonic things I’ve never heard any other guitarist do. Improvisation used to be a means for him, but it has slowly become an end. What he’s after is beautiful melody. He’s a melodic improviser. He’s moved by all good melody—that strain is in everything he does. He can be very insecure about his playing. It’s the Christian thing: I’m not worthy, and all that. And playing in front of people is very hard for him. It’s one thing to go out there and do ‘I Got Rhythm’ and another to do a Bach Lute Suite. His life, his experiences, his feelings—all of them center on his guitar.”

Bertoncini feels as intensely about Moore. “You can really hear the music in a duo,” he said recently. “It’s not covered up, it’s not limited. The two instruments can breathe together. The more we play an arrangement, the more Michael comes up with and the fresher it sounds. There is nothing about him as a player that I don’t admire. Years ago, when I worked in the Philharmonic Café after concerts, Michael used to sit in and play the arco parts. I was bowled over by the warmth of his sound, and I still prefer him to any classical bassist. He is also a great pizzicato accompanist, and a brilliant improviser. I don’t know anyone on any instrument who takes you on a melodic trip like Michael. I love to watch people responding to his solos. I consider him one of the great living jazz musicians. We’ve always thought of the music as being bigger than either of us. I’ve seen a dark side to Michael on occasion, but he cares about my feelings and I care about his. We’ve certainly never mistreated each other. Sometimes the response to one of our pieces is such that we will play a tune off the top of our heads. But I’ve never believed in jamming in front of people. It’s nice to offer your audience a way in and a way out.”

BERTONCINI is medium-sized. He has a cautious, guitarist’s handshake and a guitarist’s stoop. His eyes, brown and wide apart, are set back under gray eyebrows. These announce a tangle of gray hair. He speaks in a soft, withdrawing voice. You have to lean in to hear him, you have to get on his lee side. His frequent smiles and easy laugh give his words an amiable, self-effacing edge, and so does the way he moves his head up and down when he talks. He lives in a third-floor



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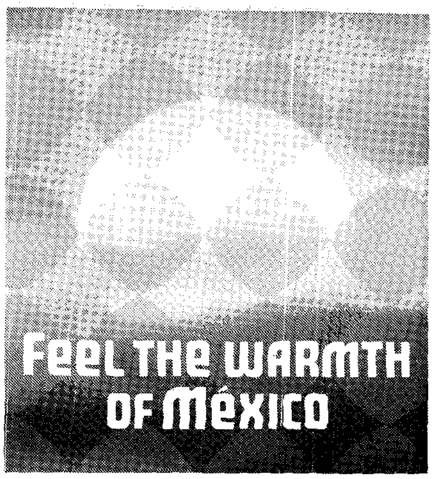
walkup in the East Sixties, and his apartment is a nest. The main room is divided between a tiny bedroom, which has a desk and a television, and a slightly larger living room, which has a sofa, assorted chairs, and a fireplace. The fireplace tools include a putter, and a golf ball sits in an ashtray on the floor. There is a chair, a music stand, and a guitarist's footrest between the fireplace and a big south window. A classical guitar rests on the chair. A large needlepoint of Picasso's "Three Musicians" hangs over the sofa. A kitchen, bathroom, and foyer complete the arrangement. The light that pours in the window seems to make the place even more compact. Bertoncini talked about himself one recent morning.

"It's not easy to be spontaneous on the guitar," he said. "The fingerboard itself is a maze. You never know it completely. There are four positions for every note. A pianist, after all, can *see* his voicings. The way I think of it, you have to do a lot of work before you can play jazz on the guitar. You have to have a thorough harmonic grounding, you have to know about intervallic relationships, you have to practice the scales—major, minor, altered—on every string, and use every fret. You have to know the harmonic windage of the instruments you play with. You have to listen to the improvisers who move you—and only a handful have that special magic. Then, after you have done all that, you have to forget everything you have learned and just play. When I first improvised, at the age of sixteen, music poured out. Of course, I didn't really know what I was doing. The instrument was playing me, and there are still times when it does. I work constantly at my improvising. It's the old business of telling a story. I try to sing a nice song on my guitar over the structure of the tune. I stay aware of the melody and the harmony. I push the intuitive and the intellectual together, even though one sometimes clouds the other up. I touch every note I play. One of the mysteries of improvising is fitting the right feelings to the song—finding the right inflection instead of just stringing eighth notes together. The more you know a song, the easier improvising is apt to be. That's why jazz musicians play certain songs again and again. I'm very close to 'All the Things You Are.' I never lose my place in it. I don't have to think about where it's going. When I improvise on it, it feeds me. I practice four or five hours a day. I like to keep my guitar at hand all the time, and the only time I'm without it is when life tells me I have to be. Then I worry that overnight I might lose everything I have dug out of it.

"I was born in the Bronx, near Mount Vernon, on April 6, 1937. My father and mother were both Italian. His name was Mario, and hers was—is—Anita. I have one brother—Renate, or Renny. He's three years older, and he used to play jazz accordion. My father played guitar and harmonica. He was from Piacenza, in northern Italy, and my mother was from Parma. They lived in nearby villages, but they met here. My father was born in 1901, and he came over in 1917. My mother was born in 1906 and came over when she was five. My father was a handsome, sweet man, a giving person. He was very positive. He set in motion my appreciation of beautiful things. He was always pointing out the beautiful sky and the beautiful air and the beautiful trees. He was a man of the earth who could do anything with his hands. I remember a pear tree he had done some grafting on. One kind of pear grew on one branch and another kind on another branch. When I was little, he bought a house that was a wreck, and within a year he had made it into a palace. Ten years later, he bought another wreck, and this time my brother and I helped rebuild it. What a lot of love there was between us! My dad had worked as a waiter in the Bronx. In the late forties, he went into partnership in a restaurant—Joe's, on Third Avenue between Sixtieth and Sixty-first. He was involved in it twenty-five years. Then he retired and moved up to East Durham, in the Catskills. Joe's was simple and inexpensive, with good food—the kind of place that is just about gone in Manhattan. My father taught me to judge a place by the freshness and originality of its salads and by its Parmesan cheese. He always had escarole in his salad, and his Parmesan cheese was freshly grated and came either from Italy or from Argentina, which makes fine Parmesan. I moved into this apartment twenty-five years ago, and I used to eat dinner with my father every night. He died in 1978. My mother lives near my brother in Dobbs Ferry, and I'm very proud of her. She is not without the pains of age, but she still has her own apartment and drives a car and has her spirit of life. She nurtured my sensi-



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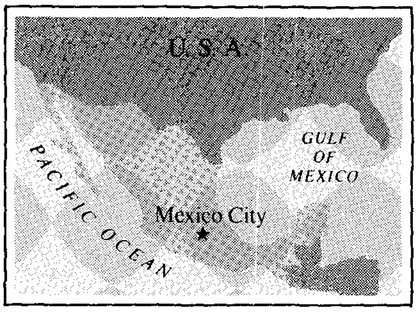

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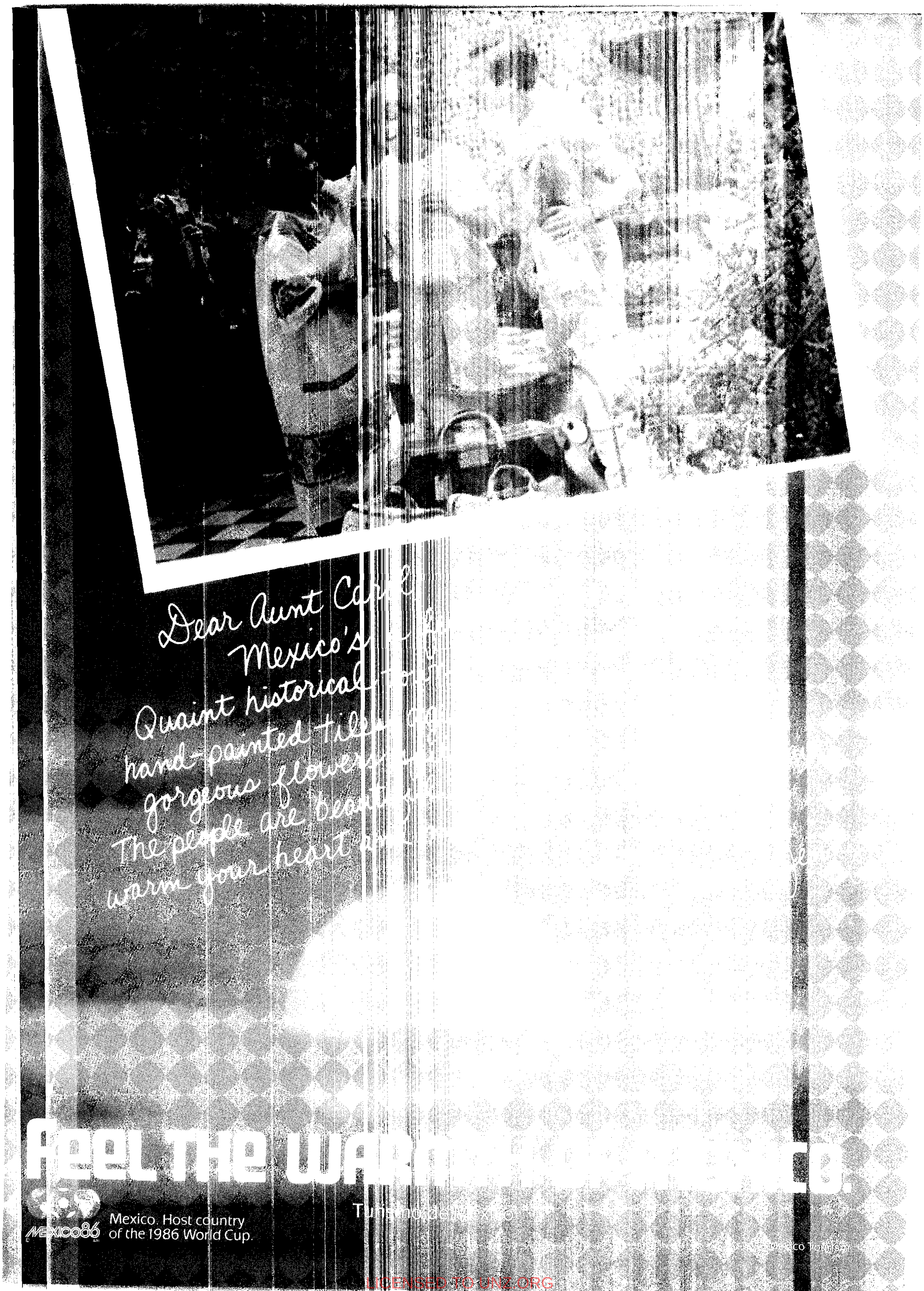

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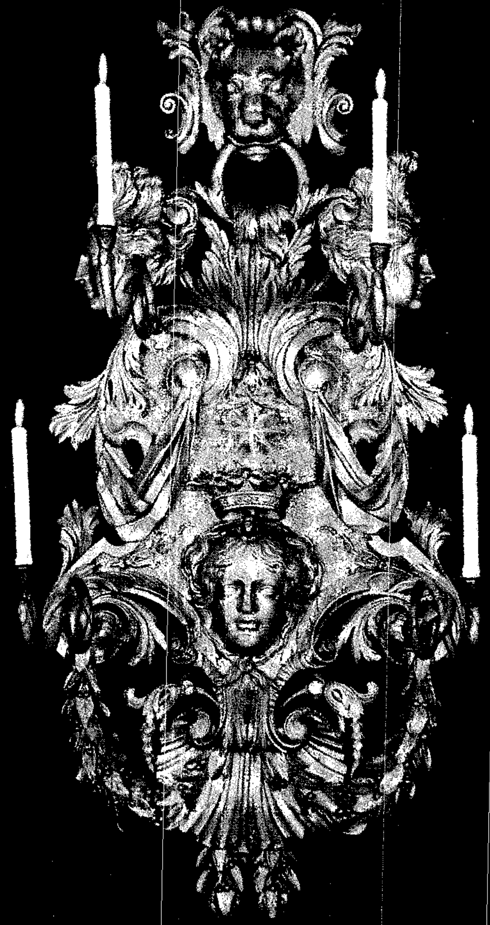

Gilt Wall Sconce by William Kent, c.1730. Knole, Kent. The National Trust.

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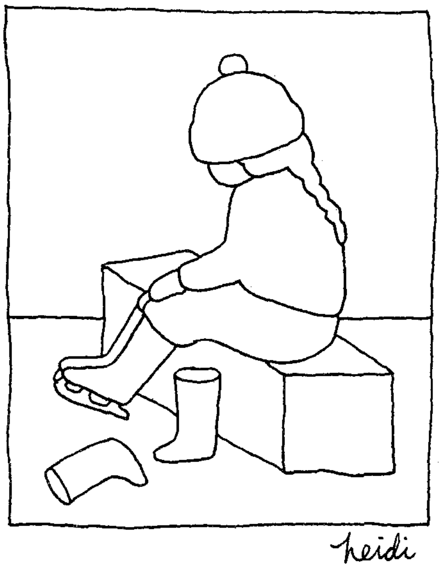
tivities, and she never stood in my brother's or my way when we did things that were hard for her to watch. The greatest thing parents can do is give a child its head, and that's what my parents did.

"I had always liked to draw, and a high-school teacher suggested I go to Notre Dame and study architecture. My father wanted me to go to college, even though it was a big sacrifice, so I went. I was the first person in my family with a college degree. I took up the guitar when I was seven, and my first teacher was in Mount Vernon. My brother and I played on the Horn & Hardart 'Children's Hour' on Sunday mornings on NBC television. We were always being called on to play at parties and give little concerts here and there. It was at the 'Children's Hour' that I met the guitarist Johnny Smith, who was on the staff of NBC. He gave me some lessons in between his assignments, and eventually he'd see me about once a month. He never took a penny. I became a kind of protégé, and he was a major influence on me as a guitarist and as a person. I had started playing professionally when I was sixteen, in places in the Bronx, with a bunch of musicians from Mount Vernon. So music was in my bones when I went to Notre Dame. I played in the college dance band and with the concert band, and I even tried to switch to a music major in my junior year, but it didn't work out. Instead, I designed a new Music Department building as my graduating project. My architectural career lasted two weeks. I went to work for a Westchester architect who had been a student of Frank Lloyd Wright. Then I had a weekend gig with Richard Maltby's band, and messed up my part. That upset me so much I told the architect that I had to get back to my music. A couple of nights later, I was at the Capri in the Bronx playing guitar. When my father heard what had happened, he came in right away to listen, and told me that whatever I did he was behind me a hundred per cent. He generally made me feel that I was doing right—almost as if he looked up to me. Later, he would ask my advice about things—whether to buy land in the Catskills, or whatever. Anyway, I designed the house my parents built upstate, and I helped design my brother's house in Dobbs Ferry.

"I worked with the vibraphonist Mike Mainieri in the Bronx. Then a musician named Vince Mauro introduced me to Merv Griffin, who needed a guitarist on his game show, 'Play Your Hunch.' They had musical acts, and Sonny Igoe, the drummer, and George Shaw, the bassist, and I were the accompanists. I got a job at Birdland with Buddy Rich's quintet. He had Mike Mainieri, Wyatt Ruther on bass, and Sam Most on flute. I was always tense with Rich. When he decided we had rehearsed enough, he'd suddenly throw his sticks in the air and say, 'Rehearsal's over!' He had a drill instructor inside him. After work every night, we had to meet in his dressing room, and he'd tell each of us what we had done wrong. But he seemed to like me, and whenever I run into him he gives me a hug. I got into more and more studio work—with Griffin and with the 'Tonight Show,' when it was here and Skitch Henderson was the leader. And I studied with the guitarist Chuck Wayne. It was Wayne who told me to listen to the great classical guitarist Julian Bream, and he has been another essential influence on me. So has Segovia. One of the most enjoyable evenings of my life was spent at a Segovia concert, after which I went down to the old Half Note to hear Wes Montgomery. Montgomery was an intuitive player, and he got off these fantastic, burning, cooking chordal solos that night—the kind of thing I have never heard any other guitarist do. Eventually, I put together my own trio and went into places like the Embers, because I knew I had to cut that studio cord and start expressing myself on the guitar. Too much band work is not good for a guitarist. I also built a reputation accompanying singers. I did college concerts with Paul Winter, and had the experience for the first time of trying to hold a large audience. I recorded with Tony Bennett and Burt Bacharach, and I worked with Benny Goodman and Lena Horne. I knew my time with Benny was drawing to an end when he started asking me questions like 'Say, Gene, are you playing the right changes?' Then Michael Moore and I began hooking up, and it worked so well I turned down two weeks at the Palladium in London with Lena Horne just so we could do a seventy-five-dollar gig together.



"I first went to the Eastman School of Music twelve years ago. Now I go every June and stay into August, and Michael comes, too. It's a situation that has a special magic for me. There are some of the finest students in the country, and they look up to you to be an artist who has everything. And there are exceptional teachers—like the pianist Bill Dobbins. He has analyzed all the great recorded jazz solos, and he can play them note for note. Yet he has his own style. Every melodic line that he starts he fulfills melodically and harmonically. Mike and I always give a concert, and it's one of the most moving experiences of the year."

BERTONCINI's style is unlike that of any other jazz guitarist. He has not listened much to Charlie Parker, nor has he fallen under the sway of Parker's baroque descendants. And he has not followed Charlie Christian, who is widely thought of as the first modern guitarist. He is concerned with sound and with melody. He plays a classical guitar much of the time, and he only uses an amplifier if he is in a noisy musical situation. Even with a pickup, he gets a soft, pure tone. He fashions a lot of single-note patterns in his improvisations, and they are thoughtful and easy. Most Charlie Parker–Charlie Christian guitarists loose clouds of eighth and sixteenth notes, obscuring their songs and addling their listeners. They use their wizardry as a boast rather than as lyrical persuasion. Bertoncini fills his solos with little silences, and his phrases tend to be short and manageable. You can see both ends of them. Michael Moore points out that Bertoncini is the opposite of the guitarist Jim Hall—another iconoclastic player, whom Bertoncini admires. Moore thinks of Hall as an intuitive player and of Bertoncini as a planner. Bertoncini's solos are highly melodic. They have few arpeggios,

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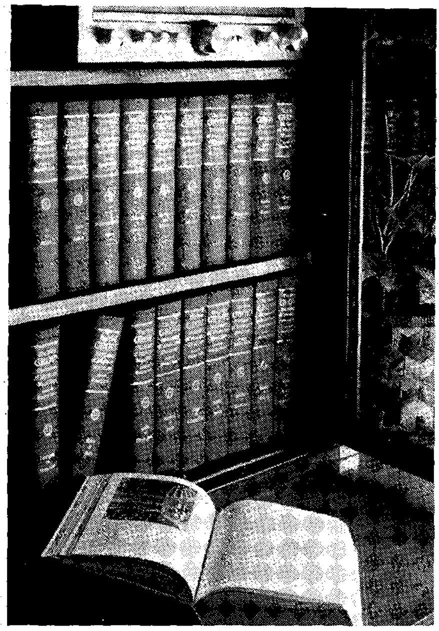
Charles Rosen, *N.Y. Review of Books*



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few treading-water chordal passages. Their many pauses are handles for listeners, which help them follow the new songs he carefully fashions in each solo.

Bertoncini made two telephone calls, and sat down again on the edge of the sofa. "I feel like I'm living in the center of the world in New York," he said. "It's as if my apartment were a dormitory room and the city the campus. Sometimes on winter days, I walk down Second Avenue into the sun to the Village—and, if I feel good, I go all the way to the Trade Center. In warm weather, I walk through Central Park and run around the Reservoir—just to see all those colors and nationalities at peace. All the reality you could want is just outside your door in New York, and it keeps you honest. It keeps the fat out of your playing and out of your thinking. I've never been a big dater. I have a terrible gift for seeing where a relationship is going, and I always hope I'll have the strength to get out of it, because the pain lasts so much longer than the pleasure. I have this fantasy of someday walking to the Edwardian Room in the Plaza in the snow and of eating there and watching the snow falling outside, but I know when I finally do it I'll probably be married to the person I take with me. My spiritual life is very important to me. It has to do with the Italian-Christian tradition of commitment I was raised in. If you want to play well, you have to live a decent life. You improvise on that life, you play from it. It's important to keep your life clear, materialistically and otherwise. You can't absorb too many things. Sometimes after I play a bad chorus or have a bad night, I feel I don't know anything about the guitar, or even about music. I have to remember that I've discovered that I have something to say, a special expression on the guitar. To do any less than constantly pursue that gift would be wrong." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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BOOKS

A Lifelong Poem Including History

Allen Ginsberg's "Collected Poems, 1947-1980" (Harper & Row; $27.50) contains, according to Ginsberg's preface, "all his poetry books published to date rearranged in straight chronological order to compose an autobiography." The late fifties brought "Howl" (1956) and Ginsberg's fame; the early sixties brought "Kaddish," Ginsberg's great elegy for his mother; and from then till now Ginsberg has been an original voice in American poetry, helping to change public consciousness, as he justifiably says, "from provincial wartime nationalist-history-bound egoic myopia to panoramic awareness of planet news, eternal view of both formal charm and empty nature of local identity." This idiosyncratic summary exhibits Ginsberg's way with a phrase. It is hard to think of another author who would so debonairly have suggested "formal charm" as one of the attractions of nationalism. As usual, Ginsberg's verbal wit has a keen edge of social truth.

Perhaps because I came to "Howl" in 1957, fresh from reading Blake's long "prophetic books" in the revelatory classroom of Northrop Frye, I never found Ginsberg outlandish. It seemed quite natural that he should pour out headlong obituaries of "the best minds" of his generation:

> who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930s German jazz finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet, moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles.

This representative passage, part farce, part tragedy, suggests Ginsberg's comic rage, or raging comedy. "Howl" delights by its tonal range. Its obituaries expand into cartoons ("who created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson"); its accounts of protest actions ridicule themselves ("who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism"); its madnesses ebb in anticlimax ("who . . . overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia"); its visions recoil from their own pretentiousness ("Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of sensitive bullshit!"). The violent poetry of the outsider, which Ginsberg had learned from Blake, is married in "Howl" to the teasing self-mockery of Whitman.

In the work of Ginsberg, Whitman's erotic dream of American brotherhood turns on itself in outraged disappointment, and yet the disappointment itself is comic. During the fifties, Cold War America seemed to Ginsberg preposterous—sunk in its primitive xenophobia, attributing to the Russians its own paranoia, applying to them the same ethnic stereotypes it had already applied, in cowboy movies and popular folklore, to American Indians and to blacks:

> America it's them bad Russians.
> Them Russians them Russians and them Chinamen. And them Russians.
> The Russia wants to eat us alive. The Russia's power mad. She wants to take our cars from out our garages.
> Her wants to grab Chicago. Her needs a Red *Reader's Digest*. Her wants our auto plants in Siberia. Him big bureaucracy running our fillingstations.
> That no good. Ugh. Him make Indians learn read. Him need big black niggers. Hah. Her make us all work sixteen hours a day. Help.
> America this is quite serious.
> America this is the impression I get from looking in the television set.

Ginsberg's exuberant comedy strips from all the patriotic icons of America their inviolable solemnity. As a Jew and a homosexual, Ginsberg is doubly an outsider in America; as someone who himself once had a "nervous breakdown" and knew confinement in an asylum, he is triply an outsider; by his family's Communist sympathies, he even began life as an outlaw. If it is chiefly by means of marginality that one comes to consciousness, then Ginsberg's break into consciousness was at once more difficult and more widely distributed than that experienced by most of us. Ginsberg's awakening, as he tells it in various interviews, oc-

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Stan Hunt

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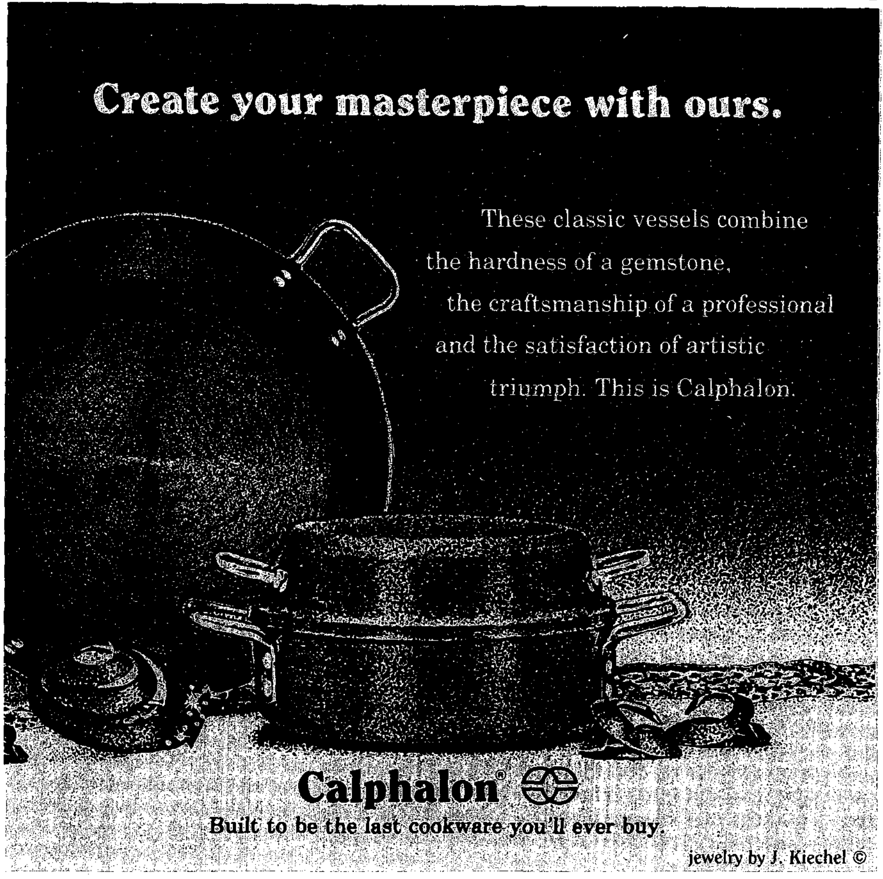

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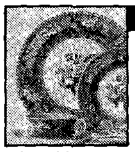

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curred in successive moments of aesthetic realization and psychological insight. He perceived, first, that poetry was about himself (he was Blake's "youth pined away with desire") and, second, that everyone, without exception, knows the truths of consciousness, even though most people spend most of life denying and concealing them.

To my mind, the poem characteristic of Ginsberg, the one he writes over and over, is seen in its purest form in the faultless "American Change" (1958). Here Ginsberg situates himself at the margin of American society. He is returning from Europe on the S.S. United States, and as he enters New York Harbor he reaches into his pocket and brings out a handful of American money. From a visitor's perspective he scans the iconic forms (usually so familiar as to be invisible) on our coins and bills alike: "Legal Tender (tender!)." The poem displays Ginsberg's inimitable mixture of public history, immigrant history, personal history, sharp-eyed detail, mockery of political authority, and a haunting sense of vanished things. Here, in a long scherzo, is the buffalo nickel seen by the Jewish son of a lost Viennese culture, an American repudiating his rabbinic fathers, a young man remembering what a nickel could buy in the candy stores of Paterson:

> Held in my palm, the head of the feathered indian, old Buck-Rogers eagle eyed face, a gash of hunger in the cheek
> gritted jaw of the vanished man begone like a Hebrew with hairlock combed down the side—O Rabbi Indian . . .
> but now with all the violin music of Vienna, gone into the great slot machine of Kansas City, Reno—
> The coin seemed so small after vast European coppers thick francs leaden pesetas, lire endless and heavy,
> a miniature primeval memorialized in 5¢ nickel candy-store nostalgia of the redskin, dead on silver coin,
> with shaggy buffalo on reverse, humpbacked little tail incurved, head butting against the rondure of Eternity,
> cock forelock below, bearded shoulder muscle folded below muscle, head of prophet, bowed,
> vanishing beast of Time, hoar body rubbed clean of wrinkles and shining like polished stone, bright metal in my forefinger, ridiculous buffalo—Go to New York.

This affectionate and amused descriptiveness, this leisurely and smiling play, this fidelity to domestic origins and equal fidelity to actuality, this rueful and colloquial exchange of pain and pleasure—all these are marks of Ginsberg's best writing. It is hard to believe that eleven years earlier, in 1947, he had been writing pseudometaphysical verse in the English manner:

> The argument our minds create
> We do, abed, substantiate;
> Nor we disdain, in our delight,
> To flatter the old Stagirite:
> For in one speedy moment, we
> Endure the whole Eternity,
> And in our darkened shapes have found
> The greater world that we surround.

Ginsberg's conversion to Blakean "vision" and his liberation into satire seem to have happened simultaneously, and his subsequent writings have brought satire and vision together in a way poetically new. As kibitzer and prophet, Ginsberg wanders in his poetry the streets of America, afoot with his vision of historical absurdity. It is, in one poem, midnight on May Day of 1978, and Ginsberg, out to get the *Times*, passes "a dark'd barfront, / police found corpses under the floor last year, call-girls & Cadillacs lurked there on First Avenue." Newspapers blow around "battered cans & plastic refuse bags," and a workman is repairing a gas main. On this "Manhattan May Day Midnight" (as the poem is alliteratively called), while the rest of the city sleeps Ginsberg the poet hurries through the streets "thinking Ancient Rome, Ur." This ancient poem, written twenty years after "American Change," exhibits Ginsberg as the outsider still—unmated, awake when others sleep, launching an imaginative filament to Ur and Rome, looking at America with his wonted mixture of affection and disgust, humor and hopelessness, conjecturing that the ancient citizens of imperial Ur were just like us:

> Were they like this, the same shadowy surveyors & passers-by
> scribing records of decaying pipes & Garbage piles on Marble, Cuneiform,
> ordinary midnight citizen out on the street looking for Empire News?

Again, two years later, in Colorado, studying Buddhism with his guru, Ginsberg is no more at home than he is in New York; he is, as his lines suggest, no more than "mist drifting between water and sky":

> Trapped in the Guru's Chateau surrounded by 300 disciples
> I could go home to Cherry Valley, Manhattan, Nevada City
> to be a farmer forever, die in Lower East Side slums, sit with no lightbulbs in the forest,
> Return to my daily mail Secretary, *Hard Times*, Junk mail and love letters, get wrinkled old in Manhattan. . . .
> Here I'm destined to study the Higher Tantras and be a slave of Enlightenment.
> Where can I go, how choose? Either way my life stands before me,
> mountains rising over the white lake 6 A.M., mist drifting between water and sky.

These "Reflections at Lake Louise" (1980), like the reflections on American change and on midnight in New York, would be of only momentary interest if they pertained to Ginsberg alone. But Ginsberg insists that the unease and pathos of his own social displacement are universal, and that the absence of a providential sanction for human restlessness makes our common homeless predicament alternately farcical and touching. Every so often, it is true, Ginsberg moves out of his usual comedy and arrives at a vast field of bleakness (notably at the end of "Kaddish"), but even that field represents nothingness, a void, rather than tragedy.

It is tempting to place Ginsberg in a specified historical moment, to say that he exemplifies the generation of Jews who were too young to fight in the Second World War, who hurtled from immigrant households through Columbia, who came to adulthood in the heartless economic boom and mindless

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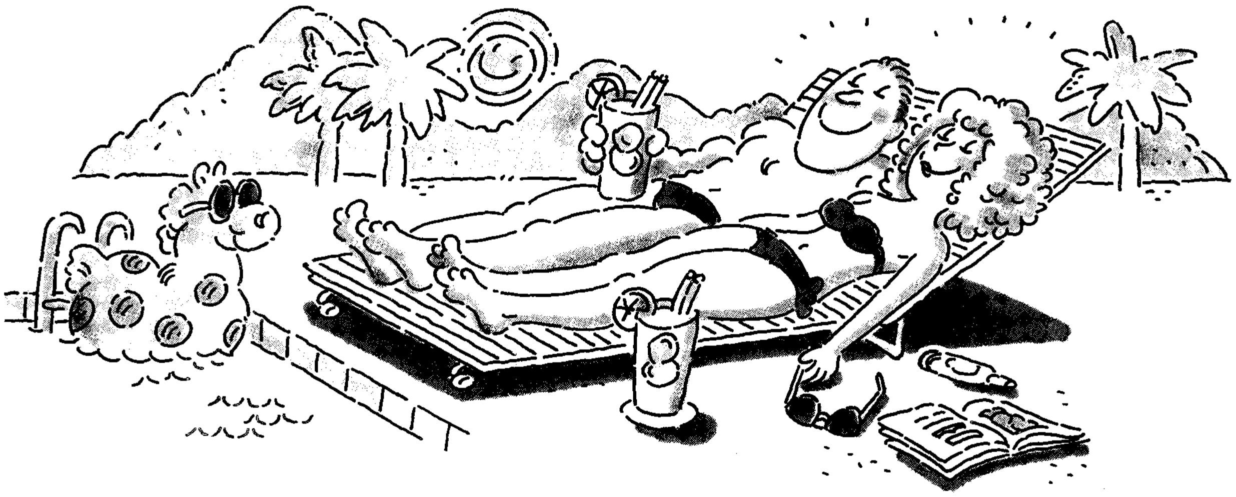

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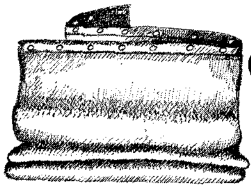

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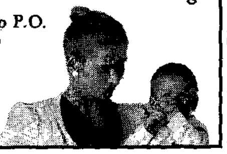

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anti-Communism of the postwar period, whose youth coincided with the availability of drugs; to say also that he came of age when homosexuality began to be more visible and when, finally, the intellectual verse of the fifties, so dependent on Eliot, was being superseded by a new populism, taking its inspiration from Williams. And it is possible to see in him the prophet of several social phenomena—a secularized Judaism, an emergent gay protest, an anti-war movement, and a quest for states of altered consciousness. Since no American poet of his generation has been more topical than Ginsberg, it is tempting to read him historically and leave it at that. But this would be to make his lesser poetry too central.

There are three aesthetic pitfalls for Ginsberg (all of them marked by an absence of humor). The first is a too topical journalism, literally borrowed from the newspapers and baldly emphasized by Ginsberg's preaching to us that this is the language of our day:

> Continued from page one area
> after the Marines killed 256
> Vietcong captured 31
> ten day operation Harvest Moon last
> December
> Language language
> U.S. Military Spokesmen
> Language language
> Cong death toll
> has soared to 100 in First Air
> Cavalry.

The second pitfall is sexual bathos, most evident in Ginsberg's imitatively Blakean songs:

> Then Love put his face
> in my tenderest place
> where throbbed my breast sweet
> with red hot heart's heat.

And the third pitfall is populist verse, too simpleminded to be taken seriously (Ginsberg is not simpleminded, but his attempts at singable chants sometimes are):

> Too much Police
> too much computers
> too much hi fi
> too much Pork.

I think it true to say of Ginsberg, on the evidence of the "Collected Poems," that he is a descriptive rather than a topical poet, that his strengths are geographical and domestic rather than erotic, and that at his best he is a rueful intellectual, and not a populist. Yet, much as one wanted Ginsberg to see the messianic mania behind his too freely offered advice to the State Department, one is sorry to see him, in

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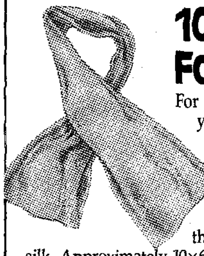

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his recent "Ode to Failure" (1980), come to every prophet's end:

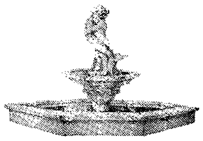
My tirades destroyed no Intellectual
  Unions of KGB & CIA in turtlenecks &
  underpants, their woolen suits & tweeds
I never dissolved Plutonium or dismantled
  the nuclear Bomb before my skull lost
  hair
I have not yet stopped the Armies of entire
  Mankind in their march toward World
  War III
I never got to Heaven, Nirvana, X,
  Whatchamacallit, I never left Earth,
I never learned to die.

A bitterness at human folly and vice impedes Ginsberg's humor in these recent years, as his historical experience grows and his buoyancy fades. The death of his father saps his energy; his elegy for his father, "Don't Grow Old," a memorable poem, ends in a tableau of resignation and failure.

Ginsberg has always been a spontaneous and prolific writer, courageously printing (it seems) whatever he thinks. " 'First thought, best thought,' " he writes in his preface. Following Whitman ("Spontaneous Me"), he continues to claim, perhaps somewhat disingenuously, that "spontaneous insight—the sequence of thought-forms passing naturally through ordinary mind—was always motif and method of these compositions." He has been tirelessly persistent in protesting censorship, imperial politics, and persecution of the powerless. His usual poetics assumes that the poet can subvert the rational and evade the censor:

Eliot's voice clanging over the sky
      on upper Broadway
"Only thru Time is Time conquered"
I am the answer: I will swallow my
   vomit and be naked.

But Ginsberg's very copiousness and generosity of language, and his outpourings against censorship, struggle constantly against the death that waits as silent antagonist to his "mind breaths." Death gives the hysterical edge to Ginsberg's poems of sexual contact, the least convincing utterances since the remarks of Lawrence's Mellors. And Ginsberg censors, even more than the fact of death, his own intellectuality and his wide reading, writing in a voice resolutely populist in tone but recondite in allusion. What he does not censor, and what ornaments the poetry, is his remarkable perception, always mischievous, always relishing the appearances of the world: the "scattered stoopfuls of scared kids frozen in black hair," the "old lady with frayed paper bags/



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sitting in the tin-boarded doorframe of a dead house." These two vignettes come from the poem "Mugging," written in 1972; the vigor in them visits Ginsberg less often now. His Poundian tirades of political invective died, by and large, with the Vietnam War. The archaism, especially in the erotic poems, does not wear well ("Belly to Belly and knee to knee. / The hot spurt of my body to thee to thee"); the consciously naïve love poems seem to confuse love and sex. But the weary record of celebrity is authentic. "I Am a Victim of Telephone" proves what it says, and the tired inventory of political reality in "Kral Majales" also rings true:

> And the Communists have nothing to offer
> but fat cheeks and eyeglasses and lying policemen
> and the Capitalists proffer Napalm and
> money in green suitcases to the Naked,
> and the Communists create heavy industry
> but the heart is also heavy . . .
> and the Capitalists drink gin and whiskey
> on airplanes but let Indian brown millions starve.

Ginsberg's best poetry requires an unstable moment, in which perception, passion, and humor combine in the right proportions. In many ways, he came of age at a lucky moment. A loosening of inhibition (at first enabled by drugs) let the long-breathed visionary emerge from the good student who had imitated Donne and Crane. The ethnic chant of the Hebrew psalms came into fragile conjunction with Whitmanian enumeration. The demotic speech rhythms of Williams and his insistence on material objects gave the visionary Ginsberg permission to notice "the real world." Pound had opened the door of lyric to history. Eliot, Tate, and Ransom offered handy targets for iconoclasm.

Ginsberg's claim on us has been staked in the realm of the imagination; he wants us to imagine a planet without national hostilities, with ethnic tolerance, with pity for the oppressed, and with a Blakean approval for the lineaments of gratified desire. The ironic opposite to this vision of community is Ginsberg's personal loneliness, more emphatically sketched in the recent poetry than ever before. The autobiography of an idealist may always end with a tableau in which the doubly unaccommodating worlds of mortal matter and state authority tyrannize over the conquered visionary. In the short run, at least, death and tyranny always win. The despair that is the enemy of political hope has visited Ginsberg many times. "Yes and

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It's Hopeless" is the title of one poem (written in 1973):

All hopeless, the entire solar system running Thermodynamics' Second Law
down the whole galaxy, all universes brain illusion or solid electric hopeless emptiness.

The earth on which the visionary walks is an unredeemable slaughterhouse:

Under the world there's broken skulls, crushed feet, cut eyeballs, severed fingers, slashed jaws,
Dysentery; homeless millions, tortured hearts, empty souls.

Yet "over & over thru the dull material world the call is made;" Whitman's call in the midst of the crowd is still Ginsberg's mantra. Ginsberg's poetry copes with political disappointment through the invoking of Buddhist meditations. But the poet's Buddhist ascription of suffering to ignorance sits uneasily with his Jewish ethic of righteous exposure of the unjust, and his native volubility seems ill-adapted to Buddhist meditative silence. The poetry (derived from the mother, according to "Kaddish") wins out finally against the desire for a paternal religious discipline.

Ginsberg is responsible for loosening the breath of American poetry at mid-century, influencing poets more formal than he, such as Lowell and Rich. He has made major poetry (especially in "Kaddish") out of the deracinated American Jewish experience. The desperate focus given by his mother's life and death brought "Kaddish" to a concentration that I miss in his taped cross-country travelogues. However, those travelogues, from "Wichita Vortex Sutra" to "Ecologue," represent the largest attempt since Whitman to encompass the enormous geographical and political reality of the United States. Most of all, Ginsberg has demonstrated that there is nothing in American social and erotic reality which cannot find a place in American poetry. The epigraph to "Howl" came from Whitman's "Song of Myself": "Unscrew the locks from the doors! / Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!" It was not a bad slogan with which to counter the example of Eliot; and Ginsberg's powerful mixture of Blake, Whitman, Pound, and Williams, to which he added his own volatile, grotesque, and tender humor, has assured him a memorable place in modern poetry. His readers will welcome the detailed notes—biographical and topical—appended to the "Collected Poems," which also

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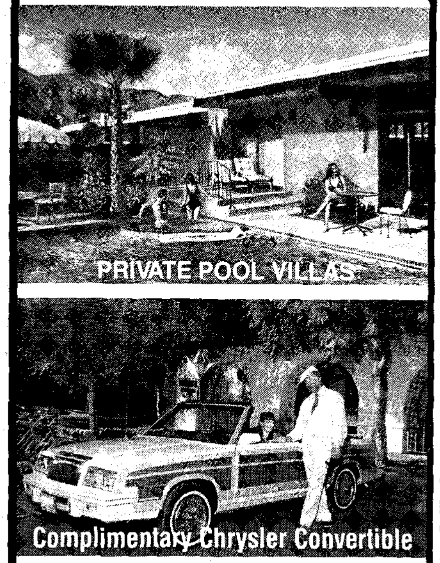
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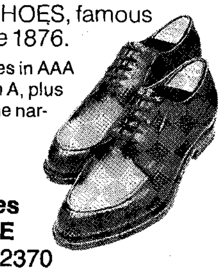
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contains some Buddhist diagrams, a few photographs, and all the original epigraphs, dedications, and jacket copy of Ginsberg's individual volumes. As current events become history, "mind breaths" require footnotes; the fragile City Lights books in which his contemporaries once read Ginsberg have now been replaced by this handsome, much-needed, and yet unbohemian canonical volume. —HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TENEMENT, by Iain Crichton Smith (Gollancz/David & Charles; $14.95). A grim little group portrait: six flats housing eight tenants, of whom six are not young or happily married. That the locale is a Scottish seaside resort makes the tenement seem strange and stranded, and its tenants doubly so. For much of the book, Mr. Smith focusses on one of two widowers—a poet who daydreams about Robinson Crusoe when he is not brooding about his wife, who died of cancer, or about his son, who lives by computers. It is the second widower, though, who rescues someone washed up, as it were, on their shore. This stylized story is about chronic, compound isolation, and therefore does not have much of a plot, but Mr. Smith compensates in his poetic sympathy for the tenement itself. At one point, for instance, he writes, "The tenement swung to the wheel and wind of history. Tall and gaunt it stood in the storms, windows rattled, were swung out like sails on creaking ropes."

THE NUCLEAR AGE, by Tim O'Brien (Knopf; $16.95). This first-person parable, set in Montana, begins in 1958 and ends in a 1995 that looks all too familiar. In 1958, a twelve-year-old boy converts a Ping-Pong table into a bomb shelter and asks his father for a Geiger counter; he gets six sessions with a depressed psychiatrist instead. In 1995, his twelve-year-old daughter calls him "nutto" because he is digging a huge hole in the back yard. Chapters with double-entendres for titles, such as "Chain Reactions" and "Fallout," trace his passage through the underground world of gun-running draft dodgers in the nineteen-sixties and his reëmergence, in 1980, diploma and Geiger counter in hand, into an "Energy State" (Montana's sobriquet) that has lost

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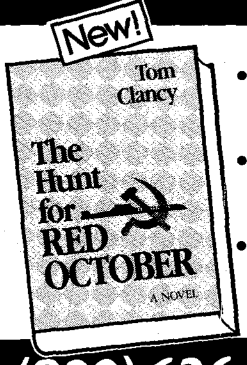
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much of its uranium to missile silos in Kansas. Unlike Mr. O'Brien's "Going After Cacciato" (1978), which traced a saintly fool's passage through part of Southeast Asia, "The Nuclear Age" says nothing new about instinct and conscience. "There is no remembering when there is no one to remember," the narrator says, and—forgetting how often it has been said—"If you're sane, you see madness."

Plans for Departure, by Nayantara Sahgal (Norton; $14.95). The season is the summer of 1914, the scene is a hill station near India's northern border, and the story begins shortly after the arrival of a headstrong Danish woman who wants to "break out and be *me*," as she tells the Englishman who wants her to be his wife. Before three months are out, she has more than one reason to depart (the war among them), and to wonder about the whereabouts of two other women visitors—wives of Englishmen—who planned to depart. This is no more a mystery story, however, than "A Passage to India" is; unfortunately, it is far less haunting. Unfortunately, too, typos add unintended puns to a plot that, like Forster's, is mainly about misunderstandings that are beyond the reach of words: near the beginning, an English missionary's wife, saying her bedtime prayers, props her head "against the guilt," and near the end an Indian bride's political activism is diagnosed as "dormat."

GENERAL

Voyages of the Steamboat Yellow Stone, by Donald Jackson (Ticknor & Fields; $16.95). The story of the American Fur Company steamboat that became, in the summer of 1831, the first craft of its kind to successfully navigate the Upper Missouri River. The Yellow Stone served its master, the New York tycoon John Jacob Astor, for three years and then was sold down the Mississippi to New Orleans. In 1836, it was pressed into military service by Sam Houston in the Texas war of independence. The Yellow Stone deserves celebration. Its more distinguished passengers included two early painters of the West, George Catlin and Karl Bodmer, and Bodmer's patron Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuweid. But Mr. Jackson goes a bit beyond the career of the Yellow Stone to give us a good glimpse of the period and its

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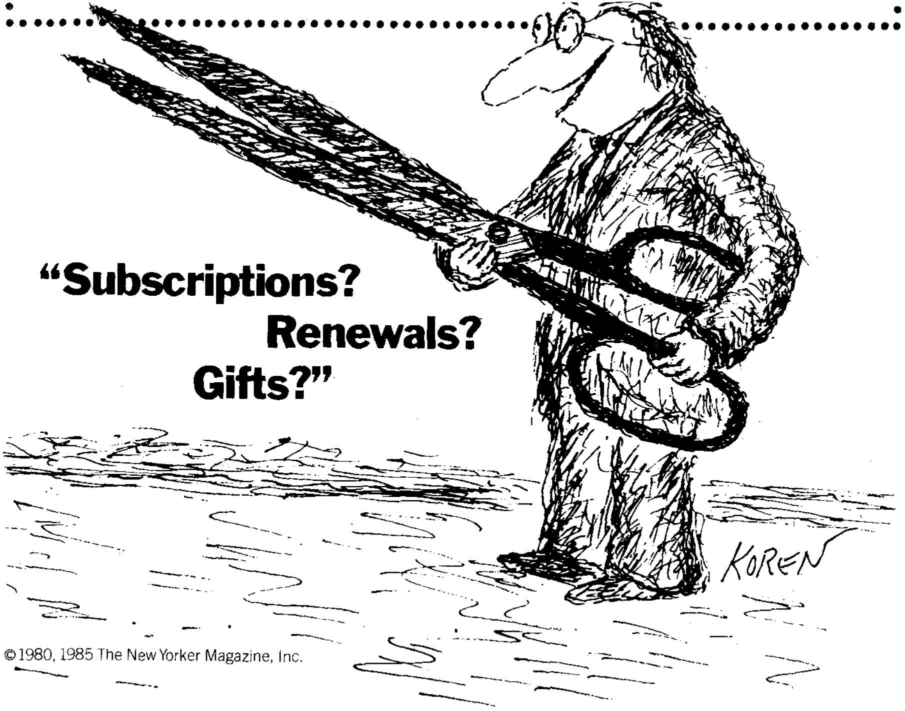
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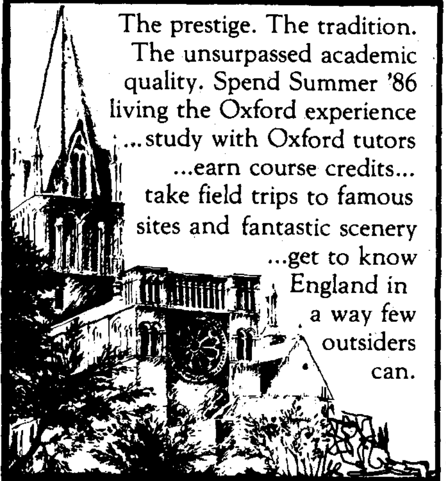

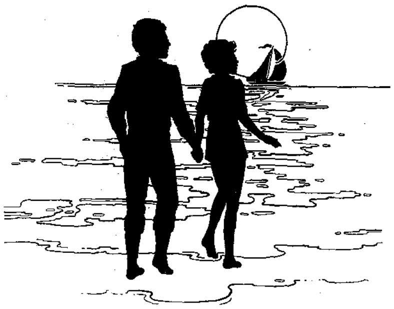

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problems—the efforts to deny whiskey to the Indians, the scourge of cholera and smallpox on the frontier, the not too arduous life (suppers of buffalo tongue and Madeira wine) in the outposts along the Missouri north of Kansas City. Illustrations and maps.

RENAISSANCE ESSAYS, by Hugh Trevor-Roper (University of Chicago Press; $22.50). There are settings of glamour and mystery here (Venice in her palmy days), and there are also grubby places where work got done (the libraries and laboratories where Renaissance historians and scientists discovered what they held to be the truth). And there is the author's own critical intelligence, reminding us that the promise of the Renaissance gave way to the sad fact of ideological war as Europe was divided by Reformation and Counter-Reformation. Mr. Trevor-Roper is attracted to the voices of moderation—Erasmus, of course, and the English theologian Richard Hooker, and the unclassifiable but enchanting Robert Burton, in whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" he descries both a utopia and a psychotherapy. The last essay, "The Outbreak of the Thirty Years War," is a masterly survey of the decades before the "most destructive war in pre-industrial Europe." The author shows how a series of crises and confrontations in Europe had been defused until a new generation of leaders came to power in Spain and decided that their nation was losing the battle of international wills and that, as of 1621, the only chance for victory was a trial of arms. Mr. Trevor-Roper makes an explicit parallel with the German Empire in 1914; his readers will doubtless make other, equally frightening analogies.

THE DIARIES OF SOPHIA TOLSTOY, edited by O. A. Golinenko, S. A. Rozanova, B. M. Shumova, I. A. Pokrovskaya, and N. I. Azarova, and translated from the Russian by Cathy Porter, with an introduction by R. F. Christian (Random House; $35). This immense volume—an encyclopedia of grievances, a dictionary of complaints, an atlas of recriminations—is the most nearly complete edition of the journals of the writer's wife, from their marriage, in 1862 (she was eighteen and he was thirty-four), until her death, in 1919. (Tolstoy died in 1910.) Countess Tolstoy had all the virtues

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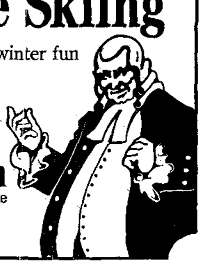

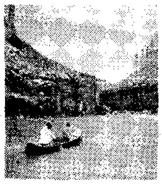

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of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert rolled into one; she also had some of their defects, including rigidity, humorlessness, and an incurable naïveté about the vagaries of human feeling. She took her husband as seriously as he took himself, and her possessiveness was tested long before his disciples (whom she loathed) appeared, because, as is true of many writers, Tolstoy's most absorbing communion was with himself. The Countess was a compulsive overworker, but she was never distracted from her husband. For example, after Tolstoy remarks that he is starting to read "Martin Chuzzlewit"—they are both Dickens fans—she notes, "When Lyovochka turns to English novels he is about to start writing himself." Photographs.

WORKS OF MAN, by Ronald W. Clark (Viking; $29.95). Mr. Clark, the noted biographer of Einstein and of Bertrand Russell, has now attempted a sort of illustrated biography of Western technology. This is a monumental task, and he has done reasonably well with it. Although it is not a book from which to learn details (for example, Mr. Clark attributes the invention of the transistor solely to William Shockley, ignoring his fellow Nobel Prize winners, John Bardeen and Walter Brattain), one does get an overview of some of the amazing things that human beings have managed to invent or engineer. There are sections on boats, on steam, on tunnels, on bridges, and, of course, on space. The illustrations are copious, and often wonderful. It is discouraging, though, to see that war seems to bring out man's greatest inventiveness.

AGAINST THE CURRENT: AS I REMEMBER F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, by Frances Kroll Ring (Creative Arts; $14.95). The author of this tenuous yet vivid memoir was a young girl fresh from New York when she got her first job, in Los Angeles, as secretary to Scott Fitzgerald. That was in 1939, and for the next twenty months, until his sudden death, she worked with him on the novel "The Last Tycoon," with which he was making a final bid to reaffirm his stature as a leading American writer, and which he did not live to finish. Fitzgerald was in a bad way physically, was harassed financially, and was struggling to control, and conceal, his alcoholism. (One of the author's duties was to get rid of his

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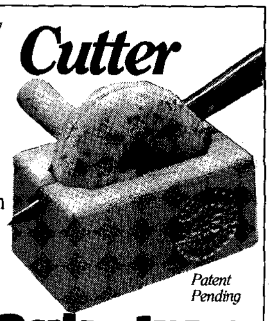
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steadily accumulating gin bottles, so that a snooping landlord would not spot them in the trash barrel.) Mrs. Ring paints a sympathetic portrait of Fitzgerald as a man of courage and will, who never waived his responsibility for his wife, Zelda, and for his teen-age daughter, both of whom were three thousand miles away and in need of a constant flow of money. Like others who knew him, she emphasizes his gentleness, kindness, and generosity, and his gallantry in the face of crushing circumstances. As a footnote to the ever-growing body of writings about Scott Fitzgerald, this is a valuable and appealing little book. Photographs.

ROYAL PALACES OF FRANCE, by Ian Dunlop (Norton; $35). From its sumptuous appearance, one might mistake this for a coffee-table extravaganza; it is, however, something quite different. The author, the Canon and Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral, is a scholar who has made a specialty of the great architectural monuments of France. In this beautifully illustrated volume, he discusses the royal palaces as works of art and as repositories of history, and tells us how they were built and decorated; how they were altered over the centuries to suit the needs, or whims, of successive monarchs; and how they have fared at the hands of time. He begins with the Palais de la Cité, the seat of Louis IX (St. Louis), which stood on the Île de la Cité, in the Seine, and of which nothing has survived except the magnificent Sainte-Chapelle. There follow the histories of the Louvre, Fontainebleau, Vincennes, Compiègne, Saint-Cloud, the Tuileries, and, of course, Versailles. It becomes evident that a fine show of wealth and power was a political necessity for the French monarchs as well as an indulgence. Napoleon put his finger on the reason: "A King is not a product of Nature. . . . He does not exist in a naked condition; he can only exist dressed up."

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[*From the Daily Egyptian, newspaper of Southern Illinois University at Carbondale*]

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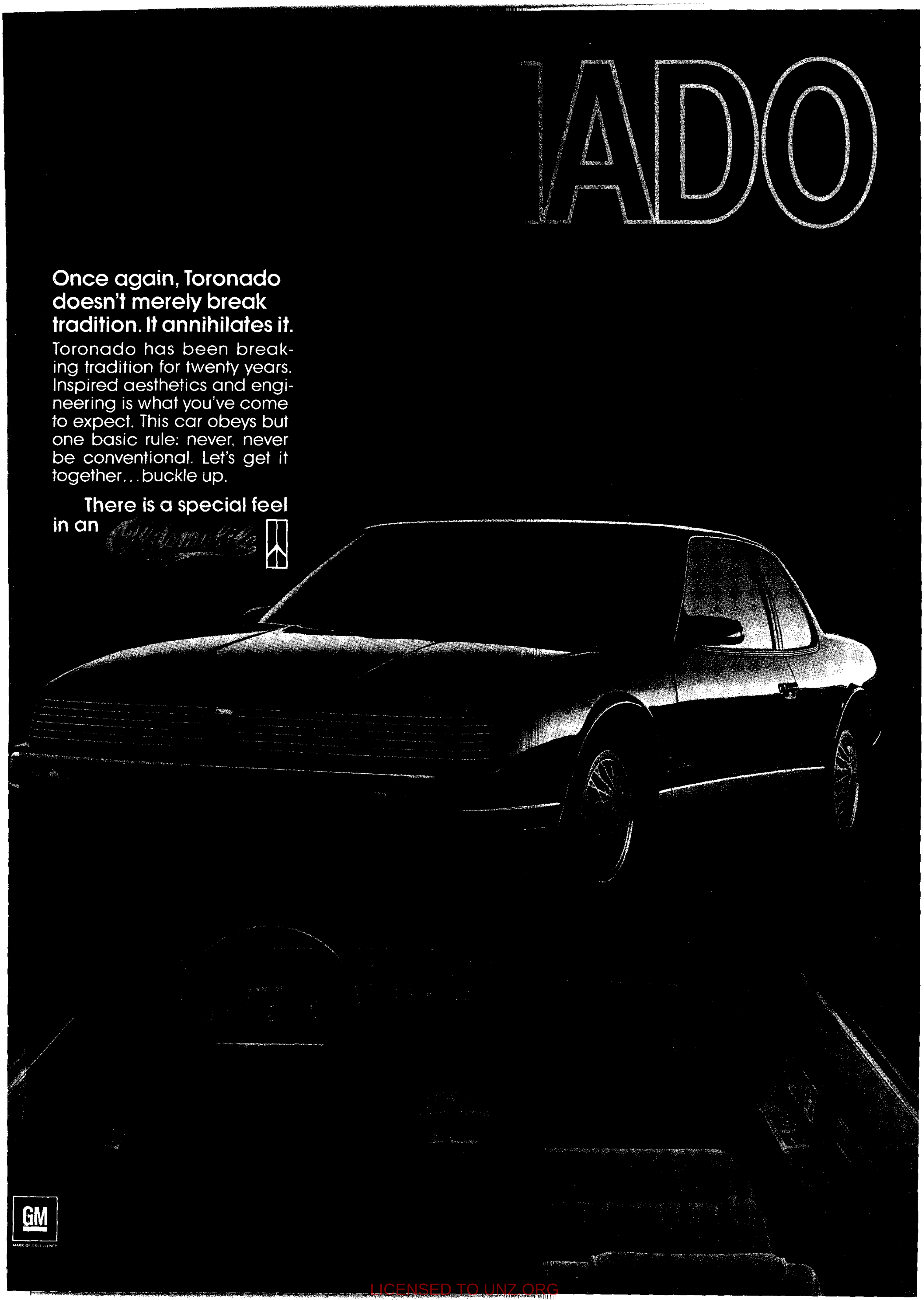

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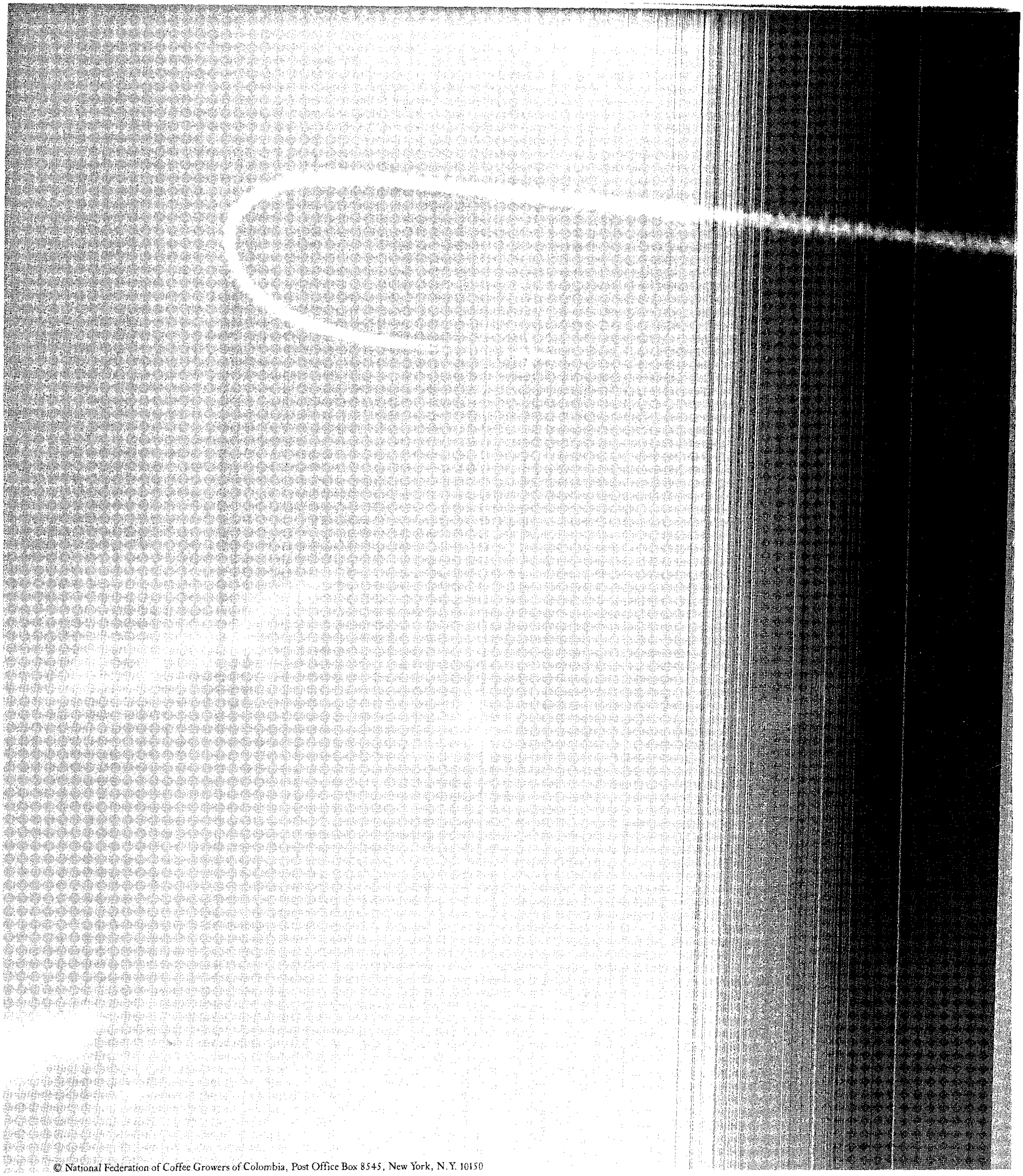

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